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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

JULY
1924

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Photograph by Hoye

"PETE"

That's what all his brigade of friends call Peter Clark Macfarlane—and they call him so because they love him. His stories are just like himself—filled with understanding and humanness. The first of a new group Mr. Macfarlane is writing for you will appear in the next—the August—issue. Its title is:

"The Great Moment"

COVER DESIGN
Painted from life

Edna Crompton

ART SECTION, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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Moral Influence and the Private School

By M. MERCER KENDIG, A. B. VASSAR

Director, Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

IF people lack moral fibre, high standards of thought and action, good conscience and a progressive spirit, there can be no stability in their national institutions. The personal qualities of the individual determine the direction of the state.

The training of the child toward a high-minded citizenship is the most important educational duty in the land. If all else failed, the success of this social function alone would sustain our infirm civilization and guide it onward. While the child is yet teachable the educators of the race have their only opportunity of creating the right kind of citizens out of a swarming welter of all kinds of children. Neglect that teachable period and a potential citizen of the desirable class has been lost in the menacing mass of the inferior who are against the social order of our time—of all time.

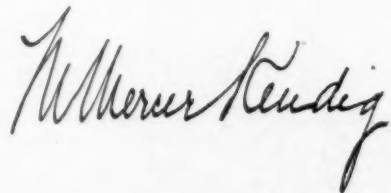
Recent scientific tests of child morality in the United States are disappointing. The statistics of and deductions from these responsible discoveries should be burned into the consciousness of every parent and every child in the land. Says the historiographer of these researches: "They show that under temptation more than half (64 per cent) of these children do not recognize the value of honesty." Many thousands of children were examined. They came from all our social classes. Of all the groups examined, those from the Private Schools and the longer-organized Boy Scouts stood highest. In nine classes, the Boy Scouts organized for two years or longer ranked first, with 82.3 per cent; the Private Schools second and third, with 78.2 and 75 per cent; followed by the Camp Fire

Girls with 62.6 and the public schools ninth and last with 56.8 per cent.

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION has made a personal investigation of all the schools listed in its pages and many others. If you are experiencing difficulty in making a selection, we will assist you in choosing the best school for your children. Give us all the necessary facts so that we may be fully helpful.





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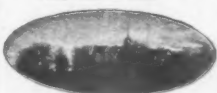


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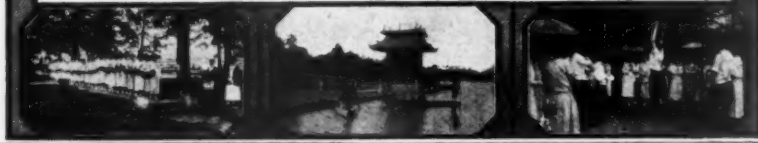
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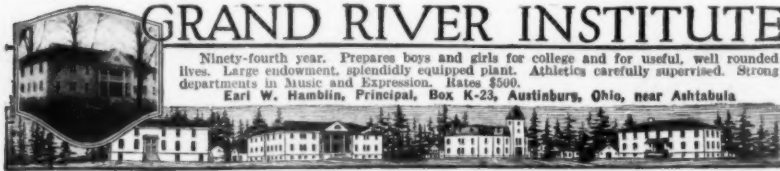
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33 West 42nd Street, New York City

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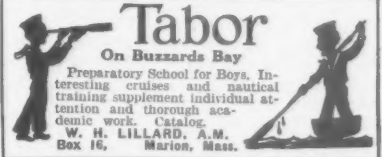
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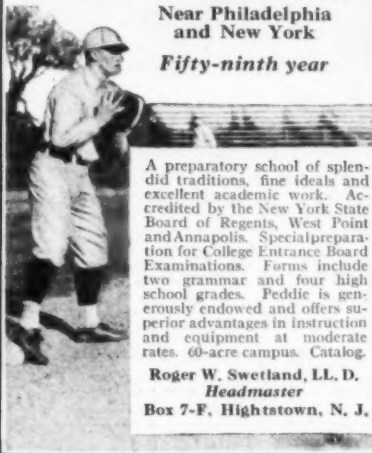
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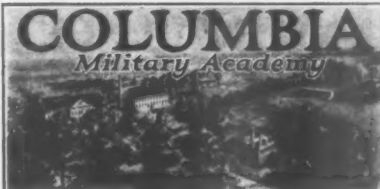
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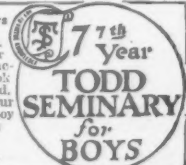
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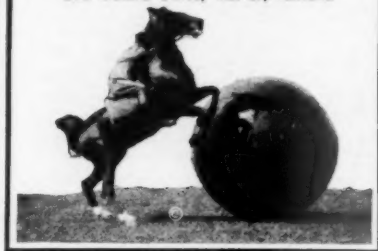
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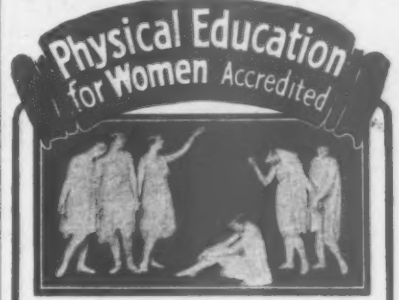
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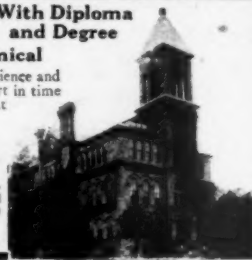
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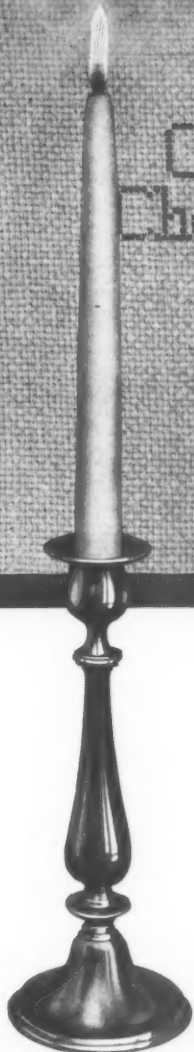
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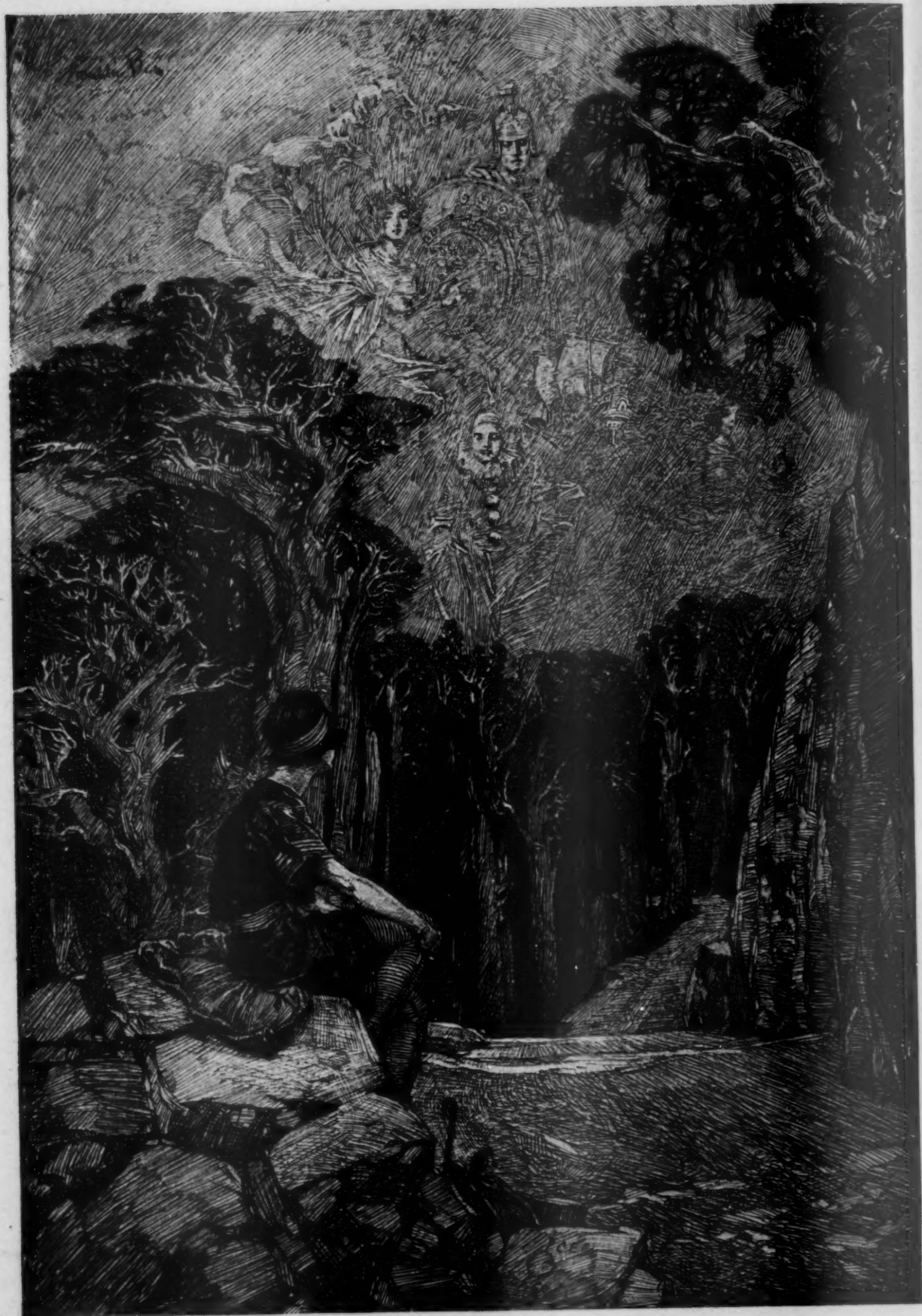
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in "Cyrano de Bergerac"
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The Pleasant Road

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by FRANKLIN BOOTH

IF we knew exactly what was going to happen from day to day, there would not be much relish in living. It is the sudden bends and turns, the hills and the dips, the surprises along the way, that make life a thrilling adventure.

The boy meets his first sweetheart, and the whole scene changes. The world is full of the singing of birds and the hues of gay flowers. His feet scarce touch the road that seems so lovely, so direct to heaven.

All too soon for him comes the mysterious bend in the road. The sweetheart vanishes. But smiles chase the tears. Rainbows are forever fringing the lashes of youth. Hope is forever whispering, beckoning around the turn in the road.

Dreams throng his mind, and he rests by the way to con them—dreams of great things to do by and by, the people who will be so astonished, a hint of the discomfiture of those who think slightly of him. He will show them all what a real man can do.

Duty stirs him with prodding finger. "Come—step along! You've a journey ahead of you, and your pack is ready. See, it's nicely balanced, if you'll keep an eye on it. This end resting on your shoulders carries experience, and this on your chest is carrying the responsibilities. If you carry too many experiences, you'll fall backward; and if you have too many responsibilities, you'll fall on your face. Step along now, and keep your balance."

So off he starts with his double-ended pack, for all the world like the old orange and lemon man who travels from door to door seeking to gain his daily bread. The command has a most uncompromising sound, and if it were not that work comes along to take his mind off his pack, the journey that started so blithely would be dreary enough.

But work slips into his hands and fills them full and keeps them lively. The better the work is done, the deeper the hold it takes, until hands and mind and spirit are blended, and the man and his work are one. After that, he can never be wholly alone, never wholly downcast, never lost.

Work has this strange quality; as it dwells with a man, it changes from a mere doing to a feeling of power, a spiritual force that filters through every fiber, making him a happier, better creature. By this power alone a man is able to keep the pack on his back from felling him.

To be sure, there comes the sudden dip in the road. The friend who has traveled so long by his side waves his hand in farewell and turns off. There is no cause for stopping in grief. The whole long road is a series of good-by's and tomorrow's. The tear-blinded vision will clear. There comes a surprising discovery. The friend that went on has in some strange way opened a path toward heights undreamed of in the old days. "I felt that I could not go any farther. There was nothing left to go on for. Then the way opened, and here I am better than ever."

Dreaming again as in boyhood! The old pack has changed into something rich and fine that buoys him up and wafts him along above the roughness of the road, above its dust and turmoil on toward that last bend which he will turn high-spiritedly, still adventuring. For the soul of man is a winged thing, and life follows the pleasant road.



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A book some struggling youth shall pen
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A poor boy once, whose cheeks were pale,

Starting with nothing but the will

Some useful post on earth to fill,

Now rich, and leading countless men.

This story shall be told again—

Some one this selfsame feat shall do;

Take heart, my boy: it may be you.

Nothing is strange about it, lad;

New strength, new vigor, must be had.

Brave youth must rise! Each age demands

Clear brains, strong hearts and willing hands.

There is no limit placed on fame;

'Tis something any boy can claim.

Hold fast! Work hard, be strong, be true—

The future keeps a place for you!

Think not that every battle's won

Or all the deeds of splendor done:

There's not a field upon the earth

But waits to bring new fame to birth.

Poor boys with glory shall be crowned,

And men shall pass their stories round.

This great success which thrills you through,

Tomorrow may belong to you.



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SPARKLE and life, admiration and romance!—these every woman wishes most to come true. But merely wishing will not bring them. You must help nature to attain them. A skin fresh, buoyant and alluring—you can have it if you try!

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The secret is simple. Not costly beauty treatments, just the daily use of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

Never let a single day pass without doing this. See what one week alone will do!

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Black-heads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

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A Common-sense Editorial
by Bruce Barton

All Barbers

IT was a barber-shop which I had never visited before.

As the barber began tucking the towel around my neck, I was startled by the glimpse of his profile in the mirror. "Surely I have seen this man somewhere," I said to myself. "His face is very familiar."

Then it flashed over me. There is a New York banker who looks enough like that barber to be his twin. It was in the bank, not in the barber-shop, that I had seen that face before.

So I fell to wondering about the tricks of the Fates—how they send two men into the world looking just alike, but give one some trifling mental twist by which he earns fifty thousand dollars a year as a banker, instead of two thousand dollars a year as a barber.

I recalled a good story about barbers which I read in the biography of Aaron Burr. In those days every barber in Washington was a stanch Federalist, and denounced the Democrats as a menace to the nation.

Why? Because of the political doctrines of the Democrats? That was the ostensible reason; but the *real* reason was much more personal.

Federalists wore their hair in long queues, carefully powdered, which meant a visit to the barber-shop every day. Democrats wore short hair and no powder, and got along with a call on the barber once a month.

"Dear me," exclaimed one of the barbers, "surely this country is doomed to disgrace and shame! What Presidents we might have, sir! Just look at Daggett of Connecticut, or Stockton, of New Jersey! What queues they have got, sir! But this little Jim Madison, with a queue no bigger than a pipe-stem! Sir, it is enough to make a man forswear his country!"

And I thought—not only does my barber look like my banker, but they also *think* alike. In their convictions regarding politics or religion, each conforms to Thomas Fuller's shrewd observation. "Few men are such infidels," said he, "as not to believe doctrines that make for their own profit."

Generally speaking, the barber is for any good government that will discourage whiskers; the banker is for any good government that will maintain a market for stocks; the farmer is for any good government that will keep crops high and taxes low.

And it behooves us all to go a bit slow in pointing the finger of scorn, or saying: "Bankers are selfish," or "Farmers are narrow," or "Barbers are ignorant."

For consciously or unconsciously, all our thinking is influenced by the question: How will this thing affect *me* and *my* children? In our reaction to that vital issue, we are all bankers, all farmers.

All barbers.



"She is gloriously paintable, Mrs. Jollyco. I've never seen a more beautiful complexion!"

Let this simple truth guide you to natural beauty

EVERY woman should rightly make a special effort to maintain a beautiful complexion. But this effort may cause you to overlook one simple truth—soap's function is to cleanse, not to cure or to transform.

Dermatologists agree on this important point: Only by cleansing the skin thoroughly, yet gently and safely, can any soap help to promote beauty. And only pure soap can cleanse thoroughly and safely.

You know already that Ivory Soap is pure—that it contains no medicaments, no coloring matter, no strong perfumes. If we had felt that any additional ingredients would improve

Ivory, you may be sure we would have used them long ago.

But perhaps it may surprise you to know that simple washing with Ivory is the very finest treatment you can give to your skin.

A face-bath of Ivory and warm water, once or twice daily, gently removes the film of dust, oil or powder and thoroughly cleanses the pores. Then a quick dash or two of cold water brings a fresh, lovely, natural color. For unusually dry skins, the use of a small amount of pure cold cream is recommended. This simple treatment is effective, safe and economical.



IVORY SOAP

99 4/100 % PURE

IT FLOATS

The millions of friends of Ivory and the multitude of women who have been using much more costly soaps, have welcomed the new, graceful cake of Guest Ivory. Fashioned for slim fingers, this dainty white cake is genuine Ivory Soap—with all of Ivory's traditional purity and mildness—as fine as soap can be. Yet Guest Ivory costs but five cents.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

JULY 1924. Vol. XLIII, NUMBER 3

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

By
Dana
Burnet

Illustrated
by
Leslie L. Benson

The Shoe Tree

Dana Burnet says he knows the hero of this story—well. He used to buy shoes from him. And he says it with a straight face. But that's like him. He never smiles when he tells you a story face to face. He always laughs heartily at your stories, though. It is due to this human and generous trait that he is told more stories than any other man in New York, so they say. Perhaps that is why he is so serious the rest of the time.

MR. HUBERT DEAN stood at the show-window of Minton Brothers' Fifth Avenue shoe-shop, and looked out over the curtained barrier at the world passing by. It was early afternoon of a July day. The atmosphere of Minton Brothers, always exclusive, was also at this moment peculiarly serene. Miraculously, there was not a single customer in the shop. It was as if the hustling god of business, whose temples are manifold along this most gilded thoroughfare, had relented for a breath, and was content to bask in the sunlight falling with pagan prodigality from heavens older than his own.

Hubert Dean enjoyed this pause. He enjoyed watching the faces passing from sunlight into the pool of shadow created by Minton Brothers' awning and then out into the sunlight again. He wondered if the people whose faces he looked into were as free as they seemed; or were they simply hurrying toward some job as confining as his own?
"Ah," observed Hubert to himself, "one never knows another's destiny!"

It will be apparent, from this, that Hubert was a philosopher.

Had he been an older philosopher, he might have added that one never knows one's own destiny. But Hubert was twenty-seven, tall, graceful, handsome of feature, with a wavy reddish-brown mop of hair and a manner distinguished by a certain sensitiveness to what may be called the finer things of life. He vibrated to life, Hubert did. And he trusted it! He trusted it with an almost childlike faith.

In his heart and soul he *knew* that life would do well by him, would grant him all that (without undue conceit) he felt he deserved. Else why should life have created him thus carefully, with such obvious attention to details? Why, for instance, should it have put a wave in his hair, or given him so romantic and beautiful a nose?

It happened all the time. Wherever he went, in boarding-houses, in movie theaters, even walking along the street, a whisper followed him. The girl who waited on him daily in Child's Fifth Avenue restaurant, and who probably was one of the busiest humans on earth, looked at him languishingly and with a puzzled curiosity. That look said plainly to Hubert: "I've seen" (or



Hubert's nose was important. It was distinctly Grecian, and anything Grecian is important. But aside from esthetic considerations, it had influenced greatly his whole thought of himself, his inner life—and to a certain extent his outer life too.

Once, in a boarding-house, before the war, he had been mistaken for an actor. The other boarders had whispered about him; he had heard the whisper and had cherished it. It had pleased him. On the strength of it he had gone and got a job as a super at the Metropolitan Opera House. Subsequently he had appeared in several large New York productions requiring a mob. During his service in France he also had taken part in his company theatricals, having played, upon one hilarious occasion, in a burlesque of "Hamlet." Hubert was *Hamlet*, and he hadn't known it was a burlesque till later; but that is beside the point. What matters is that he learned the part and played it, duel scene and all.

Returning to New York, he half-heartedly accepted an engagement to appear as one of a heap of corpses in a drama of the French Revolution (news of which had just reached the theatrical interests of New York)—but the drama was not successful. It died somewhere in Pittsburgh; Hubert and the other corpses were compelled to pawn their combined valuables to get home, and altogether the venture was discouraging. A decidedly mortuary engagement, all told.

This experience had cured Hubert of any desire for a theatrical career. The stage, he decided, was not the place for a person of his sensitive nature. He shrank from its contacts, from the low natures that composed its mobs, from its hoarse-voiced directors, from its suave directors, who were worse, from its crass materialism and general disillusionment. Hubert was by nature an aristocrat. Long ago, in his childhood, his mother had said to him: "Always remember, Hubert, that you are a Dean of Brooklyn." Hubert never had forgotten it. Cast out by circumstances upon the bosom of a cold and unappreciative world, he nevertheless had remembered the maternal exhortation. In spite of everything, he still remained a Dean.

No, Hubert did not want to be an actor. But he still enjoyed being *mistaken* for one. Frequently he was mistaken for one.

saw) "you act, but I can't just place you. Who are you, anyway?"

Hubert would not have told her for the world. That girl, he realized, dreamed of him nights. She was a homely girl, and he was not the man to shatter a homely girl's dream . . . Besides, he enjoyed her interest.

You see, in a sense Hubert was an actor. He was trying to create a reality by means of an illusion, and that is what good actors try to do. Of course, he was only a shoe-clerk, but that was simply a perfunctory concession to Fate. He was also Hubert Dean. He waited, with a passionate if repressed eagerness, and with the utmost confidence, for Fate to enlarge his stage, to provide him, as the phrase is, with a "vehicle" worthy of his latest possibilities.

Doubtless Fate was not indifferent to Hubert, for Fate is a woman, as everyone knows; and women, as a rule, looked kindly upon Hubert. They adored his profile.

While he was standing there at the window, another salesman, named Jenks, came up and spoke to him. Jenks was a youth of common antecedents, rather coarse and breezy in his talk—a dissatisfied, restless, impudent person.

"It gets you, don't it?" he said.

"What?" asked Hubert.

"Sunlight."

"Mmm," said the other, vaguely.

"I been thinkin' I'd like to kiss this job goo'-by and beat it round the world. I know where I could get a berth as cabin-boy on a liner. . . . Say! Let's you and me ship together—"

"No!" said Hubert decidedly. He had crossed the Atlantic once, in a troop-ship. The next time he went to Europe, he was going first-class—or not at all.

Jenks sighed. "I aint quite got the nerve to tackle it alone. But some day I'll just *have* to. This shoe-stuff gets my goat. Some day I'll bust loose and sass the boss, or call one of them fat dames that bawls you out because you can't fit a Number One-A shoe onto a Five-C foot."

Young Jenks strolled away. Hubert thought him crude, too

He struggled up, still clutching that icy arm, and found, to his amazement, that it belonged to the dark-haired girl.



marked him, in his own eyes, as a man of imagination, if not of genius.

The lady evidently was a person of importance. Thompson, the manager, came forward deferentially to greet her. He addressed her as "Mrs. Carpenter." The lady nodded to him indifferently and seated herself on one of the benches with an air of elegance that went straight to Hubert's heart. He hoped that he would be called to serve her.

But it was young Jenks, of all people, whom the manager beckoned to. Jenks came forward sullenly—and Hubert turned back to his window.

A few minutes later, however, he was startled—the whole shop was startled—to hear young Jenks say loudly: "It wont go on; that's all they is to it. You'll have to take the nex' size."

"How dare you!" came in Mrs. Carpenter's cultured voice, a voice low but vibrant, electrifying.

Thompson, the manager, hurried forward in agony, wringing his hands.

"What is this? What is this?" he demanded.

Young Jenks rose from his fitting-stool.

crude for Minton Brothers' exclusive shoe-shop. Then he forgot him. . . .

A smart-looking motorcar, with two men on the box, drew up at the curb, and a lady descended from it. Hubert Dean, watching her from the window, thought: "Perhaps she is Fate. If Fate lived in New York, that's exactly how she would look." He smiled to himself over this vagary. He was always having such thoughts. Secretly he considered them a distinction; they

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"The lady," he said defiantly, "wants a size too small for her. It aint my fault. I aint responsible for the laws of nature."

"The laws of nature!" gasped the lady.

"The laws of nature!" thundered Mr. Thompson. Then, with righteous anger, he faced the culprit. "You may leave at once!"

"I'm goin'," answered young Jenks. "I quit." And getting his hat from the rear of the shop, he walked out, smiling oddly to himself, into the July sunlight.

THE manager all this time had been apologizing to Mrs. Carpenter. Now he stopped wringing his hands and, looking about, called: "Mr. Dean!"

Hubert's pulse quickened. He went toward the lady promptly, bowed with just the proper degree of reticence, and said: "What style, madam?"

"Sport shoes—white buckskin. And let me see what you have in gray suede pumps."

"Yes, madam."

Seating himself, he measured the silk-stockinged foot indifferently held out to him. Then, deliberately, he went to the shelves and chose a size smaller than the measuring-stick indicated.

"I'm afraid these are too tight," imperiously said Mrs. Carpenter.

"Too tight, madam? Well, perhaps, a little—across the instep. You have an unusually high arch. I'll try another last."

Mrs. Carpenter looked at Hubert; and Hubert, remembering the Declaration of Independence, looked at her. She was a beautiful woman, elegant, with light hair and a complexion that, in its approximation of youth, was a work of art. Her eyes were blue and cold and keen. They seemed to peer into Hubert's soul.

He thought: "I am a Dean of Brooklyn."

He dared to smile, ever so faintly. The lady made a slight gesture with her ungloved, jeweled hand. She seemed to melt a little.

"Another last? Yes, do," she said.

He had no difficulty with Mrs. Carpenter after that. She bought a hundred dollars' worth of footgear—enough to see her through July, as she said carelessly to Thompson, the manager.

"Yes, Mrs. Carpenter. Are you stopping in town? Or shall I send the order to your Maine address?"

"To Maine. I go back tonight. . . . Thankful Harbor, you know."

"Oh, yes, madam! It—it must be beautiful up there now," ventured the manager, with a humility Hubert thought off key.

"Quite!" said Mrs. Carpenter, and swept toward the door. Hubert was alert to open it for her. As she went out, their eyes met for the second time. Mrs. Carpenter paused, and he was thrilled to see in those cold blue eyes something of the puzzled curiosity of the homely waitress in Child's.

Then it was over. She had gone.

Hubert sought out the manager, who was walking up and down, nervously tapping his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Who is Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. Thompson?"

"Who is she? One of our best customers! One of the swells of this town. And to think that young puppy Jenks should—But you did very well, Dean. Very well indeed!"

"Where is Thankful Harbor, Mr. Thompson?"

"In Maine."

"Is it—fashionable?"

"If it wasn't, Mrs. Carpenter wouldn't have a house there."

"Thank you, Mr. Thompson," said Hubert, and he added: "I should like to take my vacation this year during the first two weeks in August, if you don't mind."

"I guess that'll be all right, Dean. I'll fix it up. I owe you something for this morning. Are you thinking of going to Maine?" asked the manager with a tolerant smile.

"I might," said Hubert, calmly.

AS a matter of fact, he already had decided definitely to go to Thankful Harbor. He liked the sound of it, and he was not a man to hesitate over his decisions. Something within him told him that Thankful Harbor was good medicine. The lingering aroma of Mrs. Carpenter's perfume, still permeating the shop, was in his nostrils, urging him. He liked sweet scents and gorgeous persons; he liked to be among them, sensing them. He was a Dean of Brooklyn.

So he began to get ready for his vacation. He had saved, during the year, by practicing a rigid economy, three hundred and fifty dollars. One hundred dollars of this he spent on clothes. He already was possessed of a handsome dinner-suit, so that he had only to buy summer things. He bought a bathing-suit—

dark blue with a white belt. He bought two pairs of white flannel trousers at twelve-fifty each, a pair of tan sport shoes and a pair of white buckskins with black tips, very smart. Then he bought four shirts with collars attached, one blue, one pale green, one lavender and one salmon-colored. He bought socks and ties to match, and finally he bought a yellow walking-stick and a tan vest. The walking-stick and the vest were concessions to his secret desire to be mistaken for an actor.

Alone in his boarding-house, at night, he would dress up in his beautiful new clothes—Hubert loved beauty!—and, leaning on his walking-stick, stand entranced before his own vision in the mirror.

"It must be true," he thought. "There must be something in store for me—something wonderful. The life-force doesn't create people like me just to throw them away. That would be downright *wasteful!*"

Hubert, you see, had no false modesty. He knew that he was rather an extraordinary type, with his nose and his hair and his aristocratic manner. He had looked around, and frankly he had seen nothing to give him an inferiority complex.

His vacation began on Saturday, July 31st. He took the night train to Thankful Harbor. Before retiring, he went into the smoking compartment to smoke a cigarette. There were some men there, rather gross-looking commercial men, and as Hubert left the compartment, he heard one of them say: "That bird's an actor. I'll bet my shirt on it. Tell by the look of him."

Hubert smiled with pleasure. Keen chaps, these business men!

HE arrived at Thankful Harbor at noon on Sunday. He was met at the station by a motorbus labeled "*Sea View*." Hubert had engaged a room at the Sea View Hotel.

It was three miles to Thankful Harbor. The village, as Hubert first saw it, impressed him favorably. It was quaint; old-fashioned houses, some with barns attached, fronted a wide street shaded by elms and giant willows. There was a large sprawling garage, also a schoolhouse; there were a few shops, a number of small hotels and three rival grocery-stores, all prosperous-looking. And there was the inevitable business block, consisting of a drug-store and an ice-cream parlor, with its no less inevitable false front rising an extra half-story above the roof-line—horrible evidence of a taste corrupted by contact with the civilized mind! Human vanity has no more ludicrous and revealing monument.

The Sea View Hotel was not the largest in Thankful Harbor, but it was exclusive. "*Exclusive Patronage Desired*" was printed plainly on its stationery. Hubert had chosen it because of this letterhead. It stood on the shore, overlooking the sea; a medium-sized, brownish, lumpy-looking hotel with a single thin red chimney running up its back like an exposed spine. It had a boxlike structure, a sort of square tower, thrust up above its roof, so that, seen from the bathing beach, it resembled somewhat a locomotive dying of melancholia.

Hubert's room was at the north end of the third-floor hall. By looking sidewise he could see the "harbor," which was nothing but a large pool filled by tidewater flowing in about the end of the sand-spit that sloped oceanward to form the beach. A concrete bridge connected the beach with the mainland, crossing the pool, which at its upper extremity narrowed and wound inland through salt marshes, to merge with the waters of a small river looping down from the hills.

After changing his clothes, Hubert descended to the dining-room. He was hardly prepared for the effect of his entrance. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty people in the large salon, and nine-tenths of them were elderly females dressed up to look summery. The other one-tenth were elderly gentlemen dressed up to look summery. They all turned at the same time to gaze at Hubert, who was so startled he forgot to hold back the flap of his coat so as to show his tan vest.

It was as if he had walked unexpectedly into Methuselah's class-dinner.

The head-waitress led him to a table at the end of the room, where three ancients sat fortifying themselves against the further ravages of time. Two of these were man and wife. The third was an indubitable spinster whom the other two addressed as "Miss Gibbs." Miss Gibbs talked. When she took a mouthful of food, she swallowed it rapidly, so that she could go on talking. Food was to Miss Gibbs what punctuation is to most people.

As Hubert approached the table, she glanced up at him, said, "Sit down, young man, and keep quiet!" and went on with what she was saying. Hubert obeyed. He was too dazed to do anything else.

Later the old couple rose and left the dining-room. Miss



She lifted her head like a startled doe. "Oh—why—how do you do?"

Gibbs, without a moment's pause, turned and addressed herself to Hubert.

"Your first visit to the Harbor? Yes. No need to tell me. I've been coming here fifty years, twenty to this hotel. Heaven knows why! The food's bad; the plumbing's atrocious; the prices are pure robbery; the service is execrable; and the people are frivolous. Did you see those two who just left the table? They dance."

"Do—"

"I suppose you came for the sea-air. Let me tell you, young man— What's your name?"

"Dean, ma'am. Hubert Dean of Br—"

"Yes. I once knew a Dean, a very interesting man who went to Alaska. He used to talk about it. He died of liver-trouble. Well, as I was saying, the sea-air isn't what it used to be. I think it's bad for the lungs. Why anyone should come to Thankful Harbor I'm sure I don't know."

"But—it's fashionable, isn't it, ma'am?" Hubert managed to ask.

"Fashionable! It used to be. But nowadays the people are—I know everyone. They drink cocktails. They're corrupting the natives and changing the style of architecture. They live in automobiles. They've lost the use of their legs—except for golf and dancing. What do you do?"

"Do, ma'am? Why, I'm on a vaca—"

"I know you're on a vacation. But what business or profession are you in? You look professional," said Miss Gibbs, gazing somewhat accusingly at Hubert's vest.

The young man smiled.

"You're very observing, ma'am," he said. "I have—played."

"Played? The piano?"

"No, ma'am. I mean—the stage."

"An actor!"

"Not so loud, ma'am, if you please. You see," said Hubert, with a deprecatory gesture, admirable in its simplicity, "I'm not anxious to have it known. . . . I am—resting just at present."

"Why!" exclaimed Miss Gibbs. "Is it *work*?"

Again Hubert smiled, and turned his head slightly toward

the window, revealing his Grecian nose. "The work of memorizing a long part—say, *Hamlet*—is extraordinary."

He pronounced it "extr'o'din'ry." He had learned the true beauty of the word from an English officer in the Crillon bar, in Paris during the war.

Miss Gibbs actually seemed impressed. "Hamlet!" she exclaimed, and blinked her gimlet eyes.

"I have played the part in—in Europe," murmured Hubert. Then he rose and bowed. "I think I'll walk down to the beach, ma'am," he said, and abandoning the pale pink globule of ice-cream that the waitress had brought him, he went. Hubert knew what a great many actors do not—that is, when and how to make an exit.

He walked through the village and down "Ocean Avenue" to the bridge. He crossed to the bathing pavilion, on the veranda of which he lingered to smoke a cigarette. There were a great many touring cars, of common origin, parked near the pavilion, and the beach was fairly cluttered with people—also of common origin—drinking ginger-ale and eating hard-boiled eggs out of paper lunch-boxes. Hubert's heart sank. It looked like Coney Island.

But the bathhouse proprietor, a tall, thin Yankee of capitalistic bearing, reassured him.

"Them's tourists," said the proprietor. "They flock in here of a Sunday same as sandpipers. They aint summer-people a-tall. Danged cutters! Guess yew came daown to see 'bout hirin' a bathhouse, didn't ye?"

"Uh—yes," agreed Hubert.

He engaged a bathhouse for two weeks for ten dollars. Then he strolled back toward the bridge. Halfway across it, he stopped to lean on the railing and gaze idly at the water. It was high-tide and the pool was full. As he stood there, day-dreaming, a canoe shot out from the shadow of the bridge directly below him, and suddenly, with the unexpectedness of an electric shock, Hubert found himself looking down into the face of a beautiful young woman.

She was leaning back among colored cushions, gazing at the sky. She had dark hair, a pretty oval face, red lips and large dark eyes. Her eyes met his. It was an extraordinary visual contact. Hubert felt it.

The girl's attitude—languorous, charming, contemplative—seemed subtly glorious to Hubert. It was an attitude of elegance with beauty. It was what he had sought in Thankful Harbor. It was what he had sought in life.

The girl's companion, who paddled, was a fat youth in a gray tweed coat. He too was elegant; but there was no beauty in him. He puffed as he paddled. Hubert could hear him.

The whole experience lasted only a moment. Hubert went on, thrilled. He had come to the right place. One glance into that girl's eyes had proved it. Unconsciously he had eliminated the fat youth from the picture. The fat youth didn't count—just then.

He had another experience that afternoon, somewhat disturbing, before he reached his hotel. He was strolling through the village street, thinking of the girl in the canoe, when he saw a large and expensive motorcar coming toward him. Hubert knew at once that it must belong to one of the exclusive summer colony, and looked with eager curiosity at the lady lolling gracefully in the tonneau.

The lady was Mrs. Carpenter.

Had she seen him? Yes, she had. For one fleeting instant her glance had rested upon him, but it had passed over him with the indifference of a beam of sunlight. It had been utterly casual. Far from recognizing him, she hadn't even noticed him.

"Thank heaven!" thought Hubert. He had been rather worried about Mrs. Carpenter. Not that it was likely they would meet; still, one never knew! He was grateful for the indifference of her glance.

He reached the Sea View and entered the lobby. Immediately he was aware of a new interest among the ancients. They were gathered there in force, morosely conning the Boston Sunday supplements (which contain, each Lord's Day, the same pictures of Old Boston, modified occasionally by art-photographs of prize Boston babies in the nude) when Hubert came in. They put down Old Boston and stared at him. He heard the whisper that was destined to follow him through life—to his unutterable satisfaction.

"An actor—"

Evidently Miss Gibbs had done her work well. He had been

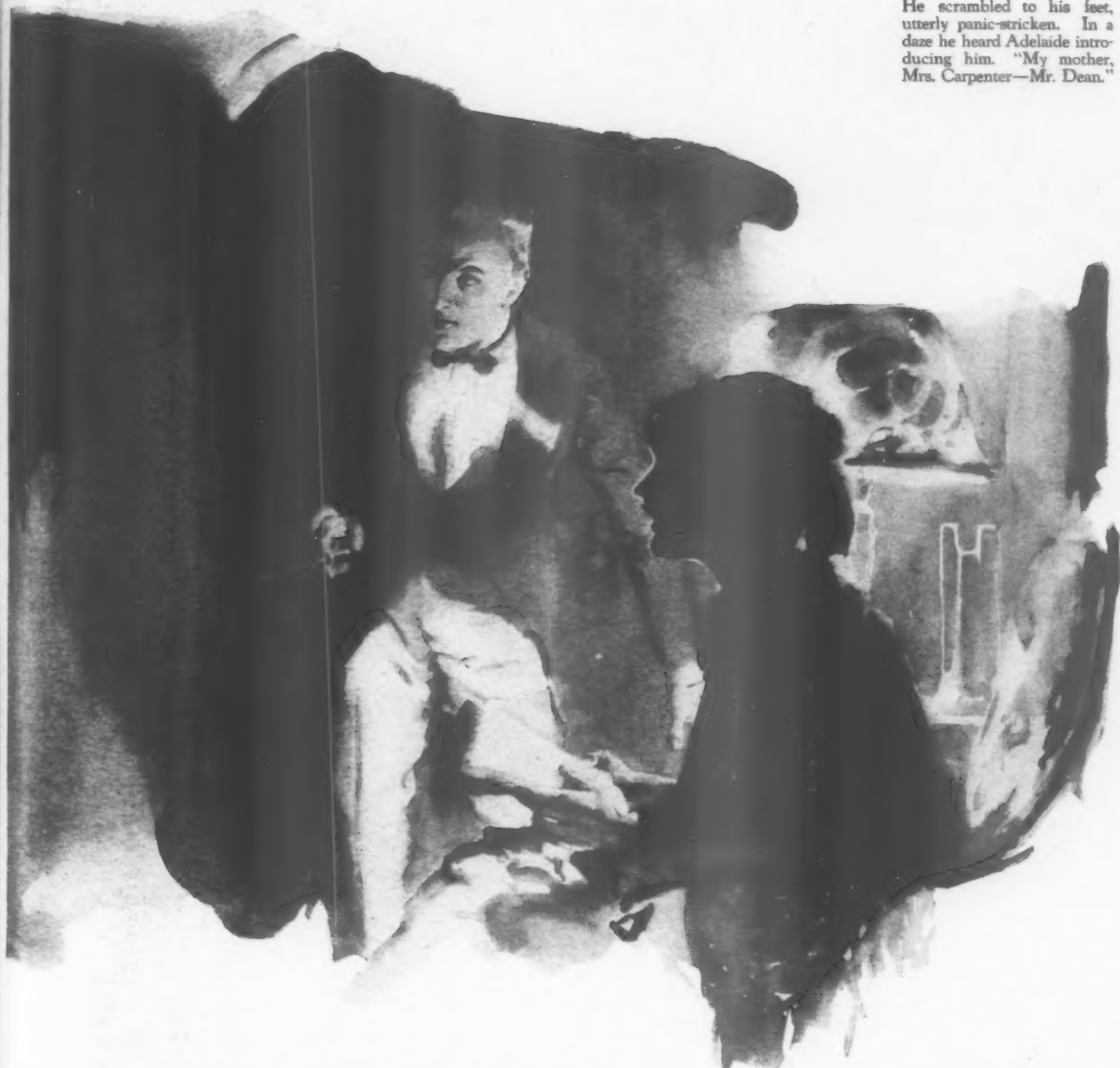


gone only an hour, but the powers of human speech are unlimited. "I'll tell the world!" is an exact and poignant phrase.

The next two days it stormed. Hubert spent those two days fleeing from Miss Gibbs, who pursued him unmercifully about the hotel. For once in his life he almost wished he had a snub nose!

"Well! There you are, young man. Abominable weather!"

He scrambled to his feet, utterly panic-stricken. In a daze he heard Adelaide introducing him. "My mother, Mrs. Carpenter—Mr. Dean."



Maine has no more climate than a watering-pot! I was just saying to Mrs. Hackengloss that you had played *Hamlet* before the crowned heads of Europe. Mrs. Hackengloss, you know. Sits at our table. She's only seventy. She dances. Her switch bobs. Mr. Hackengloss has asthma this morning—"

BUT the third day was bright and fair. Hubert went down to the beach to bathe—and there he saw the dark-haired girl. She was sitting with a group of young people, including the fat youth. But she was different. She seemed as one apart. While the others laughed and chatted, she gazed contemplatively at the sea.

Hubert said to himself: "I am going to meet that girl. Somehow we'll meet—I feel that our personalities are in tune."

He strolled about in his jaunty bathing-suit among the sunshades, under one of which he noticed Mrs. Carpenter beautifully disposed. Seated near her on the sand was a crushed-looking little man whom Hubert took to be Mr. Carpenter. He kept away from that part of the beach.

Finally he saw the dark-haired girl get up and go down to the ocean. There was a heavy surf, but she plunged in boldly. Hubert pranced about a little to get his blood up. Then he too dashed in, with a high stride, like a sprinter, secretly hoping that people would notice him and think him athletic.

He dived through a wave and came up gasping. Darned cold, that Maine water! He turned, slightly panic-stricken,

toward shore; but a second wave smote him in the back, pushed him down and ferociously trampled on him.

He thought he was drowning, but he was moving so fast he hadn't time to worry about it. Then, in that bewildering thrust of water, in that traveling chaos, he struck something—another object being hurled along as he was. His hands clutched wet cloth, an icy cold arm. At the same instant his knees scraped sand. He struggled up, still clutching that icy arm, and found, to his great amazement, that it belonged to the dark-haired girl.

"Oh, thank you!" she gasped, turning upon him a look such as might have lighted the face of the emerging Aphrodite. "Thank you so much!"

Hubert realized at once that he had saved the dark-haired girl from drowning.

"Not at all!" he gasped in return. "Glad I happened to c-come along."

It was lucky, when you came to think of it. There was this girl, alone and helpless, being trampled on by a brute of an ocean, and there *he* was, out swimming, fearless, a strong man ever prepared to conquer the elements!

He had read of such men in magazine stories and had admired them. Now *he* was such a man. It was wonderful.

The girl gave him this look we have mentioned, and then she gave him a moist and beautiful smile. (Continued on page 162)

Dicky de Gollyer and his friends, who were present, immediately decided that the "angel" had at last arrived.



The Submerged Rich

By
Owen Johnson

"DEBUTANTE." "Moving pictures, rather." "Never; Texas oil-field."

The three wise men of the world ensconced at a table of vantage at Lazare's, having given their orders, amused themselves in deciphering the matinée crowd, distributing nods of recognition and sharing their social investigations. They were men of the world in the sense that that much-abused term can express men of a certain social position, in the forties of their knowledge of the currents and undercurrents, the rocks, the shoals and the hidden springs in the great current of society that sweeps turbulently

Illustrated by
Lejaren à Hiller

As you read this story by one of America's most distinguished novelists, you may envision him as having abandoned his New York City home, and being busily engaged in demonstrating the accuracy of his putt on the course at Stockbridge, Mass., where he dwells from lilac-time until the grape harvest.

through the restaurants, the theaters and the ballrooms of New York.

"And I maintain that the solution is simple," said Charley van Ruypen, glancing across the room at the two women who were the cause of this sudden curiosity. "Débutante, my dear boy, of the first or second season, possibly the daughter of a fashionable minister—reaction often comes that way."

"Innocent!" said De Gollyer, staring in turn. "Actorine or adventuress, or both."

"Look out, Dicky; she's on to us," said Chizzlewitte, better known as "Chizzy."

"My boy, always look them in the eye—look 'em right straight in the eye," said De Gollyer—who, setting the action to the word, continued to stare

fixedly and victoriously in a manner that once, when ogling was fashionable, was described as "killing."

"You're wrong; you're both wrong," said Chizzy, in his soft, unhurried tones. "I know exactly what she is and where she came from. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do: I'll bet you the luncheon and the theater-tickets that I'll come nearer to it than Charley or Dick."

"But how'll we know?"

"We'll ask Hugo," said Chizzy, designating the head waiter, who passed at this moment. "Hugo knows everyone and everybody—whose wife is dining with whose husband, where Dottie and Francine and Evelyn are spending the winter, and how many times a week the girl you lunched with yesterday, Charley, has dined with—"

"I didn't—"

"Well, he knows that too," said Chizzy, rising to bow across the room. "Mrs. Kinnie Towers with her next husband." Then, resuming his survey of the young lady under debate, he concluded: "Lunch and theater, two losers pay. Dicky, the spotlight now turns on you."

The three were silent, openly or furtively studying the object of their wager. The younger of the two women, evidently aware of their scrutiny, glanced from time to time in their direction, playing with her menu with an agitation that, however, did not convey any sense of displeasure. She was, even in that luxuriant social hothouse, flamboyantly overdressed. A Gainsborough picture-hat at times so completely effaced her from their view, that some conjuring hand might have slipped a black bag over her head; underneath, when her whim so permitted, was a view of a rather saucy face, a carmine smile, cheeks where art had transcended nature, and a tumbling mass of auburn hair shot through with

thin bandeaux of black velvet. She sat in ermine splendor, wore all the jewels permissible and had a golden mesh bag and a jeweled vanity case, into which she glanced frequently. At her side an elderly woman in black, with a toque at least two seasons out of date, was eating with concentration and enthusiasm. Her young companion, the moment she had perceived the interest of the three men, had shown a marked diminution in appetite, prospecting daintily with the end of her fork and nibbling with delicate indifference.

"We'll eliminate Mamma, or Auntie, or Cousin Sue," said De Gollyer, lighting a cigarette. He was a short, nervous, immaculate man, with the look of a capsule Napoleon. "No—no, I shouldn't say it's Mamma—that's a Parisian refinement that the dear things haven't come to yet. Auntie is more pliable, a quiet, respectable background, a little deaf, a little shortsighted. You know the kind—plays solitaire and has a certain amount of ill health that confines her to her room at the proper time."

"We all know Auntie," said Van Ruypen. "Proceed."

"The young lady that Van in his inexperience sees as a *débutante*," resumed De Gollyer, "is of course simply an adventuress. Not the common or garden demimondaine—no, the superior type, the superwoman, the brain machine, the one who plays for big game. You see before you a woman who calculates everything, who thinks twice before she answers, who has buried her impulses,



"Say, Toinette, what's eatin' you, anyhow?" demanded Ed Barrows. "You and I are due for a little straight-from-the-shoulder stuff."

and taught herself patience; and when a woman of that class has patience—you have the fatal woman. At the present moment she is studying us with caution. She knows every word we utter, but she is not interested. We are too young—"

His companions broke into laughter.

"Too young! Too young!" said De Gollyer, tapping the table to emphasize his point. "We are not her ideal, my boy. And do you know what her ideal is? A nice old gentleman of at least sixty-five, rather rickety, asthmatic as a pug dog, an old rounder with a lot of relatives waiting around to inherit. Oh, if we were not so confoundedly young, she'd pick us up in a minute."

"How?"

"Fifty ways. The next time we lunched here we'd find her at the next table. We order seats for this afternoon's matinée. Strange coincidence, she has the chairs next to us. In two days she will know your habits, your summer home, when you start for Europe or Palm Beach—don't ask me how it's done; to tell you that, I'd have to explain why head waiters and bell-boys own motorcars and support large families."

"So, Dicky, you class her as a man-eater?" said Chizzy.

"I do. To end up, she is twenty-eight and looks twenty. Born in Chicago or New Orleans, probably had a touch of the chorus—one big affair from which she retired with sufficient capital to pursue her career. While she is waiting for Providence, to which she probably prays every night to throw her across the path of some susceptible octogenarian with sufficient millions, she is carefully building up the fiction of a career—studying music or singing—a serious child battling valiantly against this hard world. Her end? Some day, at Newport or Deauville or Southampton, she will meet with a frightful accident just in front of Mr. Noah's estate; she will be carried in half-alive, and when she leaves, it will be as Mrs. Noah, to the consternation of all the nephews and nieces and cousins and aunts, and to the exceeding delectation of a score of lawyers who live to see that wills are broken. I who am a lawyer, have seen as much!"

"Stuff and nonsense—she is a young girl," said Van Ruypen.

"My boy, if she were a débutante, she would be embarrassed instead of watching us out of the corners of her eyes like a chorus girl picking her supper over the footlights."

"Dicky, you are antediluvian! You are back in the days of the hoopskirts, Niblo's Garden, Jennie Lind, the polka—what? Wake up, Granny!"

"*A vous,*" said De Gollyer, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Van Ruypen, leader of cotillions, who migrated with the social birds; who was at Palm Beach, Newport, Deauville, always at the right place at the right moment, in the right house at the right time; clean-cut, bored, tireless, without enthusiasms; a cameo precision of features, turned out by a valet, a social register for a memory—Van Ruypen caged his delicate fingers and said with tolerant authority:

"In the first place, you are wrong. She is eighteen and looks twenty-five, like exactly one thousand others of her kind, who are struggling against the cruel fate that has condemned them to respectability, a limousine and the certainty of marrying at



least forty thousand a year. She's really quite obvious—they all are. There are fashions in women now, as there are fashions in stockings, ministers, shoes. There is the fashion of 1920, and the fashion of 1924."

"You ought to know."

"I do know. At present the fashion is Jacobinism. They are all Sans-culottes. They reject God, mother, man; they reject themselves. Life means thrills. Everything is thrilling. They

She found herself in a family group somewhat bewildered at her operatic entrance. The malice and amusement of the ladies escaped her.



talk about complexes and quote psychopathic works without understanding a word they say. They believe they have discovered youth, and they are older than their grandparents. They have discovered youth, and they are ashamed to appear young or innocent or virtuous. When you have five hundred young ladies, night after night, desperately determined to be original and sport the same inanities—" He stopped, yawned and concluded:

"Dreadful bore! No, my dear Dicky, you are wrong. When you see a woman dressed like a prima donna, rouged like a cocotte, hung with jewels like a Christmas tree, and staring you down like a divorcee, you may be certain that you are in the presence of a young and innocent girl—God help us!"

Having delivered this diatribe without the slightest enthusiasm, he uncaged his delicate fingers, leaned back against the cushioned sofa, and turned to Chizzlewitte, who instantly took . . . up:

"Wrong, both wrong. She is not a young girl nor an actress—she is a respectable marrying woman."

His companions broke into incredulous laughter.

"I did not say *married* woman—I said a respectable marrying woman. It's a new profession," said Chizzlewitte, imposing silence. He had a set expression of wearied enjoyment, a well-pressed attitude of urbanity, and a roving curiosity that allowed him to concentrate on at least three ideas at once. He knew everyone's first name, though he sometimes forgot his last, and as he had a heart of gold and could no more refrain from doing a kindness to the door-man than to a leader of society, he moved impertinently and beloved through society, privileged to serve up the most outrageous truths, which he always mitigated with a sauce of wit. He never listened except to himself, and when he asked advice,

it was always by the method of asking questions which he immediately answered himself.

"A married woman and a marrying woman are two entirely different things. You see, it's like this. Now, Charley, of course, is a man of irre-

proachable *savoir faire*, and mammas select him to lead cotillions and give the right tone to important social functions and confide their daughters to his arms so that they can be thoroughly disillusioned—but of course, Charley, you are really a specialist, aren't you? You are. And Dick by profession and bringing-up and a certain natural wickedness associates with evil companions and makes a large income mulcting senile old men who try to adopt a fatherly attitude to beautiful chorus girls who have the highest ideals—I'm letting you off easily, Dicky. Well, then, what happens? Wherever Dicky looks he sees an adventuress; and you, Van, a *débutante*, don't you? You do—naturally."

"Amen; and then what?" said De Gollyer, who had unsuccessfully been trying to hold the glance of the lady under discussion.

"The point is this: You live in your own worlds. You don't know what is taking place outside—the new movements. Now, what has happened socially in the last ten years? I'll tell you. Divorce has multiplied the opportunity for women to rise. Marriage now is social speculation. Enter the marrying woman. Formerly marriage was finality—sink or swim. Today a woman has two, three, even four or five chances to climb upward. My dear boys, don't be silly—you are men of the world—why, nowadays, a woman, without social position, marries first simply to meet the second husband."

"Very good, Chizzy, very good," said Van Ruypen, saluting. "You're in very good form, my boy!"

"Society—to a clever woman—is simply a problem of how many marriages. Take Mrs. Kinnie Towers. I forget her next husband's name. Who was Mrs. Kinnie Towers? No one knows. She was Mrs. Tom Patchen, wife of a fashionable portrait-painter—first step. She divorces Tom and acquires Kinnie Towers, position but no money. Next step she exchanges Kinnie for—"

"Courty Steele," said Van Ruypen; "but it's not definite." "Bet you a dinner she'll be Mrs. Courty within two years. You wont take me? Of course not," continued Chizzy. "There

you are. The Lady's Progress. From a box under the roof to a box at the opera, in five years and three marriages. To resume! Our friend opposite is a respectable marrying lady. She may have begun in Brooklyn or Perth Amboy. She married once to get to New York—some one in the suit-and-cloak trade, or a druggist. She married again—"

"What—she's married twice?" said De Gollyer, interrupting. "At least," said Chizzy finally. "Remember, she started from Perth Amboy. Her second marriage was to escape domesticity. She married—let's see—well, something like the head of an automobile office, or a grain broker, or a successful publicity manager with at least twenty-five thousand a year."

"And then?"

"That depends entirely on where the lady wants to go."

"Hugo," said Van Ruypen holding up a finger.

The head waiter, bald, blond and inscrutable, slid around a table to their side.

"Hugo," said Chizzy, "the table directly back of you. Don't turn too quickly. The lady with the ermines. Who and why? What do you know?"

"Sorry, Mr. Chizzlewitte," said the head waiter, shrugging his shoulders.

"She's not an actress or a chorus girl, then," said Van Ruypen languidly.

"Not fair!"

"You've seen her before?"

"Yes sir; she lunches here often."

"Alone, or with Auntie?"

"Always, sir, with the same lady."

At this moment the two women opposite started to their feet; the table was hurriedly withdrawn by Hugo and they passed up the restaurant, attracting a little flurry of curiosity among those who knew the value of ermine coats. At the entrance the figure of a man detached itself and took the younger woman by the arm.

"The next husband," said Chizzy triumphantly.

"Her first actor," said Van Ruypen.

"The bank-book," said De Gollyer, "or perhaps her legal laborator."

Hugo returned—in his hand an envelope which had been torn in two. The inscription read: "*Miss Toinette Gorton, The Crigh-ton Apartments.*"

"The pearls are real," he added, "and the coat is worth at least twenty thousand."

MEANWHILE, in the lobby, a short, bullet-headed, beaming man who had the air of having swung off the end of one train to catch another, was saying:

"Sorry to be late. Business as usual. I've got just two hours. Where is this opera place you're taking me?"

"Papa, you're awful! You don't deserve to have a daughter. —Miss Lippsicome, get the car, wont you?"

The car was at hand. Miss Toinette Gorton, with her arm linked in her father's, glanced down the rows of tables to where the three men were watching her, smiled and went out.

Miss Lippsicome, a wisp of a woman, past fifty, with faint lavender tints in her face, and so thin that she seemed transparent, pulled out a seat while father and daughter sank deep into the cushioned ease of the smart limousine. The immaculate chauffeur tendered a moleskin rug, touched his fingers to the brim of his hat, and they moved noiselessly toward the Avenue.

"Well, enjoyin' yourself?"

"Grand."

"New York's a little different from Alberon, eh?"

"I'll say it is."

"That's right—go the limit. Need any more money?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Well, draw whatever you want. It's there." He surveyed the car with its soft lavender velvet upholstery and glazed chintz curtains. "Some car! Your chauffeur's a good-looking fellow, too." Then, his gaze centering on his daughter in the midst of her ermines, her pearls and the faint pleasant odor of strange perfumes, he exclaimed: "Say, you put it all over them, kiddy. You're it!"

A vast warm feeling of contentment welled up in him like the satisfaction that came weekly after the traditional Sunday dinner. All this was his. He had created this. This was the expression of his success, this marvelous modern princess at his side, with her companion, her luxurious car, her clothes and her aristocratic manner.

"She's carrying fifty thousand on her this minute," he thought with a rapid calculation, and he settled back against the soft

squashy upholstery with the satisfied feeling of a good job well done.

"Meetin' lots of top-notchers?" he said presently.

"Why, Papa, I've hardly gotten into my diggings!"

"That's so. That's so."

"You really flyin' off this afternoon?" she asked presently with a little pout, though a close observer might have detected a certain relief. "You're a bad, bad father."

He received the playful tap on his arm with delight.

"I'm after a clean-up," he explained, and with a nervous motion he delved into his pocket and found a cigar. "Texas and Mexico, four months. But if it works out," he chuckled to himself with the enjoyment of a boy, "if it works out, we'll show this burg some style."

She removed the cigar from his lips and tossed it out the window, threatening him with a warning finger.

"Now, Papa, you're through business; you're going to the opera."

"Eh, what? Oh, all right."

He was instantly contrite, gazing furtively at his miraculous, his unrecognizable daughter, tremendously overawed.

THEY rolled up to the carriage entrance. His eye noted each arriving car, registered its occupants, with a little discontent. The house was dark, the curtain up, and the vast auditorium filled with crashing harmonies which left him in a state of bewilderment as Toinette, holding his hand, guided him to their seats. The music puzzled him, but he liked the scenery and the curious shifting effect of clouds across the painted sky. He thought the first act long—very long. But the intermission consoled him. This was society as he had imagined it, steeping himself in the colorful portrayals of wrecked lives in the highest circles that brightened the syndicated Sunday supplement. The grand tier of boxes imposed upon his imagination, and again a little discontent intruded upon his ardent enjoyment. All at once, before this enthroned arrogance set above him, he felt impotent, dwarfed, and all his strivings futile—as the terrific splendor of the sea's spectacle or the dizzy scale of soaring mountains leaves a restlessness and a discontent in the beholder.

"What d'you suppose they stick 'em?" he said, completing his thought aloud.

"What?"

"The boxes up there."

"I don't know. Oh, a lot. Besides, they're awful hard to get. They're sort of inherited—passed down, you know."

"Sure. It must be wonderful, at night."

"Oh, it is."

"Jewels and all that sort of thing." He was thinking of the pictures he had seen of gorgeous bare-shouldered women with diamonds in their hair, and ropes and ropes of pearls. Why shouldn't he some day step up out of the arena into that charmed circle?

"What you thinking of, Papa?"

"Oh, just wonderin'—" He roused himself. "I suppose the Vanderbilts are here too."

"That's their box over there."

"Met any of them?"

"Oh, not yet."

"And Mrs. Astor?"

"She's the loveliest thing in the world, and so simple, Papa."

"You know her?" he said eagerly.

"Not know," she answered carefully; "just met her once."

"Met her! You don't say!"

"Oh, just met her," she repeated uneasily. She had once entered the sacred portals when the great house had been thrown open for a charity bazaar, and Mrs. Astor had smiled at her across a table, an inviting smile that had cost her at once a hundred dollars.

SHE began to detail to him the names of the box-holders, consulting her program. She knew the romances and the divorces, the engagements and the foreign titles. He listened eagerly, studying them through her opera glasses, tremendously impressed at her intimate social knowledge. But all at once—he began to glance uneasily at his watch.

"How long's this next act?"

"Not long. Then there's a ballet."

The bacchanalian frankness of the scantily clad figurantes shocked him, but he hid his unease, knowing that he was old-fashioned, afraid to appear countrified and ridiculous in the eyes of his daughter. So he applauded loudly as he saw others, young girls and gray-haired women, applauding about him.



Toinette was at her dressing-table experimenting with the double row of cosmetics, when her father broke in.

"Don't you love it!" she exclaimed radiantly.

"You bet!" After a moment, he said: "I forgot to tell you; the Pettinger girls—"

"Sarah?"

"Yep—Sarah and Mattie, they're touring up here next week, trip to Yurrap. They'll be lookin' you up."

"I'd love to see Mattie."

"Yes, sure." He hesitated a moment, and then a little guiltily, not expressing all his thought, he added: "Say, when they see you, kiddy, I guess you can put it over them all right. You know—you understand."

"I know," she said, laughing at his simplicity. "I'll give a grand party."

"That's it; that's right," he said, lighting up. "Put on a few extra lugs and damn the expense! Good Lord, I've got to jump." He would have liked to take her in his arms and kiss her, but he knew that would never do. So he patted her arm affectionately and whispered: "Take good care of yourself, kiddy. You certainly've got them all beat, even,"—he completed the sentence in her ear,—"even the Vanderbilts."

"Now, Papa!"

"Sure, I mean it. Have a grand time. Buy anything you want—anything! And don't lose your heart until I can look the young feller over. By-by."

He was gone—after stumbling over an old lady and rousing the indignation of the whole row. She remained pensive, striving to concentrate her attention on the interminable languors of

the opera, which despite all her zealous determination to be cultured, frankly bored her. The ordeal over, she waited in the lobby, eying hungrily these brilliant strangers whom she knew by name and whose dinings and dancings she followed each morning in the social columns, breathing the same perfumed air, dressed as they were dressed—and yet a thousand miles removed. Then her car was called, and she made her way through the privileged crowd, happy at attracting a sudden staring curiosity.

"Home, Robert."

The incongruity did not strike her. She was thinking of what her father had announced to her, the approaching arrival of her old friends, the Pettinger girls, from Alberon, Ohio, wondering how on earth she would be able to entertain them in a manner consonant with the highly colored reports that she knew had been spread at home of her brilliant New York season. For she had been now two months installed in this Mecca of her dreams—and she knew no one.

At the apartment house on upper Fifth Avenue, a footman in blue and gold livery sprang to the door. She passed through marble spaces hung with tapestries, entered the mirrored elevator and let herself into the apartment with her key; and again as always the dread feeling of loneliness descended on her. This home of another's luxurious furnishing spread before her silently and gorgeously, deserted as though an evil fairy's curse had shut out the roaring world. On the sculptured Renaissance table a finely turned Georgian salver waited for the visiting cards that never came. The great salon with its (Continued on page 104)

By
Gerald
Beaumont

Illustrated
by
T. D. Skidmore



The Troupers

HALL KERRICK'S voice had gone back on him, and none knew it better than the little woman who now sat in their dressing-room reading again the notice that had closed them out. The lines wavered, blurred, dissolved into a retrospective vision that covered forty years of theatrical adventure. . . .

Again Molly Powers was a leading woman and her husband a matinée idol on whose dressing-table the mash notes were piled fifty high. The mental panorama unrolled swiftly: Road-shows—stock—vaudeville—London—Paris—Australia! What a long and wide-flung trail it had been! Together they had run the whole gamut of the theatrical scale—played it *up* and *down*. Tragedy to travesty, stardom to starvation! Was there a rôle they did not know, a trick they had not mastered, a situation they had not faced?

"Molly," he had once told her, "the only thing we haven't done is *Baucis and Philemon*. We'll save that for our farewell appearance. Two old troupers whom the kindly gods have changed into trees so that they may fondly stand, with their arms entwined, long after Death has dropped the curtain. Only," he had added whimsically, "I'm afraid you'd hog it. You know, Molly, that's your one fault: you will persist in trying to steal my scenes!"

Molly Powers smiled. If there was anyone who liked to keep his face toward the audience and make the most of every line, it was Hall Kerrick. Lately he had been getting worse. The smaller the part, the harder it was to get him off the stage. His voice, broken and husky, shattered her meditations:

"Ridiculous attempt to break contract! Nothing wrong with me at all! Mere bronchial affection. Might happen to anyone! Channing is peeved because I took the bow last night. Good hand, and I deserved it! We've got too much experience for this company!"

But she knew he was only stalling, ranting around "up-stage" while he waited for her to come to his rescue. Dutifully she gave him the desired cue:

"Hall, dear, do you realize we have a son who will be twenty-five next month, and that we haven't seen him in ten years?"

"Clyde twenty-five! Why, Molly, it doesn't seem possible. Well, well, well! Have you heard from the young scamp lately? What's he doing? Where is he?"

The old actor's expression was professionally bland. Molly Powers wiped the cold cream from her features and studied her reflection in the cracked mirror. They both knew that Clyde was one of the best-known young directors in Hollywood, just as they were both aware that necessity now compelled them to turn to the very field they had so long and openly derided. Professional pride and the instinct of old footlight favorites required that they do a little trouping for each other's benefit. This was not difficult. Troupers they were, and troupers they would be until Death rang down the last curtain. Not infrequently they did their best acting off-stage in situations such as this.

"Clyde's still in Hollywood," Molly heard herself saying. "I know how you feel about the pictures, Hall. Same here. But you need a rest, dear. You've been working too hard, and the

Gerald Beaumont hasn't much use for the conventional, but he loves the colorful sporting world and its strenuous characters. Gerry will tell you: "I'm not interested in a gambler because he's a gambler or when he is gambling, but in spite of his being a gambler and when he's just living."



She stumbled and fell in the path of an unmanageable horse. Just in time she was hauled to safety.

"The young scamp!" chuckled Hall. "You know, Molly, I was always very proud of him. Bit headstrong and cocky at times, but underneath it all he has much of his mother's sweetness and—a h e m—his father's talents!"

They each took a bow on that, and then laughed with the good-natured tolerance of two old actors who understood each other perfectly.

Molly Powers contemplated her rings. "I suppose we can get traveling expenses on these."

Her husband made a wry face. "Nothing doing, old girl. You haven't any too many trinkets now, and I want you to make a flash when we get there. Rather go out and stick up a bank. But it won't be necessary. I have a few friends left. You know, my dear, things are going to break for us pretty soon. Then I'll play *Romeo* to your

Juliet. You've been a mighty sweet old pal, Molly."

She flashed him a rare smile, and then looked quickly away.

"Don't talk rot!" Sometimes, I think we're actually getting old. Too much sentiment, my dear. One of these days you'll be kissing me on stage. Where's my purse? Shall we go to the Savoy for dinner, or back to the hotel, and I'll cook up an omelet?"

"Now, Molly, you know you haven't got anything in that purse, and I won't get my check till morning."

"Say no more," she laughed. "The omelet wins! We'll spend the night rehearsing the timetables and packing up the props."

"I don't think we'll need much rehearsing in those rôles," he answered gravely. "After forty years' experience, I feel impelled to suggest that we are letter perfect."

trip would do you a world of good. I'm sure Clyde would be delighted. It doesn't seem right, Hall, that I shouldn't have a chance to play mother once in a while. Please, dear, for my sake!"

Hall beamed at her fondly.

"Well, now, Molly—what about my own sake? I'm his father! Don't you suppose I want to see him as much as you do? Of course! Well, we'll run out and say hello. The trip, as you say, will do us both good, and no doubt Clyde will try to make it pleasant. I suppose the young idiot will want to teach his parents how to suck eggs. You'll have to watch yourself, Molly, or he'll shove a fountain pen in your hand and get you to sign one of their fool contracts."

"He'd tackle you first," laughed Molly. "Clyde knows there isn't a better actor in the world. If he thinks there's a chance of landing his dad, he'll give Broadway an awful battle."

THEY should have written or telegraphed before undertaking that long trip across the continent. But no, they must have an effective entrance, a dramatic situation! That is the trouble with old troupers. They overplay every rôle, even that which is assigned them by the Great Dramatist. They let their imagination run away with them, seeing in every insignificant "bit" a star part.

No sooner had they turned their faces toward Hollywood and their son, than they were like a couple of children whose enthusiasm mounted with every mile. They bought all the current picture periodicals and talked convincingly of "medium shots," "close-ups" and "fade-outs." By the time the train reached California, everyone on board had sought an introduction to "the famous Hall Kerrick" and "the celebrated Molly Powers," who were en route to fulfill important contracts with the Continental Studios. They were trouping every minute, Hall holding forth in the smoking-car, and Molly ministering with charming grace to a pair of sticky babies with a consumptive mother.

"Charming couple," was the general verdict, "so approachable and unassuming! Always did think that half the stuff about Hollywood was rubbish. Must certainly watch for their pictures!"

But alas for the innocent dreams of two old troupers! Fate is an ironical sort of jester, always upsetting our calculations and playing fast and loose with our pet ambitions. The Kerricks arrived at the Continental Studios not twenty-four hours after their son had left with a company for Europe to film "The Brigand's Lady" in the picturesque setting of the Pyrenees. A young assistant casting director broke the news to them, and was politely sympathetic when he learned their identity.

"Well, that's too bad! Clyde will feel terribly at having missed you. 'Fraid he'll be away all summer. Just passing through?"

"Well, no," hesitated Clyde's father. "Fact is, we came out here for a little rest as much as anything. Fifty-two weeks in stock is rather trying, you know. Molly's always been interested in the pictures. Thought we'd take this opportunity to look around a bit."

The assistant director permitted himself the faintest of smiles. "I see! Well, make yourselves right at home. Sorry I can't take you around myself, but this pass will admit you to the lot. They are making 'Fiery Hearts' on Stage Six, and you'll find the Zoo back of the far line of trees. If I can be of service at any time, let me know."

Hall Kerrick bowed with exaggerated dignity.

"Thank you, sir. —Come, Molly!"

He gave her his arm, and they passed through the little wicker gate that separated the lobby from a corridor flanked by executive offices. An open door framed a vista of that most curious of all places—a motion-picture lot. Thither they moved, unescorted and unnoticed, quite as though they were the casual visitors they pretended to be, instead of two derelict Thespians on whom the door of opportunity had been shut again.

So perfect was their unspoken understanding and accord that they were able to dismiss the matter of Clyde's absence with a philosophical smile and shrug. No sign of disappointment or discouragement, no hint of despondency or despair! Nothing but bland confidence as they prepared to adjust themselves to this new situation.

Wandering around in the pleasant sunshine that afternoon, Clyde's parents were first amazed, then thrilled and finally completely enamored with what they beheld. The spirit of the picture industry, with all its artistry and absurdities, reached out for two old troupers and wove its spell about them.

Continental "City" had once been an eight-hundred-acre

Spanish rancho dozing amid sagebrush and sunlight near the sleepy hamlet of Los Angeles. The latter had become a giant with outstretched arms tipped with macadam fingers. And the rancho was a seething cinema caldron, bubbling under the wand of a celluloid genie. What a land of plaster, paint and illusion! What a land of brains and buncombe, triumph and tragedy, faith and folly, hope and hokum, love, laughter and despair!

They were like children at their first circus, all eyes and ears, fascinated beyond belief by illusions on a scale such as they had never dreamed. They were converts, reveling in baptismal waters, eager to absorb the creed and tenets of a new faith. Nay, more: they felt themselves on the threshold of Destiny, looking into the long-sought Promised Land. Every instinct of an old trouper rose to the surface. Hall Kerrick's nostrils dilated; his fine old features glowed with enthusiasm; his faded figure straightened. The little woman at his side became a girl again, bright-eyed, cheeks aflush.

Arm in arm they walked along a broad street lined with lumber yards, electrical plants, paintshops, glaziers, plumbing supplies, decorators, all that was necessary

for the construction of a modern skyscraper or the Temple of Solomon.

They turned into a lane and found themselves in a quaint New England village with its familiar town hall, post office, drug-store, village school and undertaking parlor. The street was three blocks long and looked as though it had been there for a hundred years instead of two months.

A moment later they were standing in medieval Paris, fronting the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a set that cost half a million.



"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; no old trouper could have matched that gesture and expression.

T.D.S.—



"Why, the brainless puppy!" exploded Clyde's father. "He wants to shelve us!"

Next they were on the circus grounds. No illusion here, but a real circus, resurrected from winter quarters and waiting only the word of the director to begin full operation. Performers lolled in their canvas dressing-rooms behind the "Big Tent." Circus babies played in sawdust piles, and their mothers, in tights and make-up, discussed calmly the ordinary problems of maternity and child-rearing.

Buildings that covered entire blocks held the interior stages where lynx-eyed directors, sitting in front of sumptuous ballroom or sordid hovel, recorded on celluloid every emotion of the human soul. Theirs was the voice of Destiny calling actors to their golden opportunity with the staccato command: "Lights—music—camera! All right, my boy—come in!"

That was the phrase that captivated the imagination of Hall Kerrick and found sympathetic echo in the somewhat tired but loyal heart of Molly Powers.

Where Cahuenga Boulevard bisects the colony, and film folk stand on the corners in the morning calling to passing motorists, "Going out to the lot?" the Kerricks established themselves in a modest two-room apartment and began the difficult task of "breaking into the pictures."

Now, whatever may be said for or against the movies, the fact remains that the film metropolis of America is the last hope and port of refuge for thousands of old troupers who have drifted there in the sundown of their lives.

For every frivolous, misguided hanger-on, there are a dozen—nay, a hundred kindly, self-respecting decent veterans of the footlights, long past the age of folly, who find in Hollywood not alone a means of honest livelihood, but the nearest approach to a permanent home they have ever had.

They throng the cafés and the hotel lobbies, and in the evening stroll arm in arm along the boulevard, men and women whose names once topped the billboards of the country. These same names are now buried in the card-indexes of the casting offices, to be resurrected only when a director's fancy so wills.

No real trouper ever loses his confidence. Equipped with his portfolio of portraits showing him in all his favorite rôles, he haunts his daily beat, taking gladly the crumbs that fall his way, occasionally in the shape of character "bits." Sometimes, Fate is kind, and an old-time favorite, given a rôle that suits him, steals the picture from under the very nose of star and director, and awakens some morning to find himself again famous. More frequently his career terminates in a gradual "fade-out," unaccompanied by an atmospheric orchestra.

Hall Kerrick and Molly Powers registered at all the studios, left their telephone-number with every director, pulled all the usual strings, made use of every artifice to win attention, and then settled down to wait.

Ah, that is the hard part of the motion-picture game! Suspense is such a pitiful, soul-trying ordeal! To be at the mercy of those who may not even be thinking of you! To wait helplessly for mail that does not come, for telephone-messages that never materialize! To feel that you are losing time, and yet be afraid to venture forth lest opportunity in your absence knock upon your door! The tinkle of a telephone-bell, day or night, may be a harassed director, frantically seeking an eleventh-hour substitute, the very chance for which you have been waiting. What stories of unfulfilled destiny lie behind the fateful words of Central: "They do not answer!"

At Levy's, Armstrong's, the Montmartre, they ran across friends and acquaintances of other days. One and all gave the same advice: "Don't get off on the wrong foot, Hall. Just as easy to get a hundred dollars a day as ten, if you hold out for it. The tougher you are in this game, the better they like you."

But a man cannot subsist on cosmetics when he is holding out; neither can a woman. Just when their situation had become really desperate, it was Molly who saved the day—a radiant, happy little Molly, showing up at dusk with her arms full of groceries.

"Behold God's gift to the silver screen!" she caroled. "Don't tell me I'm too old to vamp! Hall, I've landed with Marsh Brothers. Costume picture, my dear, and I'll play opposite Barry Bayne. Worked old Sedgewick for a test, and it came out great. They're going to start shooting tomorrow."

Hall Kerrick's face was a study of conflicting emotions: relief, enthusiasm, chagrin, envy, admiration, suspicion! The actor rose within him.

"Hurrah for you, Molly! Splendid news, my dear! I hope you shook them down for a nice salary, eh?"

"Leave it to me!" she laughed. "Now, Hall, don't put me on the witness-stand. Let's go out and celebrate. I'm so excited I can hardly talk."

Nevertheless, all she did do was talk—chattered all evening, as full of enthusiasm as a kitten with a ball of yarn. Finally she saw that she was overdoing it.

"Don't look so glum, Hall," she reproached. "I actually believe you're jealous. Don't you see, dear, that we've got the funds now so that you can really land something big? That's why I'm so tickled! I'm going to draw down an advance, and I want you to rent some evening clothes, and go down to the Ambassador. Play it strong, Hall! That's the secret of this game! Social contact with producers off the lot! You'll land far higher than I."

But he scowled, troubled by the gay manner in which she had described her agreement with Henry Marsh, production manager.

"Molly, that fellow's a skunk! He's been in trouble with women all his life. I hate to think of my wife soliciting his attention."

"Why, Hall, don't be ridiculous! An old woman like me!"

Kerrick banged the table. "Who said you were an old woman? I'll break his face! You're right in the prime of life! Mature, but all the more charming, and the best damn actress in America."

She laughed and patted his hand. "Hall, you're a wonder."

"I'm telling the truth, Molly. Look at all the flesh-reducing and beauty parlors! Town's full of them, and they're full of leading women. Two hours at the hair-dresser, two hours pumping a bicycle in the sweat-box, two hours in the beauty chair, fifteen minutes in front of the camera!"

Molly smiled. "You're forgetting the facial surgeon! Met Kitty Taylor this afternoon. Fifty-two years old, and she's had her face done over. Been in retirement six weeks. Hall, I didn't know her at first. Somehow, it seemed a pity—neither one thing nor the other—"

She changed the subject quickly, relapsing into an enthusiastic description of Director Thomas. "Really a genius, Hall, but his specialty is saving money. They say he'd make 'The Four Horsemen' with one horse, and double expose for the others!"

She joked him into composure and an acceptance of the situation. For fifteen days she played a star rôle, taking care of all expenses, and coming home every night with a new fund of inspirational stories. She had a chance to double up. She was going to work on two pictures at the same time. McDaniels wanted her to work in an All Star picture that would be made mostly at night in the Famous Artists Studio. She had turned down three offers that day.

"Most production managers are working nights on their own account," she explained. "They make use of the extra time of high-salaried stars, turn out a picture cheaply, and sell it to a big release. Don't wait up for me, Hall; I'll be home as soon as I can."

This sort of thing got on his nerves. The idea of Molly, having more than she could do, while he—the great Hall Kerrick—had yet to face the blinding glare of the Kleig lights! Anything was better than idleness! He was like an old firehorse, chained in its stall, that hears the gongs ringing, and sees a red glare painting the distant sky.

When Molly returned that evening for a hasty dinner, she found a smiling, confident, self-satisfied spouse. "Well, my dear," he told her, "I start work tonight. Extraordinary luck! Bumped into Howell McGregor at the very moment he was sending a messenger after me."

"Howell McGregor!" Molly's eyes widened. "Howell—"

Hall waved his hand nonchalantly. "Of course, Howell McGregor, none less. I hope you didn't think I was going to break in under a *tramp*! What do you think I've been doing all this time? I tell you, Molly, it pays to take your time in this business. From now on, Hall Kerrick is going to make them all sit up. Wonderful opportunity, my dear! Greatest story in history—biggest situation ever conceived. Now, don't ask me any more tonight, because I've got to go right out. First time before the camera, Molly. Kiss me, old girl, and wish me luck!"

She embraced him dutifully; but something was wrong. Molly Powers seemed to have forgotten her lines. She stood there, staring at him, and twisting her fingers nervously. Several times her lips parted impulsively, but she checked the words. Finally, for the first time in their long career, he had to prompt her.

"I don't seem to be getting much applause, Molly."

"Forgive me, Hall! By-by, old dear, and I hope you knock 'em dead!"

He went out the door, and from her window she watched his tall figure going down the street. When he had disappeared, she waited five minutes, and then quietly took her own departure.

IT was midnight at Continental City, and oh, what a scene! Night—Paris—the Commune! Notre Dame Cathedral, bathed in the glare of giant searchlights, and awaiting the onslaught of a rabble, five thousand strong! Forty assistant directors, sweater-clad and megaphone in hand, crouched on the sidelines, ready for any emergency.

It resembled nothing so much as a night-scene on the battlefield, with shock troops massed for attack, waiting the zero hour. The battery of military trucks on which the searchlights were mounted, the ambulances and field hospital in the shadows at the left, the sentries guarding tubs of benzine, the staff men gathered in groups anxiously discussing last-minute changes!

The shrill neighing of horses revealed the presence of cavalry

massed in a side-street. In the darkness beyond the "set," five thousand extras, men, women and children of all ages and descriptions, waited impatiently, and the babble of their voices was like the mystic murmur of surf in the night.

Unbelievable, fantastic! For above all this searchlight-splashed duplicate of another world towered scaffolding on which giant cameras were chained in place. Here, in his "crow's-nest," stood the commander-in-chief, Howell McGregor, a modern *Gulliver* ruling his *Lilliputians*. Mechanical amplifiers connected with an ordinary telephone captured the slightest whisper of his voice, and sent it echoing and reëchoing all over the set. He was laughing, joking, telling a funny story to an assistant. It was but a single voice, and yet it spoke simultaneously from under roofs and casement windows, from the gargoyles on the Cathedral and from the lips of the plaster babies in the courtyard fountain. A tin-pan cackle, incredibly weird! It died away, and then returned with sharp clarity.

"All right, folks. . . . Ready, Tom? Ready, Bill? Quiet, please, and in your places! Now, folks, we're going to shoot it this time. Light your torches. Keep your distances. Stay within the white lines. Obey the orders of the assistant directors, and you won't get hurt. All set, everybody? Fair enough! All right, we're off! *Sirens! Bombs! Action! Come on!*"

EXPLOSIONS rent the air; the wail of a great siren began its blood-stirring appeal, and here they came, an irresistible tidal wave of humanity, pouring pell-mell over cobbled streets! They were no longer mere "extras"—painted puppets jerking on the ends of strings! Mob psychology had got them. Individuality was lost in the stampede of human cattle. They were drunk with the roar of their own voices, the confusion and rush of that wild charge, the blasting of the bombs and the nerve-shattering shriek of the sirens. Once started, nothing could stop that mob, and seemingly there was no end. On they came, waving clubs and torches, the Red Terror of Victor Hugo's description.

The assistant directors raced along the camera-lines, shouting, gesticulating, beseeching. "Wave those torches! Keep waving those torches!"

Then the storming of the cathedral—the spread of flames—and finally the counter-attack of mounted guardsmen, riding straight into the maelstrom. Much of the detail was carried out with marvelous precision, but here and there realism leaped in to add its crowning touches. An old shrew beat on her naked bosom with clenched fists as she screamed epithets at a mounted officer. She stumbled and fell in the path of an unmanageable horse. Just in time, she was hauled to safety by a leonine figure in a cobbler's apron.

"*A moi!*" he called. "*Vive la Commune! Allons, mes enfants!*"

One arm encircled the waist of the old woman, who had fainted. With the other, he cleared a path to safety and the darkness beyond the camera-lines. A uniformed nurse was at his side immediately.

"Bring her right into the tent," she instructed. "Good thing you grabbed her in time. I'll tell the world, you folks are earning your seven bucks tonight."

In the quiet seclusion of the "field hospital," Molly Powers revived, and free of her wig and cosmetics, looked up from her cot at the cobbler who had dragged her to safety.

"Well, Hall," she smiled, "I might have known that I could depend on you. Much obliged, old dear—that was a swell entrance."

Kerrick could not carry it off so well.

"Now, see here, Molly, don't joke! Dammit, you might have been killed."

"Rubbish! Had to do something to get a flash. They were taking medium shots right there. Spotted you just behind me, so I took a fall. Must have hit my head on a cobble. Hope you had sense enough not to haul me out of the picture too quick. Did you keep within the white lines, Hall?"

Her husband removed his own wig, and rumbled his thin gray hair. Perspiration had cut channels in the grease-paint that covered his face.

"Don't know whether I did or didn't," he grumbled. "Tried to keep down front, of course. Must have knocked out about fifty people that got between me and the cameras. Damn fools! Better, old girl?"

She nodded and sat up. The cameras had ceased grinding. During the respite hot coffee and box lunches were being distributed to the tired extras. Groups of people sat around, attired in costume, strumming on imaginary ukeleles, and chanting popular ballads. Stage-hands hurried around (*Continued on page 130*)

What MORE Do We Know?

Illustrated
by
Dudley Gloyne Summers

By
Rupert Hughes

SUDDENLY the teeming theater was cloaked in darkness. The electric bulbs went from white-hot to a dead red, then to black. The bright scene filled with beautiful people was quenched as if the audience had been stricken blind.

There was nervous laughter as the voice of one of the characters died away in a gulp of confusion; for everybody expected the hidden bulbs to bloom once more and restore the stage to the spectators. The playhouse reveals us as the children we are, and turns us over to silly laughter or mad terror.

As if a train had carried the passengers into a tunnel, they were amused by the usual inevitable jokes. There was much imitation of the sound of kisses, which cannot be spelled. Falsetto voices cried, "Now you stop!" "Kiss me again, Jim." "Yum-yum!" A minimum of wit aroused a maximum of laughter, since each joker furnished his own uproarious cachinnation.

Crombie,—Stanley Crombie,—who was seated alone and in a surly humor, felt that among the ghosts about him a few were industriously making use of the brief opportunity for silent and eager osculation. He had not noticed his neighbors when he came in. He had come down a dark aisle late and angry, and had picked his way to his seat over the toes of people whose very knees were indignant at his intrusion.

But then, he was indignant too; irate at life in general and at his wife in particular. Dora always chose the wrongest times for starting her quarrels, and the most foolish causes for her worst frenzies. Tonight she had stormed at him until she cried, then cried until her eyes were so swollen and her nose so red that she had refused to go to the theater with him at all, though he had bought the seats from a ticket-broker at an exorbitant price. This was to have been their little picnic after a sad week, and as usual on picnic occasions, a sneaking rain had to ruin everything.

There was no understanding these women! Dora had made him buy tickets to a play he did not care to see. They had hurried through dinner and were dressing gayly when she chose to take offense at some careless word of his and had devoted the occasion to the sacred rites of a family upheaval. She flung at him ridiculous charges of misbehavior, indifference and eagerness to be rid of her. Then before he could reply, she had fled to



She shrieked back: "Well, you can just go by yourself! And take your Grace—you know where!"

Between novels Mr. Hughes turns his thought to the literary form that won him his first fame—the short story. Here is one of them, unlike any other you have ever read, a story that, for all its brevity, goes deep into life and the deepest emotion of human life—that human love that passeth understanding. For the ensuing issue Mr. Hughes has written another story of a quite different sort.

another room from her own imaginary drama, in which he played an impossibler villain than any ever seen on the stage. Just to show her that he was not to be trifled with, he had snarled through her locked door:

"If you don't come out of there and go to the theater with me, I'll go by myself—and take Grace with me, since you think I love her so dearly."

And she had shrieked back:

"Well, you can just go by yourself! And take your Grace—you know where!"

As he thought it over, the battle had not been marked by any particular loftiness of occasion or brilliance of attack. It had about the dignity of one of the spats their children indulged in over matters of puerile unimportance.

Family quarrels are the sauce of life—hot and spicy as they are poured out, but quickly chilled to cold and loathsome gravy.

Crombie hated to go to the theater alone, and he could not have endured the company of Grace Meredith. Grace was one of those women who have the gift of splitting families—a born wedge. She was a lot of fun alone, but in company always saying or doing something to enrage a wife. She was so often the theme of the Crombie quarrels that she might better have lived with them in the flesh; she was always present in the spirit. Most families have some such demon who dwells, an odious ghost, in

the house and makes a third party to nearly every communion.

Crombie often wondered if Grace knew how large a part she played in his home-life or how minutely she was discussed. She popped in at the most unexpected and most improper moments. And she always set the house on fire. Crombie oftener thought what he often said: "I wish she would go away and die, or something!"

He was very likely to take her to the theater with him! Oh, yes, very likely!

No, thanks! He had had enough of women for one evening. He would go alone and show them that he was man enough to get along without any of the damned sex. He felt as Adam must frequently have felt; he wished that he had his rib back where it belonged.

He marched to the theater, stalked into the lobby, jabbed his seat-stub into the usher's hand and followed the will o' the wisp of the flash-lamp down the dark aisle to his seat and clambered to his place. When he felt a small foot in a slipper wince under his glancing heel, he was glad.

Yet a little later he was ashamed to find himself laughing like a shaken rat at a family quarrel on the stage. His elbow nudged the woman next to him before he realized that she was not his wife. He denied his own wish that he had brought her along, and tried to regain his hatred of the whole sex when—out went all the lights. And they did not come back.

The idiotic mob-laughter soon died of inanition. A sense of uneasiness followed. The spectators, though they did not leave their seats, began to be agitated like a sea of cattle with a foreboding of stampede. A thought was filling the air like a creeping gas, a fear that at any moment some one would shriek "Fire!" and turn the theater into a Bedlam of maniac terror.

Just when the tension reached the snapping-point, there came, out of the blackness that had been the stage, a voice as soothing as a nurse's, in the Piccadilly accent of the star:

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is not the slightest danjah, I asshaw you. Howevvah, the dynamos that supply the light of the thyatah have broken down and cannot be repaired for several ahs. Under the circ'mst'nc's the perfwarnce cannot be continued. If you will present your seat-checks tomorrow, they will be exchanged for later perfwarnces. Kindly find your way to the daws as quietly and patiently as you can. And so good night and au revwah!" Then the voice went out.

A murmur of relief and disappointment and comfortable laughter from some; from others a deep protest against the atrocity of being turned out into the streets at nine o'clock, an hour when city people are usually safely housed for the evening.

"All dressed up and no place to go!" shouted a nameless, faceless humorist. Everybody groaned. It was too late to go to other theaters. It was too early for supper or a dance. It was unendurable to go home. But one could not stay here.

There was a feeling of motion. The seated multitude rose and fumbled for wraps and hats, and then trickled, molasses-wise, into the aisles and outward toward the door, everyone groping with hands, feet, knees, elbows, fumbling, stupid, in prehistoric gloom.

Crombie had bought seats in the third row, and he would be a long while reaching the exit. Everything was going wrong tonight.

In the cavernous night of the theater a few matches were lighted, but they helped no more than fireflies and were soon exhausted. Crombie had none. The flash-lamps of the ushers were playing about the lobby door to guide the audience into the street. There was a jam of traffic on Broadway, and it was diffi-



cult for the first people out to make way for the followers. Down where Crombie was, it was as pitchy as the tomb and as crowded as the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Slowly, very slowly, the invisible but exceedingly palpable mass of coats, overcoats, silks and furs drifted up the aisle with long, long pauses for reasons that nobody so far in the rear could understand.

A few individuals who lacked the sense of fair play made furious efforts to break past their fellow-unfortunates. These sallies were resisted with indignant counter-attacks that set up a dangerous commotion in eddies of human bodies twisted out of equilibrium.

A surge flung Crombie against somebody who was unquestionably a woman. To save her, more than himself, from falling and being trampled, he had to clutch her. She clutched him instinctively. He regained his balance with squirming difficulty and releasing her, murmured:

"I beg your pardon."

She regained hers and released him, murmuring:

"I beg yours."



He looked everywhere but could find no trace of anyone who looked like the woman. He saw four sable collars at once. Each of the wearers was clinging to a man.

Some turbulence beyond them in the crowd sent another billow of muscle and bone through the pool, and sent the strange woman against him, with an impact that he transmitted to the man abaft.

He sustained his new ward by a quick and brief embrace. She gasped, "Thank you!" and the plume of her hat swept him with a caressing softness.

Again the jellied crowd swayed, and again he must cast an arm about her waist. They were old comrades already, veterans in a long war.

He was mysteriously impelled, not exactly to cling to her, but somehow just not to make haste in setting her free. He had no right to treat her as if she were a leper. The little delay was fatal.

There was something so bewitching in the contact with this creature of whom his eyes could tell him nothing at all that his heart was shot with a thrill of adventure.

He was a primeval man prowling through a black, black cave, and encountering something soft and round that his hands recognized as a woman.

His audacity of an instant paralyzed him. And it seemed to take her a long while to understand that he was forgetting the perfection of his chivalry. Perhaps she was experiencing what the primeval woman lost in the cave felt when she felt the grip of a paw that was a man's and capable of love. Then a hand of hers came from nowhere and like a policeman indicated by a tap that Crombie's hand was to move on.

With an impudence that amazed him much and delighted him not a little, his hand seized that policeman hand and clung to it. When her other hand came to the rescue he made that prisoner too. In her very fingers there was an absence of anger, a sense of surprised amusement. Her hands seemed to laugh a little.

As he restrained her fingers, he found them warm and supple and slender. They argued with his in a manner that he could only think of in the guise of a stupid word, as ladylike. They were not coarse or violent or inviting. They were astonished but calm and gracious. They recognized the compliment of his challenge, but declined it with dignity. They were thoroughbred hands. This endeared them to his hands, and their mistress to his soul.

It was exceedingly peculiar; he and she (Continued on page 124)

The VALLEY



By George Marsh

Come May, George Marsh closes his eyes and sees the white water of Northland streams unleashed by spring—and getting out the old duffle-bag, he hies to the Northern fur country, where the scenes of this splendid story are laid. As you read, you feel that here's a man who knows what he's writing about.

Illustrated by
Frank Schoonover

Denise St. Onge also, for both Laflamme and Lascelles courted her, and toward both of them she felt justifiable dislike. But her aged father was in the power of his superior Lascelles—and was now doubly so when disaster had overtaken the post in his charge. Lascelles now could and would turn St. Onge adrift penniless if Denise denied him further.

TO the remote fur-trading post of Wailing River came Brent Steele, an explorer in the service of the American Museum. And there Steele found the shadow of fear dark upon everyone—upon the factor St. Onge, upon his beautiful and talented daughter Denise, upon the Indian hunters and their families.

For the annual fur canoe, which carried the year's catch from St. Onge at Wailing River to his superior Lascelles at the Albany headquarters, had failed to arrive—had seemingly vanished from the face of the river after its first camp beyond St. Onge's post. This meant ruin to St. Onge, for he had with difficulty maintained his post against the encroachments of an unscrupulous free trader named Laflamme, who won the trade of many of St. Onge's Indians by giving them illicit whisky.

The loss of the fur canoe meant disaster, of another sort, to

To the superstitious Indians the loss of the fur canoe meant another thing—meant destruction by the evil spirits, the "Windigo" which they believed had long inhabited the Wailing River region, and had now made away with the canoe and its boatmen. In proof of their belief, strange tracks had been found in the forest, and unearthly outcries had sounded about the post in the night.

All this Steele learned in bits from Denise, who took refuge from anxiety in her beloved violin; from St. Onge, who in his cups became loquacious; and from Michel, the hard-headed Iroquois who was St. Onge's right-hand man, and who was friendly with Steele's own factotum the half-breed David.

Because of the interest aroused in the man by Denise St. Onge, and in the ethnologist by the curious Indian belief in the Windigo,

o f V O I C E S



"You asked me to make a promise, monsieur," she continued. "Well, I've come to say au revoir. You have—my promise."

Steele determined to stay on for a time at Wailing River and see the situation through.

David and Michel were sent on a trip down-river to make another search for traces of the missing fur canoe. Meanwhile Steele sought to better his acquaintance with Denise—and with Tête-Boule, an Ojibway shaman or medicine-man, who possessed great influence with the other Indians and who encouraged their belief in the Windigo. And two episodes increased Steele's suspicion of Tête-Boule: the Indian was sent to hunt moose for the post's meat supply; Steele trailed him and found he only made a bluff at hunting. Later when David and Michel had returned without finding trace of the missing canoe, Tête-Boule was caught trying to overhear their conversation with Steele. . . . And now came a letter from Laflamme the free trader urging his suit for Denise—and threatening that if she did not marry him, St. Onge would "never see the ice break up on the Wailing." (*The story continues in detail:*)

WITH the coming of the canoe with news from Feather Lakes, Wailing River was again thrown into a panic of fear of the night prowler. After a hurried talk with St. Onge, Steele started upriver, bound for Big Feather Lake. He had little hope of discovering anything which would throw light on the mystery. But one thing piqued the curiosity of the three men. They were keenly interested in finding tracks similar to those near the post, for they carried the exact measurements of the latter, and in case they tallied with those at the Feather Lakes, forty miles away, they would have discovered a new and most peculiar trait in animal habits—namely, a beast with feet strangely like a bear's, which had ranged forty miles within a few days.

On the morning of the second day the canoe was traveling in the easier water inshore, when Michel, poling in the bow, suddenly exclaimed:

"*Requay!* Look!"

On the shore, ahead, were the remains of a fire, and near it what resembled the body of a man. With a few strong thrusts of the poles, the canoe was driven to the beach. The men leaped ashore. Before them, stretched beside the dead fire, lay an Indian, hideously mutilated.

"He has been literally torn to pieces," muttered Steele. "A bear *could* have done this, and yet I never heard of such a thing." A rifle, a blanket, and some cooking utensils lay near the body.

David was on his knees searching for tracks in the dry leaves, when a cry from Michel drew the attention of the others.

"Look!" And the Iroquois pointed to a patch of mud clearly marked by the prints of huge feet.

"They're ringers for the tracks near the post," said Steele, and he took from his pocket strips of rawhide cut to the dimensions of the footprints which had frightened Charlotte. In breadth and length, the tracks in the mud were identical with those found near Wailing River.

"It's the same bird," said Steele.

David removed his felt hat and scratched his broad forehead. "No bear traveled forty mile and back twenty unless sometin' drive heem," he insisted.

"But bears don't mutilate bodies like this," added Steele.

"Wal," muttered the Ojibway, "dees one mak' de mess of dees poor feller all de same. Wat you goin' do?"

As the features were obliterated, Michel was busy examining the kit of the dead man in an attempt to identify him as an Indian trading at the post.

"De gun ees company gun, but de kettle and knife I nevaire see before. I t'ink eet ees not Wailing Rivière hunter."

"Who could he be, then, traveling on this river so late in the year?"

"Eet ees ver' strange," muttered the head-man.

"Eef dat bear ees de Windigo,"—David's wide face contracted in a network of wrinkles, as he grinned at Steele,—"*wat* we do den?"

"Windigo or no Windigo, David, he's our meat if he steps in front of my rifle—or yours."

"Oua," added Michel darkly, "eef he can mak' de tracks een de mud, he can feel de bite of dees." And the half-breed drew an ugly skinning knife from its sheath and ran a callous thumb over its razor edge.

"But how to catch him—that's the problem!" said Steele. "We'll have to cover this body with stones to keep off the animals; then we'd better drop down-river and notify St. Onge tonight. He ought to know; and tomorrow we'll make for the Feather Lake country. . . . Why, what's the matter, Michel?"

The grave face of the Indian had suddenly assumed an expression so sinister as to arouse the white man's curiosity.

"By gar! We are de fool!"

"What d'you mean?"

For answer, Michel leaped into the canoe and poled rapidly upstream for a few hundred yards, while the puzzled Steele looked on. Then the Indian swung the nose of the boat down-river and paddled past them in midstream.

"What in thunder is he driving at, David?"

"We are de fool for sure," was the laconic answer as Michel swept by with his eyes on his friends, then threw the bow of the canoe to the shore and landed.

"He nevaire pass here widout seein' dis camp."

Michel's maneuver was explained.

"Dat Pierre pass here two sleeps back," said Michel, joining Steele. "Dees man been dead t'ree, four day, an' de tracks on de shore are old one. De rivière rise after de rain two sleeps back. De Windigo mak' dem track here before de rain." And Michel pointed to some footprints barely covered by water.

"Suppose he did not notice this camp; what then?"

"He was hongree an' hunt for game; he see dees camp for sure."

David nodded in agreement.

"Then why didn't he tell us?"

"Dat ees w'at I ask heem tonight at Wailin' Rivière."

Chapter Thirteen

THE twenty miles of hard-running river down to the fort were covered by the three skilled canoemen in a few hours. On arriving, they hastened to the trade-house. Steele opened the ponderous slab door and entered, followed by the two half-breeds, to learn that Wailing River had a visitor. Seated with St. Onge behind the trade-counter was a short, thick-set stranger, wearing a cap with an insignia in gold braid.

"M'sieur Lascelles," whispered Michel over the shoulder of the American.

St. Onge and Lascelles were evidently in the midst of a heated conversation in French, for they ignored Steele's entrance.

"You are as superstitious as you claim the Indians to be. I am not interested in this Windigo stuff," Lascelles said irritably, when St. Onge, glancing toward the door, saw Steele.

"You are back so soon, monsieur? And you have news?" The factor appeared relieved at the appearance of the man he thought far upriver.

Brent Steele's back stiffened as he advanced to meet the man who had the power in his hands to crush the girl over in the factor's quarters. As he walked around behind the trade-counter, there was a set to his heavy shoulders, a glint in the gray eyes, which did not pass unnoticed by the men he approached.

"Monsieur Steele, this is Inspector Lascelles."

WITH a smile Steele extended a hand, hard as a spruce knot, and grasped the fingers of the puzzled and curious Lascelles.

"I missed meeting you at Albany, Inspector, in August. You were over at Moose when I called."

The black eyebrows of Lascelles rose as he now identified the stranger whose presence at Wailing River he found most annoying to his plans.

"Oh yes, Monsieur Steele, the American scientist. I thought you left Albany weeks ago bound for the Nepigon," he suggested pointedly.

"I did, monsieur, but I stumbled on a most interesting situation here—right in my line, you know. I found what I have been searching for, for years." Steele was losing no time rubbing it in to the skeptical Lascelles. "You have a bona-fide Windigo in this valley, monsieur—a most interesting situation to a scientist, I assure you. The Indians are in a panic, and you will have difficulty in keeping them on their trap-lines this winter."

"You, a scientist, believe in Indian sorcery and superstition?"

"Well, now, that is somewhat difficult to answer, monsieur," badgered Steele, to the delight of the two swart-faced men with whom he had entered. "I have heard the Windigo wail in the night; I have seen his tracks; and I have just returned to report to Colonel St. Onge that we have found up near the mouth of Stopping River the remains of an Indian torn to pieces, evidently by this same Windigo."

"What do you say?" St. Onge was on his feet.

"This morning we found the camp and body of a strange Indian—the tracks were identical with those you saw near here on the trail." Then Steele suddenly changed the subject. "Where is that Pierre, who came here from the Feather Lakes the day we left? Michel wishes to ask him some questions."

"He left this morning. Didn't you pass him on the river?"

A muttered curse from Michel met Steele's backward glance.

"Too bad!" exclaimed the American.

"I suppose, monsieur, you attribute the loss of our fur to this same Windigo?" broke in Lascelles.

"Undoubtedly, Inspector," replied Steele, with a suspicious curl of the lip his blood slowly rising at the tone used by the man from Albany. However, above all things, he had to consider St. Onge and Denise, he told himself, and not allow this fellow to lure him into a hostile attitude. He was but a guest at Wailing River, and did not care to be forced to shorten his stay. There was too much to be done; and then there was—Denise.

"I see you are joking," rejoined the Frenchman, flushing.

"On the contrary, I am very far from joking when I tell you that there are mysterious things afoot in this valley—which neither my experience nor scientific knowledge are able to fathom. You had better go upriver tomorrow and see for yourself. You seem skeptical regarding the whole matter."

"Have you never seen a dead man before, monsieur?" derided Lascelles. "I fear it has gone to your head—this Windigo matter." The remark was so clearly designed to draw a hasty reply from Steele, so insulting in tone and substance, that he filled his lungs before he spoke. St. Onge excitedly half-rose from his chair, as the cool gray eyes of his guest slowly surveyed the man from Albany, from moccasins to hair; the American, flushed but in control of himself, drawled:

"Monsieur, you were formerly a man of war, a soldier, while I am only a peaceful man of science. To you it is but natural that violent death should be a familiar sight, while to me it is most terrifying. Why, I find it most repulsive even to clean a fish." So innocuous was Steele's smile, and so guileless his manner, that Lascelles, conscious of being played with by the rugged American, found no words with which to reply, but sat in



"I have just returned to report that we have found the remains of an Indian, torn to pieces, evidently by this same Windigo."

impotent rage. Then the retreating backs of Michel and David, whose shaking shoulders betrayed their suppressed mirth, spurred the Inspector to answer:

"If you are so afraid of blood," he sputtered, "why are you hunting this man-eating Windigo?"

Steele smiled good-naturedly.

"Because, monsieur, he disturbed my sleep one night, and I object to having my sleep interfered with."

The discomfited Lascelles apparently gave it up, and made no reply. After a moment's silence Steele asked:

"You will come upriver tomorrow and see the work of the Windigo with your own eyes, monsieur?"

"Yes, St. Onge and I will go and see what has scared you," was the truculent reply. But the American ignored it, and leaving the two men at the trade-house, sought out Denise St. Onge.

"Oh, welcome back, Monsieur Steele," she said, forcing a smile. "I have just heard that you have made a terrible discovery."

"Please, we will not talk of that," he insisted. "I have something to say to you before I go, tomorrow. Tonight there will be no opportunity." He wondered if Lascelles had seen her privately since his arrival that afternoon, but it did not matter. "We are to make a wide circle of the country," he went on, "and will be away until I leave for Nepigon."

Her sensitive face quickened with emotion as she listened, but she made no reply.

"Mademoiselle St. Onge," he began, "I have no right to ask this from you, but in justice to yourself I must."

She started to speak, as if in protest; then her troubled eyes squarely met his.



Chapter Fourteen

TO remain longer under the factor's roof, to sit at dinner with this hopeless girl, who had bartered her happiness for her father's welfare, and the man who was brute enough to accept the sacrifice, was unthinkable; so Steele went to the little room which had been his since his coming

to pack his duffle-bag. There he found Denise's Indian maid Charlotte, waiting for him.

"You weesh for to marree Mam'selle?" the Indian abruptly demanded. The question was startling but did honor to the loyalty of the grave-faced woman who confronted him.

"She is to marry Monsieur Lascelles," said Steele gently, touched by the evident friendliness which had prompted Charlotte to seek him out.

"She hate M'sieur Lascelles!" vehemently protested the Ojibway. "She cry an' cry w'en she send heem de lettair. You are de good man, Michel say. Daveed tell you have beeg house, far away sout'. You tak' Mam'selle; she t'ink you good man; she weel go wid you—for your woman!"

Steele's pulse quickened at the possibility. "Would she go with me, would she go with me," he repeated to himself, "if I were man enough to take her from her father? She could never face a future with Lascelles!" Then his knowledge of Denise St. Onge asserted itself. "But no, she has given her word; and she'll keep it. She's that kind. She would never desert her father, and she's bound herself to that crook Lascelles. It's too late now!"

Searching his face with eager eyes, Charlotte waited for his answer. And it was at this moment when she seemed lost to him, that Steele at last realized that it was for love of Denise St. Onge alone that he was making this fight for her father—that he had loved her as he listened to her violin that golden day on the hilltop above the forest.

"Will you promise me—that you will not—" He hardly knew what he wished to ask from the girl who so tensely listened. There had been nothing between them. He had no right—but in spite of his diffidence found himself begging: "You will not destroy yourself—that beautiful talent, that—soul, because you think to save your father?" He was talking recklessly now, all reticence gone. "No matter what happens to the post—what Lascelles tries to do, promise me that you will not throw your happiness, your life, to the winds. It is not necessary as you may think. I have ample means; I will gladly finance your father—I have influence; we'll beat Lascelles! Don't—don't destroy yourself, mademoiselle!"

As he finished, she was smiling at him through mist-blurred eyes, then rose and went to the window.

"You have not already?" he faltered, thinking of her letter to Albany.

From the window came the low answer: "I am the fiancée of Monsieur Lascelles."

"You are mad—mad," he groaned, stunned, unable to accept, now that he had heard it, what he had feared. "I had no right to ask you—what I did. But I could not help it, mademoiselle. I might have known—the heart of you—was dead. You have killed—a beautiful thing."

She suddenly turned a tragic face. "Monsieur, you have guessed the reason why I let you say these things—" She placed her hands on her breast. "The heart of me—is dead." And she left the room.

That a canoe should draw the population to the shore was strange. "They may think we're a police canoe," suggested Steele.



"It's too late—Charlotte. Mademoiselle has already told the Frenchman that she will marry him."

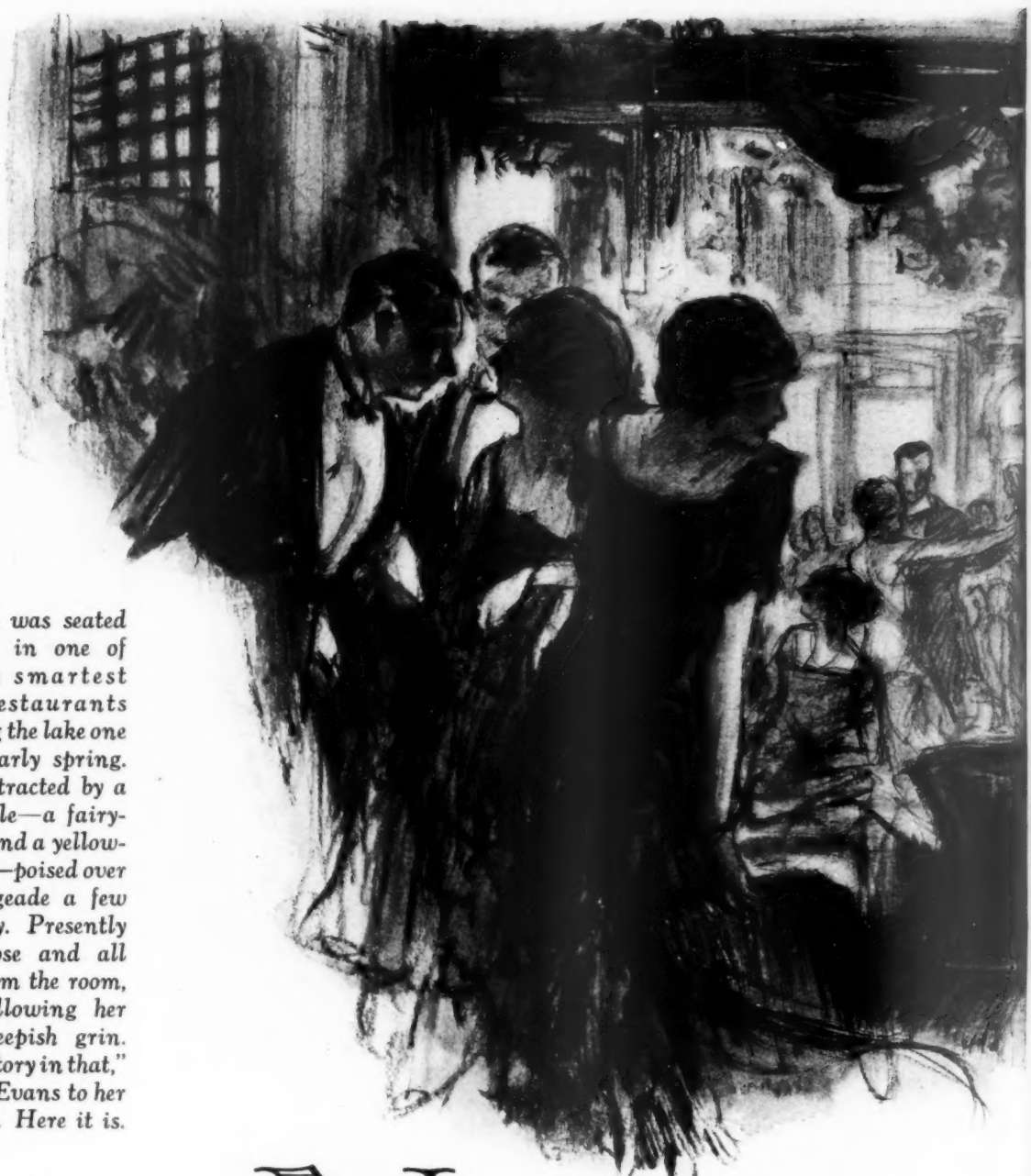
The scowl of contempt which greeted his reply transformed the dark face of the Ojibway into that of a fury. She had placed her faith in him, and he had failed her.

"Daveed tell me you are good man to fight—have de strong heart," she hurled at him. "Why, you have de fear of dat leetle Frenchmans—are you beeg rabbit? Why you not tak' her a way een de canoe? She weel go!"

Again a fierce exultation swept him. Charlotte must know her mistress' secret thoughts, to speak with such confidence. What he had of late felt—sensed—in the presence of Denise St. Onge, what he had put aside as impossible, unbelievable, an illusion based on his own emotions—might, after all, have been her instinctive

call for help, the reaching-out of her heart to one who would understand her need. But he had failed her. The victim of his own lack of vanity, he had gone off upriver and left her to solve her problem alone, to bind herself definitely to Lascelles, when, had he acted on his instincts, he might have saved her from herself!

As for Denise's father, Lascelles' superiors at Montreal could have been reached. A matter of a few thousand dollars would have squared St. Onge with the com- (Continued on page 144)



Ida Evans was seated at a table in one of Chicago's smartest dancing restaurants overlooking the lake one night in early spring. She was attracted by a young couple—a fairy-faced girl and a yellow-headed boy—poised over their orangeade a few tables away. Presently the girl rose and all but ran from the room, the lad following her with a sheepish grin. "There's a story in that," said Miss Evans to her companion. Here it is.

By
Ida M. Evans

Natalie

IN one and the same twenty-four hours, Natalie Bally had two hearts unreticently laid open for her inspection and her education.

She heard two credos of success, as it were; and one was bitter as aloes, and the other was very buoyant, like an orange-colored balloon.

The time, the place, and the credo-givers varied.

Cousin Lois Crandall was forty-four, in tears and a soiled gray-crêpe-and-filet breakfast negligee. Henry Tibbetson was twenty-four, in high hope and new patent-leather dancing pumps.

The swishy spring song of green-gray Lake Michigan mingled with the tinkle of the Crandall breakfast china while Cousin Lois poured out her woes. The Crandall apartment, eight rooms with three baths, was in that part of Chicago that boasts the cleanest lake breezes and highest rentals.

The midnight sonata of the same waves, brilliantly black under the moon, was mingled with the jazzy strains of the expert saxophonists of the Silver Peacock ballroom of the North Beach Hotel while Henry Tibbetson incoherently and extravagantly unbosomed himself.

Natalie leaned across toward Henry. Ina was near enough. "Do you really like me pretty well?"



Illustrated
by
Henry Raleigh

e Comes Through

Natalie had known her Cousin Lois all her nineteen years. She had known Henry Tibbetson an hour and nineteen minutes—about. To each she listened with her youthful red lips half parted and her coffee-brown eyebrows (she used a special beauty preparation made chiefly of tragacanth gum) a little lifted. For some six months past, Natalie had thus affected a habit of denoting her interest in what people were saying to her. "Oh!"—with lips. "Ah!"—with eyebrows. So!

It annoyed her mother, and sometimes her father. She had stopped in at Cousin Lois' that morning on an errand

for her mother—something to do with a dressmaker's change of address.

When she saw the breakfast-table in disorder at ten o'clock, she wished that she had gone on downtown.

Cousin Lois' large marcelled black head rested on her arms. Cousin Lois' arms lay dramatically crossed in the midst of dainty black-and-white plates and cups. At four open windows the lake breeze briskly stirred the buff silk curtains.

Cousin Oswald Crandall disliked drafty rooms. By one, two or three open windows, Cousin Lois testified to the degree of

her wifely displeasure with him.

Now—four! No ordinary quarrel, this! And immediately Cousin Lois raised a tragic face, tear-soaked and unrouged, and the sharp young Natalie guessed what had happened. In a large family, widened during three generations, gossip had for some time been cynically prophetic concerning Cousin Oswald.

"I was on the point of telephoning your mother, Natalie," sobbed Cousin Lois, "—or your sister Eleanor—to say I wont be at bridge Thursday. And to ask if anyone cared to buy my sable choker! I paid four hundred and eighty-five dollars for it—you know what kind of skins it is!—and I've worn it only ten or so times. Oswald's out at last! Dropped like a sack of old potatoes after six years with that last brokerage firm. And nothing in sight for him!"

She had a high, rather coarsened voice, although she clipped her syllables in a way often heard around Midwestern bridge tables. Under her full white chin was the slight laxity of flesh that no massage-movement or facial cream can coax away. To Natalie's lifted eyebrows she responded:

"I know exactly what I'm talking about, Natalie. I'm under no illusions. At Oswald's age? Bah!"

From the bathroom nearest the breakfast-room emerged Cousin Oswald, a florid, heavy-built man in the early fifties. Under his eyes were flesh-puffs. Two small shaving-cuts showed angrily on his cheek.

He grunted a brief greeting at Natalie as he passed into the hall. Then the front door of the apartment closed with some loudness.

"And look at me," commanded Cousin Lois. "At my age! Nothing to look forward to! We'll have to give up this place, this very month, Oswald says, and move into a fifty-dollar flat!" She moaned, covering her face with her hands. "I'd just as soon die as live in a fifty-dollar flat! Without elevator service or anything! I'd rather die. But no—I'll have no such luck as to die."

"Oh, something will happen," chanced Natalie.

"Nothing! Nothing!" Cousin Lois again dissolved in tears. "Other men manage to make money. Oswald never could! We've lived from year to year. Now—" More tears.

Through the open windows came warm spring air. At nineteen, a touch of spring in the air offsets much—particularly other people's troubles. Natalie wriggled.

The tragic, older eyes opposite her became annoyed.

"Oh, you're young, Natalie. But you better take warning by me." Genuine warning was mingled with ill-temper and a certain envy of the other's youth. "See that you start right! That's the main thing. Oswald should have gone into Cousin Will's office that first year we were married. He had the chance. Four men who went into it eighteen years ago, while Will was living,



Ina dared Natalie to pick some white lilacs. Natalie accepted—and a watchman threatened the police until placated with twenty-five dollars.

have become millionaires. But Oswald thought he saw a better chance with the Banway firm—and that went to the wall five years later—just when my wedding linens were wearing out."

"Dad says he guesses the world belongs to the best guessers," murmured Natalie.

"He's right! By the way, I hear Wenby Cooke has been taking you around places lately, Natalie."

Natalie's eyebrows lifted slightly, thereby irritating a fretful relative.

"You're certainly lucky, Natalie! His wife wont have to worry from year to year. He owns bonds—not stocks."

"Goodness, what's the difference?"

"Natalie! Well, you'll know the difference when you're thirty-five years old, my dear young cousin!"

IN the street outside, Natalie shook her slim, velvet-clad self like a puppy emerging from a cold pond.

The trees of the wide North Side street were etched against a fresh gray sky. Spring was in the air, but not yet in leaf. Natalie frowned faintly, as if the world was too full of a number of things.

Atop a green bus she met an intimate. Ina Birke was nineteen too. Like Natalie, she had a delicate youthful loveliness, enhanced by pretty furs and silken ankles.

"What's the matter?" she demanded at once astutely, drawing a tan cape closer to give Natalie seat-room. "Your father on his ear again over summer clothes?"



business of the day. Into shops and out they fluttered. And when once from a group of well-dressed pedestrians, one detached himself impetuously to hold out a hand, Natalie imperceptibly frowned.

It was a white, plump, rather sleek hand. Wenby Cooke gazed at Natalie with great pleasure—such sincere pleasure, and a little wistful besides, as a collector might bestow on a piece of rare jade, or a professional gardener on a prize seedling.

But the object cut short the encounter. "Oh—h'lo! See you tonight. 'By!" Deftly she elbowed Ina into the shop nearest. "There's a time for everything," she murmured into Ina's ear. "We don't want him tagging along this morning."

In the course of the morning, Ina bought a hat, a sweater, a bar-pin and four pairs of gloves.

Apropos of her own pressing need, Natalie finally said with reproach: "Listen, Ina: you're certainly all wound up in your own wants! It's after one o'clock, and I've got to have something for my feet if I'm going out to the North Beach dance tonight."

IT was not Fate but merely the law of averages. That corner of State Street al-

ways is a resolute eddy of human heads. Madison Street is a tremendous river at most hours. The currents of life converge fiercely at the intersection, and ears receive strange snatches.

Henry Tibbetson at the moment was thinking of nothing more than the clock, the office of the Marner Map and Blackboard Company, and some corned beef in a fairly good place on Wabash Avenue. But like rocks through a paper bag, these dropped out of his mind when for eight seconds there were not eight inches between his lips and the most kissable cheek he had ever seen.

At once, for comparison, he thought of a flower. But (and this bespeaks on the part of Henry a capacity for a certain clear judgment in moments of excitement) he did not think of any wild-flower. He had it! A jonquil—a vivid, a delicate, a golden jonquil in an expensive green- or blue-glazed bowl in a florist's window. She was that!

The push of traffic carried him on his way, but half a block onward, wafted echoingly in his head, he picked from memory the words which had caused him to notice her, the words which had come in a plaintively musical voice: "Tonight—dance—North Beach—"

"Say!" He turned on his companion. "Can you lend me twenty dollars, Tubby? Or even ten? I got 'leven and a half, but—"

"I can let you have fifteen," said Tubby, who was chunky and adenoidic. "What for?"

"I want to get a pair of patent-leather pumps. Should have bought 'em before! Needed 'em for four months now. Busted my only pair in January."

"What do you want 'em right today for?"

"Guess I'll drop out to the North Beach tonight. Dance, you know."

"Why, ten minutes ago you said you were going to turn in early."

"Changed my mind. Any law against?"

"I'll come along," offered Tubby brightly. "I've been staying in pretty close myself. Unless—going to take a girl?"

"Come along," said Henry cheerfully.

"No. I've got a check in my bag."

"What's the matter? Your mother still in the air because you got home at four o'clock in the morning Saturday night?"

"No. It's just my Cousin Lois." A sigh. "So much trouble in the world!"

"Is there! Is there?" Ina's lips formed an expressive red whistle. "But all that bothers me is my own. *Just* my own. Listen, where shall we go for luncheon? The other day I got the best butterscotch pie at Pipel's—want to go there? I've got to look for a hat first and a cerise slip-on—"

"I've got to get a pair of gold slippers."

Both girls were animated as they descended from the bus to Michigan Avenue.

Many pedestrians and motorists near the curb looked at them. Many men's eyes absent-mindedly or boldly gave tribute in passing, involuntary response to careless lovely youth. The world is old, and often busy and overtired; but always it responds to three things—a new make of motor, a florist's March window, and a pink youthful cheek that Life has not as yet branded. The taller Ina got first glance; Natalie got a longer second.

The two paid little attention, however, engrossed in their own

He took his friend's money, dashed around the corner to a shoe-shop and that day went without his lunch getting fitted to thirteen dollars' worth of black shiny footgear which he took under his arm back to the Marner offices, not trusting the delivery boy.

THE NORTH BEACH HOTEL is a dazzling cream color. Its booklets are profusely and expensively colored, and read something like the catalogue of a mail-order house, beginning with art tapestries in lounge and salons, and ending with zephyrs from adjoining Lake Michigan.

Henry happened to be acquainted with Harvey Hammer, an assistant room clerk. Harvey, who wore the gladdest shirts and flattest derby north of Wilson Avenue, leaned an indifferent elbow on a mottled black marble counter of the North Beach office and gave what information he could concerning the slim girl with coffee-brown eyes and in brown chiffon, dancing in the adjoining supper-room.

"Name's Bally. Father's in some kind of commission business. Oh, no—I wouldn't say her folks trail with the Gold Coasters. They're middlin'—if you know what I mean. Sure—you're wise. Live in an eight-rooms-and-three-baths apartment and take a heart-tablet every time rents go up. Go to Palm Beach for three weeks maybe every two years. Got a car, but only one for the whole family."

"Thanks. All I wanted to know," Henry returned. "Was afraid she was rich."

"Afraid! Whadda ya mean, afraid?" asked Harvey.

"Could you introduce me to her, Harvey?" Henry pleaded. "Do you know anybody who could?"

"Person'ly, I'm not an acquaintance. But introductions to young women are not what they used to be. I can lead you to a classy Jane named Ina Birke, and the rest'll be easy."

"Harvey, I'll never forget the favor if I live to be a hundred."

At the tone, Harvey stared. And then in all kindness he laid a hand on his friend's arm.

"Listen to me, Henry! I don't like the way you say that! Listen—there's no girl living, these days, worth that husky voice, Henry! Take it from me—don't ever waste good gratitude for any knock-down to any one of 'em—little, cold-blooded, silk-aneked cooties. That's all they are—looking for sustenance." Harvey drew a long breath. "I'm no fortune-teller. I can't see my finish. I may be a bloated bond-holder in my sixties, or I may be in an old men's home; but I can promise you one thing, Henry—I'll never be a meal-ticket."

"Suit yourself," grinned Henry. "But lead me along to—who'd you say?"

"Come along."

Natalie saw him approaching. She saw him because a girl who is not myopic can hardly fail to see a firm-eyed, yellow-haired young man who for two hours has been keeping her in his sight.

Between "Hot Lips" and "Classy Carolina Boy" she saw him dexterously keeping not two yards away from her and Wenby Cooke. Between "Georgia Jazz" and "Montana Mopes," she and Perchy Brann collided with him. During five brisk bars of "Got Plenty of Time for You, Any Time, Anywhere," his eager black-gray eyes stared hard across a crowded room seeking hers.

Presently Ina Birke, somewhat reluctantly, even a bit sulkily, brought him around two mottled pillars and four tables. An hour and nineteen minutes later he told Natalie that the main thing in life was to be with the right person. He preferred a person with brown eyes. His mother in Minnesota had brown eyes. And she was a terribly easy person to live with.

"Really?" said Natalie.

BETWEEN midnight and three o'clock in the morning, Natalie Bally learned that Henry Tibbetson was of small-town, Midwestern and Presbyterian parentage, lived in a red-brick rooming-house in the twelve hundreds on North Dearborn Street, was file-and-sales clerk for the Marner Map and Blackboard Company on South Clark Street, liked Douglas Fairbanks, wheat cakes and sausage, blue-striped shirts, Lake Michigan under a moon, Will Rogers, Tubby Mintway's new spring overcoat, and sporting pages, and had a friend who promised to give him a season pass to the Cubs' park.

For her part, Natalie confided that she liked fast dancing, orange-juice-and-gin, pearl earrings, Constance Talmadge, Marilynn Miller, Palm Beach in March, the tops of buses, sport clothes by Genevieve, Ltd., Irving Berlin, horse-shows, and brown velvet dinner-gowns to match her eyes.

Born in Chicago, she told him, and she had a lot of relatives, more or less important. Her sister Eleanor was married to the assistant manager of the same cotton-commission firm her father favored with his desk. She had two younger brothers, at military academy. She had been home ten months from an Eastern school.

Henry Tibbetson, at this last, looked down curiously at the slim lovely person with whom he was dancing. He had not a relative in town, and had got his position from the help-wanted columns of a Sunday paper. He told her in detail just what he thought of his employer, Jameson J. Marner, a person who gave no potential general manager a raise or favor that was not earned twice in advance.

He showed her, in his watch, the pictures of his two married sisters in Minnesota. Natalie regarded their hair with horror, but did not say so. She closed the watch too quickly for Ina, peering over her shoulder, to see them. Ina was an ironic friend sometimes.

Ina also was a predatory friend. She asked the next day:

"Has he got a car, darling?"

"No," sighed Natalie.

"The nicest ones haven't, usually," yawned Ina. "Taxicabs are really more convenient. You know what his hair reminds me of?"

"What?"

"Taffy candy!"—dreamily. "I've always loved taffy candy. But it's so hard on the teeth. I like the color for a man's hair, though."

"Do you, darling?"

"My father says he doesn't care whom I marry," said Ina thoughtfully, "provided it isn't some one with adenoids, the dope-habit, a lisp, or a tendency to address him as Old Top. That's what Perchy Brann called him."

"Perchy would," giggled Natalie.

"Dad said he didn't much mind financing a worthy son-in-law. But he wouldn't be addressed affectionately or slapped on the back."

IT may have been the unconsciously calculating undernote in Ina's pretty voice. Birke pater, it happened, was a prominent Midwestern steel man. George Bally was a salaried manager of a Northern branch office of an Atlanta cotton-company. "How horribly conceited you are, Ina," said Natalie gently. "Do you think all you have to do to suit Dad is to stretch out your forefinger?"

Up went not Ina's forefinger, but her smallest digit. It bore far more than its avoirdupois value in a platinum circlet glittering with white stones.

"You don't exactly hate yourself, do you, Natalie dearest? Want to bet? You've squalled for a year, now, because your father and mother wouldn't buy you a decent dinner-ring."

"Bet?"

"Against this ring of mine? My folks go to Maine in just two months. But you can make the time shorter, if you like!"

"I haven't got anything worth as much as your silly ring," said Natalie crossly. "And it's a silly bet—"

"If you're afraid to bet on him—" Ina's smile was wicked.

Natalie coldly pulled off a thin black ribbon from her wrist, with its tiny brilliant watch. "Afraid!"

"We'll trail around nights together, so everything will be fair at the start. We can use Perchy Brann to make it a foursome. Perchy's so stupid you could use him for an extra tire and he'd hardly know what you were doing," shrugged Ina.

"Perchy's a safe fourth." Natalie's voice, however, was sulky. "Remember, you've got your mother's car most of the time. I seldom get ours for a whole evening."

"It'll be Perchy's car, mostly!"

"North Beach tonight, for a good start?"

"Suits me," said Ina sweetly. "Really, Nat, I'll be perfectly fair. I'll admit in advance I'm going to wear my white georgette."

"My sister Eleanor said I could borrow her pink chiffon any time I ran short of clothes." Natalie's smile was bland.

Natalie's brown eyes were brilliantly derisive that first night. She danced four times with sleek Wenby Cooke and saw that an annoyed glint appeared in Henry Tibbetson's black-gray eyes, whereas he was quite undisturbed when the blond and chunky Perchy danced five times with Ina.

And that first night Henry, not altogether without misgivings, sought Harvey Hammer about half-past twelve for a small loan. Ina and Natalie both had perfectly good appetites, and Perchy, who may not have been altogether as stupid as he seemed, was off in a palm-screened corner sulking over certain words of Ina's, and was not in supper mood.

Wenby Cooke sulked later, too, and (Continued on page 136)

"Ray died," she confided brightly. "Then I married Mr. Bronson. And now I'm a widow again."



Fifty

By Virginia Dale

Illustrated by Donald Teague

When Virginia Dale isn't paying a visit to her people down in South America, she is doing one of two things: writing these terse transcriptions of the life of the millions in America today, or critically viewing new motion-pictures for the famous newspaper whose film editor she is.

OTHO placed two lean fingers over his bow tie and gave it the one necessary little downward push that made it set exactly right. He had always been able to wear a bow tie. Even at fifty it still became him.

Fifty—half a hundred! Heavens! He could remember when he had wondered why a man should ever want to live so long. And now on the morning of his fiftieth birthday, life was as unfulfilled as ever. And he didn't feel old. Not a bit! As many things to be longed for as at twenty. The only oldish feeling came when he remembered he'd only a little while more to strive for them.

He descended to the breakfast-room his wife had just had "done over." As he had each morning, since the bilious blue of the walls first met him with his matin grapefruit, he wanted to shudder now. He kissed Rosalie's forehead as he picked up his spoon.

A little pile of tissue-wrapped packages lay beside his plate. "Well, well!" said Otho. "What's all this?" He remembered having said those words on every birthday for—well, not quite fifty years, but thirty at least: "Well, well—what's all this?" "Many happy returns," said Rosalie. Then to the neat maid: "Bring in the toast."

Otho began unwrapping. This would be a tie, that silk socks of some outrageous color, though everyone in the family knew "Father simply hates everything except black." Yes, here were the tie, the socks, a gold pencil. The box of cigars came from Jack.

"You're so hard to get anything for," Rosalie was murmuring. "I do hope you like your presents. The pencil's a new kind. See? Here are the separate leads for it."

"Just exactly what I wanted. How did you know?" He slipped it into his pocket along with the one he received two years ago, and the silver one of last Christmas. He contemplated the socks.

"I thought you might like a change," Rosalie said.

"Yes indeed," he agreed heartily. He picked up his spoon again, and attacked his grapefruit.

"We're just going to have a little family dinner tonight to celebrate," Rosalie said. "Jack and Junie, and cousin Robert and Merta, and your Aunt Molly and Uncle Clavey."

"That's fine," he said. For years he had wanted to go to some theater on his birthday night, some place where there was a lot of blary music and blinking lights. But Rosalie had always maintained: "The family'd think it queer. Perhaps next year—" And now there were only to be a few more birthdays on which he'd want to go, on which he *could* go! Fifty! Fifty-five or even fifty-nine didn't seem so many, somehow. But the even half-hundred made him want to hurry, hurry after something that always was just ahead—farther ahead, now.

"Will you be home a little early?" Rosalie asked at the door. She had always gone to the door with him in her neat morning frock.

"Did you want me to dress?" He rather liked getting into a dinner coat now and then.

"No," said Rosalie. "It's just the family. They'd think it funny."

Rosalie's good-by kiss had flitted on his cheek like the brush of his morning paper across it. It would have been a fine morning to drive the car to town, but Rosalie would need it during the day.

On the train he settled with his paper beside young Waring.

"Fine day," said Otho.

"Yes sir." Young Waring was very respectful. Damn it, why couldn't he treat him man to man? He wasn't as old as all that.

"It's my birthday," Otho confided. Somehow it seemed as if everyone should be interested—a sort of special day.

"Congratulations, sir." Young Waring was very polite. "I remember when my father was about your age, Mr. Fairchild. Held his age just as well, too."

What an impossible whippersnapper young Waring was! Probably thought he'd never be fifty himself. Well, he would. Otho settled his tie again. He only hoped young Waring would look as well as *he* did at half a hundred.

The morning news was uninteresting. Otho's eyes traveled to the window. Between the little suburban stations, usually the artistic outburst of an architect with "ideas," budding fields—friendly fields—ran to his view.

"I suppose I'm really a farmer, at heart," Otho mused. "Yes, being born on a farm makes a man always hanker to get back to the soil."

Until he quite reached the city, he thought that was what was the matter with him. "How different everything would have been if I'd stayed down in southern Illinois and never come up to the city."

He'd always wanted to go back—drive down, some summer, with Rosalie. But he never had. She preferred a Wisconsin lake; "everyone" did; and he could spend the week-ends there with her, and the two slim weeks of vacation he allowed himself. He had often thought of the Rockies. That was what a man really liked to do, just lie around in his old clothes and fish in mountain

streams. Camp—get back to nature. Well, he'd never do it now. Only last night Rosalie had begun talking of Geneva; the Greens were going up as early as the last of June.

Must be great in the mountains in June. The thought took possession of him. He was confident he could follow a trail with the best of them, and somewhere he remembered reading of how low the stars seemed to hang over the Rockies at night. He would like to lie on his back and just look up at them, alone, and try to figure things out. Why couldn't he say casually to



Rosalie, "You go on up to Lake Geneva this summer, if you want to; I'm going out to the mountains." Why couldn't he go? He brushed off a few clinging cinders a wan breeze threw to him as the train started again. Why couldn't he cut away for a little while and live as he'd like to?

For fifty years he'd always done as other people wanted him to. Now, just a little while before he died, he'd like to do a few of the things *he'd* always wanted to. When he was a kid, he'd had to go to the old little school when what he really wanted to do was to work in the fields; later he'd gone to the jerkwater college out of Smithton to please his mother. He'd married Rosalie because *she'd* wanted him to. He remembered today, after twenty-five years, how astonished he'd been when she had declared after his first bashful kiss: "Now we're engaged, Otho."

And he had never forgotten the ensuing anniversaries, either; he had eaten innumerable "family" dinners because Rosalie wanted him to. He had acquiesced in the christening of Jack, as John, because she had wanted her first-born to be named for her father. He had always rather wanted a son named after himself. But after the terrifying advent of that first child, no more had followed.

He had been well pleased when Jack had walked into the living-

"My dear," she added to Rosalie. "you should have seen her. And the way she gazed at Otho!"



room a few months before and calmly said: "I'm married, folks." Rosalie had cried bitterly. It was because Jack had not done what she had wanted him to do, finish college, have a big wedding and a "respectable" honeymoon. But Otho had smiled. It had tickled him immensely to realize that this boy of his knew what he wanted, and took it. Still, likely the cigars at his place this morning, with Jack's scrawl on the card, had been Rosalie's suggestion. He couldn't help grinning a little at the thought.

Otho's office was dead with left-over air. He flung open the windows, but his stenographer's patient face as she collected her scattered papers reproached him. He closed the windows again.

Blame it all, he wanted to celebrate, and no one would celebrate with him. On an impulse, he phoned Rosalie. "Come on down to lunch," he suggested. "I'll take the afternoon off. We can't go anywhere except a vaudeville, but let's."

"Why, Otho, how can I, with everyone coming to dinner tonight?" was the response.

He acknowledged apologetically that of course she couldn't, and turned back to his desk. He wanted enormously, now, to go to a matinée. He regarded his stenographer. Why couldn't he say, "You come with me"? She was probably a jolly little thing, once away from her clacking machine. How young she was! But of course a man in his position didn't go to matinées with his stenographer.

At eleven Presby called about the Good Roads Commission. Otho's festive spirit persisted. "Ever take anything before lunch?" he asked. He discreetly closed the door. "I've a little something that's hard to get these days, real old stuff. It's my birthday!" he exclaimed.

Presby regarded him with cold eyes. "Birthday—h'm!" said he. "Stopped having 'em at forty. No, nothing, thanks. Fellows our age have to be careful. Can't stand what we used to."

At one o'clock, instead of joining his usual table of friends at Kearney's, Otho started down Michigan Boulevard. Everyone seemed bound on some happy errand except himself. No one else was alone. Girls, let loose for an hour, hurried happily along, or loitered before the shop-windows that disclosed a carnival of spring. Men and pretty women strolled by, talking, laughing. Was it this April day, he wondered, or because he was fifty, that he felt as he did? He thought it might not be so hard to have a fiftieth birthday in, say, November. He wished he had been born in the winter.

He walked on down to a fashionable hotel. He would have a party by himself, order something expensive and indigestible the sort of thing Rosalie would say was "far too rich." The head waiter was the first person he had talked to that day who seemed to perceive a special occasion. He hovered over Otho, suggested dishes. Otho almost told him it was his birthday before he turned away.

It would be nice to be waiting in that royal room for some pretty woman, to see her hurrying gladly to him. He would have bought her flowers. Violets—no, that was what you sent a woman in winter. There was something more springlike for April.

Near him a youth and a maid were deep in conversation, something under glass unheeded before them. Fifty! Age was the way other people made you feel; it had nothing to do with yourself. Otho settled his tie.

A woman was coming toward him, a very lovely woman. He was conscious first of the eyes that followed her. In the shaft of sunlight beside his table, she stopped.

"It is Otho Fairchild, isn't it?" she demanded. "Don't tell me I'm mistaken. I'd have known you anywhere."

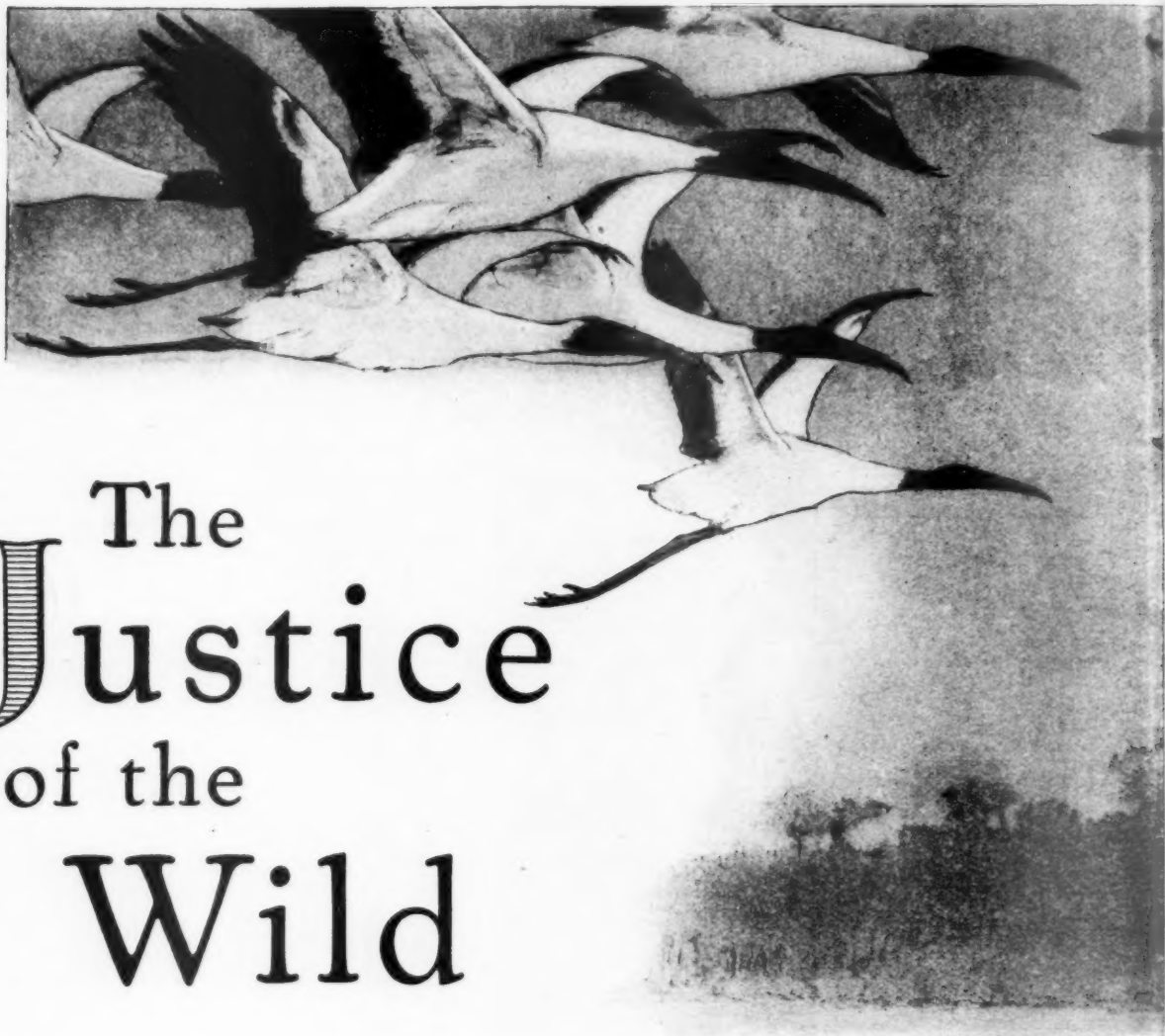
Little Christine Oliver! Was it? "It certainly is," she assured him. "Are you alone?"

Belated hospitality came to him. "Sit down," he said. "It's my birthday."

"Not really!" she exclaimed. Her voice was throaty, and very, very smooth. "You look exactly the same. Otho, as you did when we celebrated your eighteenth at our house in Smithton. Remember?"

(Continued on page 153)

The ibis chief knew nothing of rifles. But he knew as much as a bird can know about shot-



The Justice of the Wild

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

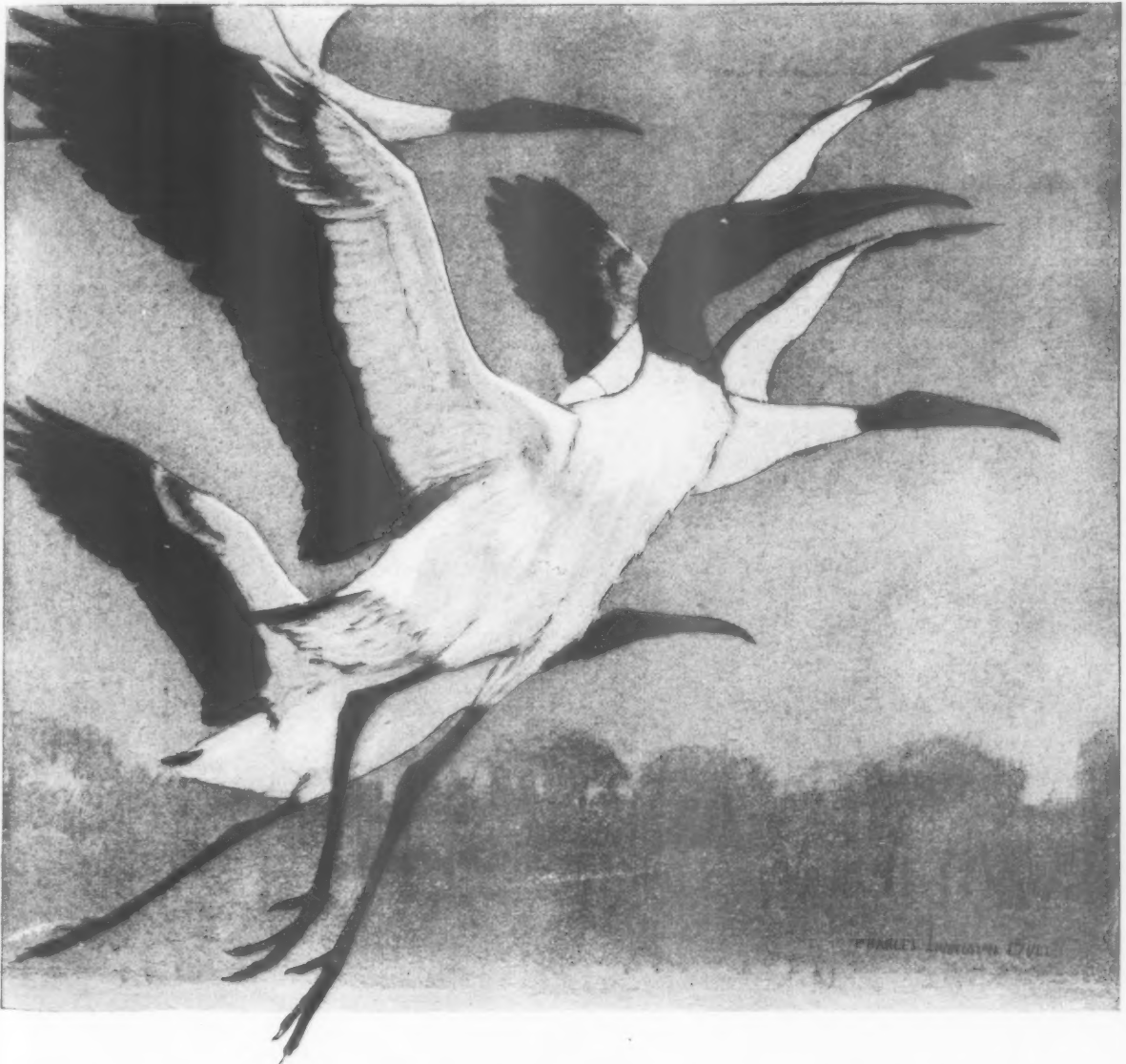
A HALF-HOUR before dawn, in the cypress swamp where the wood-ibis army slept, strange, harsh, unearthly sounds broke the silence which hung over the moss-tapestried cypresses around the shores of the lagoon. These sounds came from the trees where the ibises were talking with one another, clacking their bills, extending and retracting their long necks, opening and folding their wings, impatiently awaiting the coming of day. From the woods came the eerie songs of two chuck-will's-widows answering each other across the still, dark water; and presently, close at hand, a big swamp owl woke the echoes with his sonorous "Whoohoo, whoohoo, whoohoo-whoohoo-who." Then, when the first faint

Here is a nature writer who is perhaps new to readers of this magazine but one from whom, it is hoped, you are going to hear frequently in the future. When Mr. Sass' story was accepted, it was straightway sent to Charles Bull for illustration, and the artist was asked if he knew the author's country. "Know it!" he replied. "I'm just back from spending a month in the swamp with Sass himself. I know every ibis down there by its first name." So again do we present an author and illustrator who are completely in rapport, so to speak.

light had begun to filter down through the moss-curtains of the trees, the eleven-foot alligator who was master of this lagoon sent his long, melancholy, tremulous challenge rolling and quavering through the woods, a resonant, menacing call, incredibly strange and wild.

Scarcely had its last note died when old Attakullakulla, chief of the wood-ibis army, craned his long neck, spread his wide wings and launched forward from his perch in the tallest of the cypresses. With a noisy flapping of great pinions which swayed and rocked the moss-pennants trailing from every branch, the whole ibis host, first in twos and threes, then in tens and twenties, took to the air. Their necks curving down-

guns, and he was serenely aware that no shotgun roaring from Red Cam's yard could hurt him.



ward, their legs dangling, their ample wings laboring mightily. they lifted themselves in narrow circles through the mist—a whirling confusion of great white shapes dimly visible in the pallid light, passing and repassing like phantoms against the gray background of the curtained trees, spiraling upward to clear the cypress-tops.

For some minutes after the last of them had risen above the trees the whole army swung in ever-widening circles over the forest, mounting steadily toward the higher level where the leader sailed back and forth, peering down with frequent twists and turns of his big, queer-looking head as though studying the maneuvers of his followers. Then, satisfied that the army was ready to begin its aerial march, he turned his long bill south-eastward toward the distant sea-marshes behind the barrier islands.

Very wise with the wisdom of many summers was Attakullakulla, chief of the wood-ibis army—very wise and very old. But it was not with him as with men. He had not paid in physical vigor for the knowledge which the years had brought. Despite his age, he was as strong as he ever had been, as tireless, as active, as quick of sight and of hearing. And time had traced no marks upon him to impair his beauty.

A certain beauty he had even when seen standing at rest, though his long legs and neck, his naked head and long, heavy bill, curved toward the tip and much stouter than that of a heron, made him appear a fantastic, even a grotesque figure.

according well with the uncouth and ghostly background of the lagoon where the ibises slept. But it was in the high air and in the full light of the sun that he was at his best. Then—his neck and legs stretched to the utmost, his wide wings, more than six feet from tip to tip, fully extended—he was a splendid and memorable sight as he sailed and circled two hundred, five hundred, a thousand feet above the marshes, looking down upon his fellows. Always, when soaring thus, Attakullakulla mounted well above all the other birds of the ibis army, for he was larger than any of the rest, and stronger of wing, and he liked to exhibit his supremacy. And of them all he was not only the largest and strongest but also the handsomest. Time had not dulled his colors, but had brightened and intensified them. His yellowish-brown bill was yellower than theirs; his long legs and the sides of his naked head were bluer; his body and wings were of a purer and more brilliant white; his tail and wing-tips, instead of being dull black, glittered with a metallic green and purple iridescence.

The other ibises of the flock acknowledged without question the leadership which Attakullakulla exercised. It was the due reward of his superior physical powers and of his experience and wisdom. Most of the other ibises were young birds, many of them birds of that year, fully grown but not yet attired in complete adult plumage. In the youngest of them the head and neck were not bare but were covered with short downy feathers, and the white plumage showed in places a grayish cast. They

were the novices of the flock, the raw recruits of the ibis army, beside whom the two-year- and three-year-old birds who made up the bulk of the host felt themselves veterans. In addition to these youngsters of varying degrees of immaturity and inexperience, the flock included a good many older birds, some of them almost as old as Attakullakulla himself. They had joined the brigade after the breeding season was over, and had journeyed under Attakullakulla's leadership to the wide, lonely sea-marshes of the coast between the palm-fringed barrier islands and the forested mainland, marshes which for many summers had been Attakullakulla's favorite feeding-ground.

It was toward these marshes that the ibis chief led his feathered troopers from their sleeping-place in the cypress swamp. They flew high above the tree-tops, not only for safety's sake but also to clear the uppermost stratum of the morning mist spread like a blue-gray blanket over the forest, shutting it completely from view. Always old Attakullakulla, jealous of his leadership, held the van, but the rest of the army maintained no fixed or regular order. Sometimes they swept along over a broad, curving front nearly five hundred feet from flank to flank. Again for a space they were strung out in single file or in two long, crooked, converging lines somewhat resembling the wedge-shaped formation of migrating geese; but generally they flew in a loose, rather irregular phalanx, perhaps four times as long as it was wide.

When they had left the denser forest behind them and were approaching the edge of the bay, the mist-blanket seemed to slide away from under them, and they looked down upon a green, smiling country where patches of woodland alternated with cultivated fields. Here Attakullakulla mounted fifty feet higher, forcing his body up a sharp incline with swift, strong thrusts of his big wings, and all the army mounted after him. Thus, when they sighted the little house where Red Cam Reppington, the hunter, lived alone near the edge of Little Raccoon Swamp, they were well above shotgun range.

RED CAM, up earlier than usual, saw them when they were yet half a mile away. He knew that every morning the ibis army passed over his house *en route* from their secret sleeping-place in the deep cypress swamps to the salt-marshes of the coast where they spent the forenoon feeding; but because the ibises were not game-birds he had hitherto taken little interest in them, and had never made special note of the precise time of their coming. They were at least half an hour earlier than he had expected, but as it happened, this mattered little, since he had made his preparations the night before.

With practiced eye he measured the height of the approaching flock, then darted into the house. In a half-minute he was out again, carrying not his shotgun but the high-power rifle which he had placed, loaded and ready, just inside his door. Careful to keep himself out of sight, he crouched at the corner of the house, awaiting the moment which would offer him the best chance—the moment when the great ibis leading the oncoming host would be almost directly over him.

At best it was a question of luck. To hit his moving target at that height with a single bullet was a feat which even Red Cam, one of the best shots in the Low Country, could not perform unless fortune stood his friend. But Lady Luck, as he was fond of calling her, had often befriended Cam, both in the woods and elsewhere, and he risked nothing by again invoking her aid. A wry grin twisted his sullen face as he thought of what a triumph it would be to leave Attakullakulla's severed head on the doorstep of a certain cottage that night as proof that when Cameron Reppington uttered a threat, he would swiftly make it good.

The ibis chief knew nothing of rifles. But he knew as much as a bird can know about shotguns, and he was serenely aware that no shotgun roaring at him from Red Cam's yard could possibly hurt him or any of his flock at the height at which they were traveling. Nevertheless, when his quick eye caught a spurt of flame and a tiny puff of white smoke far below him at the corner of Cam's house, the big bird seemed to rear and stagger in the air. Yet he did not fall. Instead, he evidently rose; for in an instant he was hidden from Cam's view by the vanguard of the ibis army rushing past beneath him.

Not all of them passed. A young ibis, a bird of the year, which had been flying directly behind Attakullakulla, his bill almost touching the tips of the leader's extended feet, crumpled and dropped like a stone.

Cam growled an oath. Old Attakullakulla had proved his cunning, halting in the air at the flash of the rifle and swerving up-

ward so that even if the bullet had been perfectly aimed it would have passed harmlessly in front of him. Cam cursed himself and Lady Luck impartially. He did not bother to pick up the dead ibis where it plumped to earth beside a clump of yuccas. It was a young bird, he knew, and he could not substitute its feathered head for the bare head of Attakullakulla. Leaving it for his dog Brutus or for the turkey vultures, who would find it soon enough if Brutus scorned it, he turned back indoors to cook his breakfast.

THREE miles beyond Cam Reppington's house, on a low bluff overlooking the wide emerald marshes of the bay, stood the small white vine-covered cottage where John Marston lived with his blue-eyed, brown-haired granddaughter Ellen. He too was astir early, but no earlier than was his habit, for the little old man, as all the bay-dwellers called him, loved the fragrance and freshness of the June dawns even better than the crimson glories of the June sunsets, and nearly always he was up and about before the sun rose from behind the woods on the distant barrier islands along the edge of the sea.

There was another reason why, when June came to the Low Country, John Marston seldom lay late abed. June brought the wood-ibises to his marshes—tall, fantastic, long-necked and long-legged black-and-white storks that somehow gave him more pleasure than any others of the marshland birds; and early every morning from June to October an army of wood-ibises, headed by an old ibis whom Marston had known for years and to whom he had given the name of an Indian chief famous long ago in the Low Country for his wisdom, passed over the cottage bound for their feeding-grounds on the salt-flats. Marston, a lover of all wild creatures, a born naturalist with something of the poet in him, always found rare delight in watching the feathered army pass, and sometimes he would call excitedly to Ellen, busy indoors preparing breakfast, to come out on the porch and share the wonder of the spectacle.

But this morning the little old man, sitting in his favorite chair on the porch awaiting the ibises' coming, did not call his granddaughter. His mind was troubled. His sun-tanned face wore a frown, and the vivid blue eyes above his short white beard were strangely cold and hard. He was thinking of Red Cam's oath and of the quarrel that had led to it and of what might come of it.

Cam Reppington, a gentleman born, could play the gentleman when he wanted to; and Ellen, whatever she might have heard, had never seen him drunk. In the old city days, which had ended with the fatal affair of the bank's money, he had been a clever hand with women; and when this girl took his fancy, he had not found it hard to lie his way into her good graces so that for a while she had overruled her grandfather's objections to Cam's visits.

At last she had realized the truth and had turned from him in disgust, loathing herself because for a time she had tolerated him. So, when Cam came again, John Marston had shown him the door; and Red Cam, redder than ever with rage, restrained only by Ellen's presence from driving his fist into the old man's face, had sworn to have revenge. At most of his threats Marston smiled because they were too dire to be fulfilled; but there was one that worried him, since it was a threat which Cam might safely carry out if he could compass its execution. It was the recollection of this threat that plagued John Marston as he sat on his porch smoking his long-stemmed pipe, awaiting the coming of the ibis host.

Presently he saw it, at first a mere speck against the sky to the northward, a speck which grew and lengthened and widened. Soon it had the appearance of a wavering black line above the woods; and then, as it drew swiftly nearer, it became a regiment of great long-necked birds as big as geese sweeping through the air in a wide curved rank, two hundred feet above the trees.

WITH shining eyes Marston watched them as they came on, planing downward as they left the woods behind and drew nearer the edge of the wide marsh plain. The army was almost directly over him now, one great bird larger and whiter than the rest leading the way. He could hear the swish of the broad black-edged wings and could almost distinguish the color of the dark-brown eyes in the great elongated heads which, as though weighed down by the long, curved, heavy bills, were carried a little low. Both joy and trouble were in the little old man's face as, tilting back in his chair, he peered up at them as they passed—a splendid sight, indeed, their big white bodies and wings shining like silver in the morning light.



A gallant fight Brutus made, swimming as he had never swum before, as he cried out to the master who had never failed him.

"There they go," he muttered, "old Attakullakulla in command."

For a half-minute after the last of them had passed, he continued to gaze upward, musing. Slowly the delight which the spectacle of the ibis army never failed to bring him faded from his face.

"So Cam's going to kill you, is he," he said aloud, "—going to kill you and send me your head? Well, you're a wise old chief, and Red Cam will never lift *your* scalp."

The boast seemed to dispel his fears. For a moment he smiled. But almost instantly the smile vanished. The vivid blue eyes hardened and narrowed, and with a bang he brought down the uptilted legs of his chair.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, striking his clenched fist into his palm, "I've stood all I'm going to stand! If Red Cam kills *him*, I'll kill Cam."

Some five hours later the wood-ibis, standing in the water at the mouth of a small marsh gully, decided that one more mullet would be enough. His gullet was already crammed full, but he rejoiced in an exceedingly hearty appetite, and he could accommodate another fish if it were not too large. The ibis army, breaking up into detachments, had scattered widely over the marshes, and then, dividing into still smaller squads, the ibises

had set about getting breakfast. But the wise old chief fished alone, as always. He wanted no clumsy, bumptious, more or less inexpert youngster near him when he waded into the shallows of some sinuous marsh brook and grappled with the important business of satisfying that imperious appetite.

Tide had passed the half-ebb. The water was swirling out of the steep-sided, flat-bottomed gully in which he stood, his shoulders humped, his long neck extended, his big, solemn-looking head cocked knowingly on one side. From time to time during the morning he had danced awkwardly about in the shallows, scratching the soft bottom of the gully to stir up the mud; then, thrusting his bill into the cloudy water, he had held it there for a while, the scythelike sharp-edged mandibles partly open. The shrimp were not yet as large or as abundant as they would be later in the season, but the water flowing through his mandibles brought a good many little transparent crustaceans into the trap, and few of these ever got out.

Now, however, he wanted no more shrimp, but a nice mullet with which to complete his meal; and besides, the conditions were no longer auspicious for shrimp-fishing. A four-foot shark, whose dorsal and tail fins moved slowly back and forth across the mouth of the gully, where it opened into a large marsh creek, had invaded the chief's fishing-ground, and (Continued on page 119)

George Gibbs, whom the critics call the American Du Maurier because he is a novelist who illustrates his own books, has just completed a group of commissions to paint the portraits of several of New York's most fashionable women. "And now," he writes, "I am on the verge of abandoning both drawing-rooms and writing-desks in favor of the wilds of northern Quebec." A number of attractive landscapes will inevitably result.



By
George Gibbs

The Story So Far:

LIFE had taken on a somber color for Joan Freeman after that speech of hers, uttered in desperate defense of her sister: "It isn't Polly's baby," Joan had said to Georgia Curtis, the gossiping inquisitor who had put her on the rack, "but mine—my baby. I hope you understand." Indeed, life had never been the same since, nearly a year ago, foolish, impulsive little Polly had come to her with her confession and her dire dilemma.

They had been on a summer trip to the Canadian Rockies, two wealthy orphans unchaperoned; and Joan had been unwise enough to make a separate journey for a few days, leaving feather-headed little Polly to her own devices—which had included a reckless clandestine flirtation, under an assumed name, with a handsome guide named Steve, who did not in the least understand the girl. Steve, indeed, had been honest enough; after the affair had—gone too far, he had expected to marry "Ruth Shirley," as he knew her, at once. But she had shrunk from the complications of such a step—of introducing the awkward Westerner to her smart set in New York; and she had left Lake Louise abruptly, leaving no address.

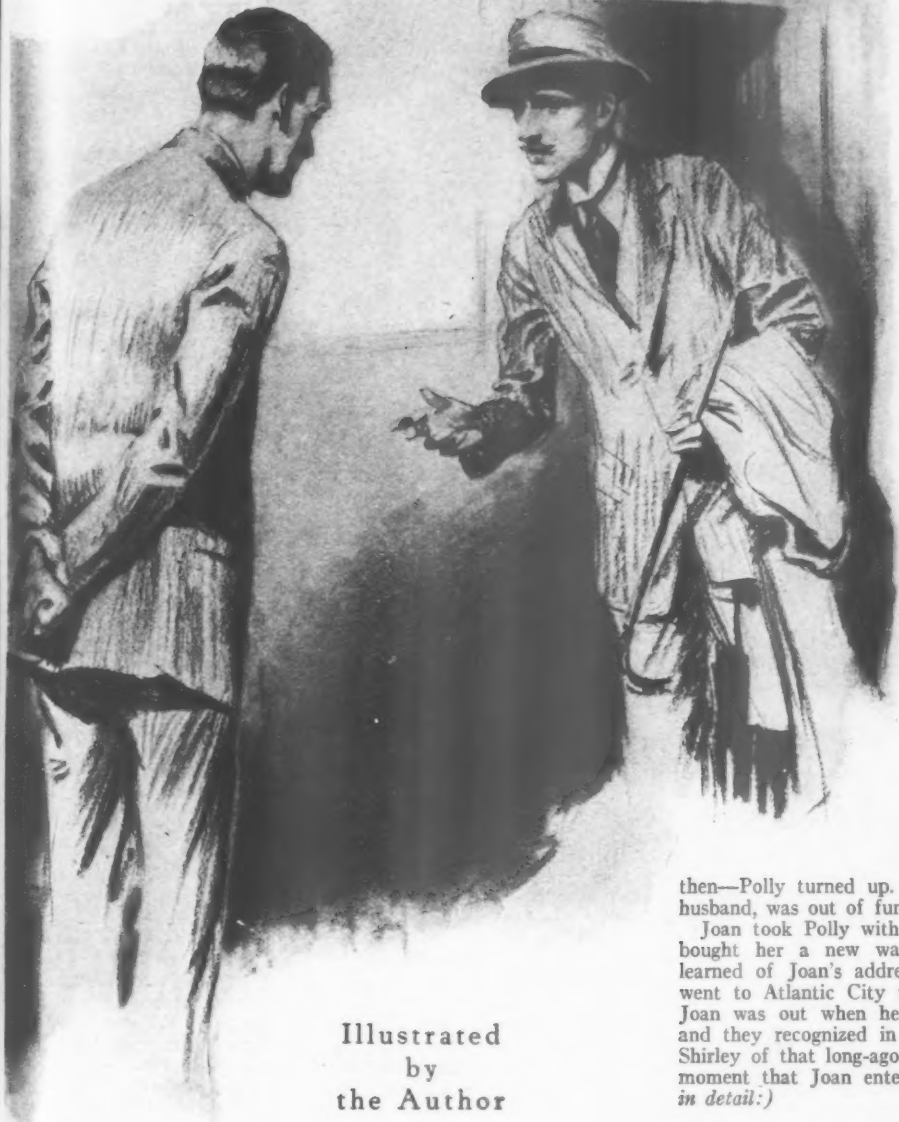
Sometime afterward, in New York, Polly was driven to confess it all to Joan; and the older sister had at once gone to Lake Louise to find Steve—Polly hadn't even known his last

Sackcloth

name. But Steve, after he had learned of "Ruth Shirley's" disappearance, had also vanished.

Joan had taken her sister to France then, to an obscure hamlet where Polly's baby, a boy, was born. But her recovery was slow; and when inquisitive Georgia Curtis passed by on a motor trip and recognized Joan as she wheeled the child by the roadside, Joan did not dare risk the shock of reporting the mischance to Polly. And so now, also, when Joan confronted Georgia in Paris, her protective passion for her younger sister drove her to claim the child as her own. . . . No, life would never be the same again for Joan.

She heard Curtis speak Edwards' name and saw him extend his hand in greeting. She saw Edwards put his hands behind him while he spoke briskly.



Illustrated
by
the Author

h and Scarlet

Presently Polly grew better, but her character was not changed. She evinced no affection for her son—consented, indeed, to Joan's sacrifice. And soon, keeping her secret, she married one Joe Drake.

Joan took the boy as her own and remained in France till he was two; then, assuming the name of "Mrs. Freeman," she removed to Washington, and lived in seclusion there for some years—until a chance encounter with young Congressman Stephen Edwards, and an instant mutual attraction, again changed the complexion of her world.

Edwards called upon Joan; but though she liked him, and Jack adored him, she didn't encourage his visits. For he would soon

discover her status: there was no Mr. Freeman, and she was not received in Washington society. Yet Joan was deeply troubled when disclosure came—in odd fashion. Edwards was leading the fight of the conservation group against a powerful New York syndicate seeking to acquire certain timber reserves; the Curtis were at the head of that syndicate; and Georgia, perhaps desirous of knowing their enemy better, invited Edwards to dinner. There Edwards heard the accepted story about Joan—and there too he refused the overtures of Sam Curtis to aid his iniquitous land bill.

The power of the Curtis group was soon demonstrated. Through their influence, Edwards' attempt to have it killed in committee was defeated and it was favorably reported. And a little later Edwards' friend Ransom came to him with the news that a scandalous story was being circulated, linking Edwards' name with that of Joan Freeman.

The gossip was assiduously spread; and presently Joan learned of it through her friend Beatrice de Salignac. To leave Washington seemed to Joan the only means of silencing the story; Edwards had another plan—and came to Joan on the eve of her departure with a proposal of marriage. She refused him. And

then—Polly turned up. She had broken with her worthless husband, was out of funds and out of health.

Joan took Polly with her to a hotel in Atlantic City, and bought her a new wardrobe. Shortly thereafter Edwards learned of Joan's address through Beatrice de Salignac and went to Atlantic City to persuade her to change her mind. Joan was out when he called; he was received by Polly—and they recognized in each other the Steve and the Ruth Shirley of that long-ago Lake Louise episode. It was at this moment that Joan entered the room. (*The story continues in detail.*)

SHE came in blithely; then she saw the visitor, and stood motionless, her color going.

"Mr.—Edwards!"

"I took the liberty of—of calling your rooms," he said with an effort. "Mademoiselle told me that I might come up." "Oh—I see—" she murmured uncertainly. "Of course—" She slowly fingered the packages that she held, then with an impulse gave him her hand in greeting.

She glanced at Polly, who had watched them curiously.

"You've met my sister Mrs. Drake?"

"Yes," said Edwards with bent head.

"Mr. Edwards and I met at the door," Polly explained quickly. "I've been—er—entertaining him while we waited for you."

It was deftly done, so deftly that she took him into partnership in the deceit before he was aware. They stood in a moment of silence which imposed his acquiescence.

Joan crossed to the table and put her packages down with some deliberation.

"It's a great surprise to see you," she said slowly as she turned to him. "Wont you sit down?"

"Thanks." But he did not sit. Neither did Joan. He

seemed to have nothing to say. The sense of his equivocal position had for the moment robbed him of initiative.

"When did you reach Atlantic City?" Joan asked him.

"Only this afternoon. I—I had the week-end to myself. I came for a rest."

The speech was halting. He seemed to be groping for ideas, and then as with an inspiration: "How is Jack?"

"Quite well." She gathered up the packages again as though a sudden thought had come to her. "But I promised to say good night to him," she said quietly; "you'll excuse me for a moment, wont you?"

SHE went out, closing the door behind her, and with the closing of the door, he felt again the oppression of the presence of the other woman—her sharp glances intrusively probing. He turned toward her. She faced him calmly, with a perfect omniscience as to the situation, speaking rapidly in a low, concentrated tone.

"I am sorry if I'm in the way. Destiny has been a little too strong for us. But you *must* see that it isn't my fault."

"Please, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"I am Mrs. Drake," she put in quickly. "You don't care. It doesn't matter to you, of course, who I am. But it does matter to me that I'm Joan's sister and that you are Joan's friend. And I—I want your good will. I—I think I need it."

He made a gesture of negation.

"God knows I bear you no ill will," he gasped, "if you have none."

She glanced toward Joan's door, then leaned toward him appealingly, whispering:

"I must forget—we must both forget that moment—your moment of madness as well as mine. I've suffered for it, Steve. It's the woman who pays. And I—I—"

"Sh—" He glanced at the door behind him.

"You forgive me, then? Tell me that you do. Please—please!"

"I can forgive you more easily than I can forgive myself," he murmured.

"And we are to be friends?" she urged. "We *must* be friends." She put her face in her hands with a quick, submissive gesture. "Oh, you don't understand everything. You can't. I can't tell you. But we've *got* to be friends. We've *got* to be." Her voice broke.

He did not know all that she meant, but he felt the pathos in the voice, the childish insistence of her appeal, and he wondered at his intolerance of her. It was not this woman that mattered. She was impersonal. It was not Joan's sister Mrs. Drake or even Ruth Shirley that mattered, but—his sin that had found him out. With an effort of will he laid his hand over hers.

"It is I who should ask forgiveness," he said gently.

She caught his hand in both of hers, speaking in a shaking whisper.

"Steve—I do. I do."

She released his hand immediately and moved away.

"We will begin again," he muttered, "as if we had never met."

"Yes," she repeated softly, "as if we had never met!" She picked up her hat and furs and turned away. "I will go now. But I must talk with you again—soon. Joan will tell you perhaps of my unhappiness. I—I want—I need your kindness." She opened the door of her room and turned toward him from the threshold. She smiled and spoke aloud: "Good night, Mr. Edwards. You'll excuse me, wont you?"

He was shocked at the facility with which she played her rôle. It indicated the sort of insincerity that was to be expected of him. "Good night," he muttered.

AS the door closed, he walked to the window, pulled aside the curtains and stared out into the darkness. He wanted that moment of self-communion, more even than Joan had wanted it. He needed to think quickly of many things, each in orderly array in regard to the dominant thought that had brought him here.

The flashing of the electric signs on the Pier laughed at his will to solve his problem, a blazon of foolish fiery letters across the sky—a cigarette advertisement with a stupid catchword—a red-and-yellow star that winked in mockery of his predicament.

But his ears were awake for the sounds of Joan's return, and as she came in, he faced her.

"Oh—I thought that Polly—my sister—"

"She asked to be excused," he said quietly.

She glanced at Polly's door and then turned to him with a smile. "Do sit down, Mr. Edwards. I'm afraid you'll think I'm very inhospitable."

Her absence had done some miracle in restoring her poise. She was compact of ease and civility, and her smile of greeting was very friendly.

"Now tell me," she said easily, "who told you that I was here?"

"The clerk at the desk," he mumbled.

She smiled in comprehension. "I've every right to be furious with Bee. I *am* furious, I think," she added with a smile. "But now that you're here, I don't propose to be angry with you. I don't see what's to be done about it. I can't send you away."

"I hoped you'd forgive me. It wasn't the fault of Madam de Selgnac, but mine. There was so much to explain—"

She raised a hand in protest.

"Please don't. I am glad to see you. But I don't think we need have any explanations. Of course your visit isn't what I wished; I came here particularly to be away from you. And if it weren't for Jack, I think it would be my duty to send you away at once."

His face brightened. "Jack knows?"

"Yes. I told him. He wanted to come in here. But I threatened that you would go away at once if he didn't go to sleep."

"And he went to sleep?"

She nodded.

"Then if I know anything of logic, I stay?"

She bent her head and then looked at him fairly. "But you mustn't speak again, as you spoke to me in my house."

Her blue eyes were luminous with gentleness and resolution. He saw now that there was a resemblance in the shape of the eyes to her sister's, but there was a splendid directness here. There were no stains of pleasure upon her face; just shadows of—what was it Madam de Selgnac had called them?—shadows of flames. He bent his head in acquiescence.

"You—you agree?" she asked.

He did not speak for a moment. "Yes," he said at last.

After a silence, each looked up at the same moment, expecting the other to speak. Neither did. The moment was awkward, and so they smiled.

"Er—do you mind, if I smoke?" he asked.

"Of course not. By all means."

The ice was broken. She laughed a little uneasily at the momentary impediment that they had passed, and Edwards rolled a cigarette. He lighted and inhaled deeply.

"And now," she said almost gayly, "you shall tell me how the fight is going on the Verde River Bill."

EDWARDS was out on the Boardwalk early. He had slept badly, and daylight had brought no solution of his problems. The wraith of Ruth Shirley, he had thought, was laid forever—a pale specter that for some time had troubled him little and afterward not at all. It was not until he knew Joan that he had thought again of Ruth Shirley. His love for her forced a comparison with his youthful passion. It was his memory of this sin of his youth that had made him so tolerant of a woman like Joan, obliged to suffer the consequences of an indiscretion perhaps less flagrant than his own. Whatever her mistake—she was a finer creature than he could ever hope to be.

Her refusal of him had only made him more determined to succeed. He had come to Atlantic City with high hopes. And now what? A conspiracy of silence with this other woman Ruth—Mrs. Drake—Polly Freeman—Joan's sister! This was inevitable, for the secret was not his only, but Polly Freeman's too. But it placed him at once in a false position, removed at a stroke the fine open-hearted spirit of agreement and understanding that had made his friendship with Joan so rare a thing.

Last night Joan had questioned him as to his work at the Capitol, and he had told her, but without enthusiasm, of his prospects the following Wednesday when the bill would come up on the floor of the House for consideration. If she had noticed his air of abstraction, she had not commented upon it, but had shown by her old friendliness her hopes for his success. Her admonition not to speak again of his proposal had not been necessary. The mere presence of the woman in the next room had committed him to silence.

He yielded to the allurements of the sunshine and the airs from the sea, a boon after the rainy weather in Washington. He leaned for a long while against the railing, looking out at the sea. But when he turned inland, he had made a decision. It had cost him something—it was the most difficult resolution that he had ever been asked to make. He would not see Joan again. He would leave for Washington by the first train.



"I was frightened, Steve—terribly frightened. I ran away, not so much from you as from myself."

The decision made, he acted quickly, returning at once to his room at the hotel, where he packed his suitcase and then sat at his desk and wrote to Joan, telling her briefly that he had been called suddenly to Washington and would not be able to keep their appointment for the morning. That was all. No other explanation seemed to be needed. After her kindness of the night before his note seemed cold and formal. But he feared to trust himself to write more. He sealed the note and slipped it into his pocket and was strapping his suitcase when the room telephone bell rang.

A woman's voice answered him—Polly Drake's.

"I'm phoning from downstairs. It's necessary for me to see you for a moment alone," she said quickly. "You won't refuse me, will you?"

"I'm just on the point of leaving for Washington," he said. "I—I've been called away."

"Oh! This is very sudden, isn't it? I've got to see you. You can't go yet; you mustn't go until I see you. It's important—please."

There seemed nothing else for him to do.

"Very well, then," he replied. "I'll be down in the grill in ten minutes."

"Oh, thanks—good-by."

He did not wish to meet Joan, and fortunately the elevator which carried him down to the lower floor was empty.

Mrs. Drake was already waiting for him in the red-and-gold corridor that led to the Submarine Grill. She wore the most becoming of her new hats, a green and gold affair, and

Edwards was surprised at the effect of youth that she managed to convey. The dim light helped her. But he was not at his ease. The saucy green hat had given her a comeliness that he had not expected to find, but she was more than ever the ghost of his sin. The awkwardness that he had always felt in his dealings with women of her type returned to him.

"I can't stay long, for Joan will be expecting me," she began quickly. "I told her that I was going out in a wheel-chair for an hour."

"I thought," he said with slow gentleness, "that we had decided last night to forget—"

"It isn't possible," she said a little wildly. "I thought it might be, but it isn't. I've thought about it all night. I had to tell you. You've got to know—that it wasn't all my fault."

"I am willing to take the blame," he said slowly.

"No. It was nobody's fault. It was just meant to be, I guess. I was frightened, Steve—terribly frightened. I ran away, not so much from you as from myself. I think I was mad. I don't know what else it could have been. I think I had been mad from the beginning."

"Is this necessary?" he muttered. "It is very painful. It must be very painful to you."

"It is—painful; but I've got to go on. I owe it to myself. I went to Banff. I was bewildered. Nobody knew what was the matter with me. But I knew. I knew that I was committed to you forever. I would have come back to you at once, but I—I couldn't get away just then. I wanted to tell Joan, but I couldn't—somehow."

"Your sister was there—then—at Banff?" he gasped.

She nodded. "I did try to get away, but it was not—not until later that I—I succeeded."

The green hat bobbed again. She looked away, for his eyes were probing. But he said nothing, and she went on with quick assurance:

"We went away. All the plans had been made. But I came back, later, to Banff," she asserted. "The hotel was closed; you had gone."

His eyes probed again, but she met them in a brief moment of asseveration.

"I wanted you to know," she went on desperately. "I've always wanted you to know that I—I didn't mean to desert you."

"It doesn't matter now," he said kindly.

"I bear you no ill will. I've told you that. My sin was, I think, greater than yours."

"No, no," she said quickly with a light flirt of her fingers. "I can't have you saying that. I've never blamed you. Never. Believe me, please."

"That doesn't prevent me from blaming myself," he said.

She hid her head in her hands for a moment of silence.

"I suffered then, Steve. I was ill—dreadfully ill for a long time. I can't—I mean I oughtn't to tell you this—but—but I think you ought to know that I—I suffered mental, physical tortures because of you."

She stopped and buried her face in her hands. Her fingers pressed her temples nervously. He made no reply; he had nothing to say. This confession was beyond the range of his experience.

"A terrible situation!" he heard her gasp. "Of course I understand why you are going away so suddenly. Anyone can see how things are with you and Joan."

"Please—don't—"

"Oh, I must speak of it. There's nothing else for you to do of course. I see that. I understand your feelings, and I—I honor you for them. But it's very difficult for you and for Joan—the more difficult for her when one considers the way she thinks—"

She paused for her effect. He had a sense of drama of her creation; he was aware that she had gained her purpose. He was curious as to her meaning.

"Will you explain?" he asked quietly.

She glanced at a mermaid upon the wall as though seeking inspiration to find the words that she needed, then glanced at another, live glances from an active intelligence.

"I mean—er—an abomination born of her own cruel experience. She could have nothing but hatred for you if she knew the truth about you—and me!"

He straightened, staring at her. She met his look with a level gaze that flickered very slightly.

Joan's bitter experience! A question flashed into his mind, but he did not utter it. He could not ask such a question about Joan of Polly. He bent his head, then gazed at her again.

"Yes, I understand that," he said slowly. The woman baffled him. He spoke mechanically, as though with a sense that it was better to say something than to sit in silence. Whatever her purpose in this conversation, she had done him the service of confirming his decision.

"Oh, it is too bad that I should come to life at such a time!" she said with a plaintive gesture. "I'm always unlucky. I'm always doing just the wrong thing. It's been my destiny—to be unhappy—to make others unhappy. But it's better for you to know all this now—than later—"

"Yes. It is."

"And you'll try to—" She lowered her voice and swallowed uneasily. "You'll try to understand that I—I wasn't the sort of a girl you thought I was—that I—I *did* care for you, Steve?"

The plaintive accents passed over and beyond him. What he thought of most was that he wanted to smoke. But he just sat looking at her awkwardly, not finding words for a reply.

"What happened after was just disaster," she went on rapidly.



"Marriage with a man who was worthless—who treated me abominably and spent all I had—leaving me with nothing. That is why I had to come back to Joan." Her glances raced around the empty room, and then she bent her head into her hands upon the table. "Oh, God! I wish I had never been born!"

He hoped that she did not intend to weep. Her attitude was reminiscent of another moment—a piteous, pleading moment that had torn his will from his body. And so he sat inert.

"Oh, Steve, don't you pity me?" she gasped, raising her head abruptly.

"I do," he answered, "from the bottom of my heart."

She gave him just one look and rose, glancing at a small mirror and dabbing at her nose with a powder puff.

"I must go back now. Joan will be expecting me."

After a moment he put out his hand. "Good-by," he said.

She took it eagerly in both of hers.

"It mustn't be good-by. We can still be friends, can't we?"

"Yes, perhaps. But then, it might be better if we didn't meet."

His fingers relaxed, but she still held them, while she hovered uncertainly. "Oh," she murmured, "if I could only be sure that you understood!"

"I do, I think."

She looked up into his eyes, and then her lids fell slowly as she turned away.

"Oh, Steve!" she whispered. "Good-by—good-by!" She fled up the stairs and away from him.



She smiled a little. "Women come into every man's life, but—" "Please," he protested. "I would rather not discuss it."

IN her room Joan dressed for the morning with deliberate care. Last night after their reunion she had made a plan, for Jack's sake, that they should all three go out in a wheel-chair. Jack was full of delight at the prospect of a meeting with the big man from the West, and Joan shared his pleasure. She knew that in this she was within her rights. For in spite of her mental reservations as to Stephen's visit, she was glad of the opportunity to be with him again. Her fine plan to end the gossip by flying from it now seemed to have something in common with the fixed idea of the ostrich with his head in the sand. She knew that if she had been true to her first convictions, arrived at in a moment of stress, she would have sent him away last night and refused to see him again. But she had not had the courage or the will. So she had recourse to sophistry. It would have been unkind of her to send him away after their last interview, in which her cruelty had merely been the measure of her tenderness. But he did not know that. She did not wish him to know.

It was a recurrence of this weakness of last night that had

made this morning's chair-ride possible. She was not sorry now for what she had done. It did not seem to matter—nothing seemed to matter but the fine day of blue and gold that awaited them outside, a day meant only for happiness. She smiled as she put on her hat.

There was a knock upon the door, and the governess answered it, bringing her a note. Slightly disturbed, she opened it and read, then sank upon the arm of the chair, looking out of the window.

It was thus that Polly found her. She came into the room quietly—so quietly that Joan was not even aware of her. There was a torn envelope upon the floor, and a paper that Joan rolled slowly in her fingers. Polly smiled like a child in possession of a secret, then came forward carelessly into the room.

"Hello, Joan. I'm back," she said lightly.

"Oh—Polly!" Joan bent, picked up the torn envelope and then straightened. "It must be very lovely out," she said colorlessly.

"Yes, lovely!" And then: "You seem rather depressed." Polly turned toward the door of her room with a light laugh. "It isn't because Mr. Edwards has gone, is it?"

Joan turned, her look questioning.

"I saw him downstairs and he said he'd had a telegram calling him to Washington. It's too bad, isn't it? He seems such an agreeable fellow, and so devoted to you."

"Oh, what's the use, Polly!" said Joan angrily. She felt somehow the taunt beneath Polly's light phrases.

Polly only laughed again.

"I always thought you'd fall hard when you *did* fall," she ventured.

To Joan it was the old, provoking mood of Polly's, its effect heightened by the situation in which Joan found herself. Polly was a little on her nerves lately. At the door she turned.

"I'll thank you, Polly," she said with asperity, "to mind your own business."

The door closed behind her. Polly looked at it for a moment, then smiled thoughtfully and went into her own room.

Chapter Twenty-six

BEATRICE DE SELIGNAC sat before her breakfast tray Wednesday morning reading a letter from Joan.

"Dearest Beatrice:

"Of course you know how angry I am at your betrayal of my confidence in telling Stephen Edwards where I had gone. If any other woman had taken such a liberty, I should never have spoken to her again. But of course I can't be angry with you. And after all, no great damage has been done. The morning after he reached here, Mr. Edwards left a note saying that he was recalled to Washington. I thought it rather curious that he should have sent me a note instead of calling me on the phone and explaining more fully. I rather thought he owed me that after coming all the way to see me, and Jack was terribly disappointed because he had expected to see him. I don't seem to be able to understand—not so much *why* he went, as the *way* he went. It wasn't like him.

"Has anything gone wrong with his affairs in Washington? He had an abstracted air, and looked very worried and tired. I wonder if you could find out anything from him. I can't conceive of anything that happened here that would make him change his mind about staying over until Monday as he planned. But why did he come if he had to go away? Because I was very nice to him, Bee. How could I be anything else when he has always been so kind? And after all, down here the old talk as well as the new seems very far away.

"My plans are unchanged. Polly is with me here. I forgot to tell you of her sudden arrival from the West. Poor Polly! Everything has gone smash with her—she had nowhere to go, and so I have taken her in, for the present. I don't think you'd know her, Bee. She's changed so.

"Wednesday is the day the Verde River Bill comes up in the House. I do wish Mr. Edwards all success. If you should see him, you might tell him so for me. Do write me soon, Bee dear. I miss you terribly.

"As ever, devotedly,

"Joan."

Beatrice smiled as she put the letter down, for she had known for weeks that Joan cared deeply for the man from the West. Beatrice took great pride in her knowledge of human nature, and she had hoped that her betrayal of (Continued on page 158)

By
Walter
Prichard
Eaton



"I've got it!" cried Charley. "You call up your husband while he's in the shower. He has to come out in a towel."

Illustrated
by
G. C. Widney

A Grand Passion

Walter Prichard Eaton, writing from his Berkshire Hills home, says he nurses a poignant fear about this story—namely, that the delightful lady of the theater who is its heroine may read it and recognize herself. "If she should," he says, "I could never persuade her to appear in a play of mine again." For, as has been said, besides being a story-writer and dramatist, Mr. Eaton is also a golfer.

THE passions that can lead men to their destruction are not many. Most of our passions give way when confronted by self-interest. Love of country, loyalty to a cause, to one's faith or principles, these can be noble passions that make a man forget himself. Love of a woman is perhaps sometimes less noble, but more interesting to a dramatist. At any rate, Shakespeare put Antony in a play, but ignored the Christian martyrs. It remained for G. B. Shaw to put them on the stage. It is the purpose of this story to add one more to the passions of men which are profound enough to overthrow judgment and self-interest, to assume that overwhelming primal force which obliterates opposition and becomes heroic, becomes a "grand passion." Were this not the twentieth century, we should probably feel called upon to tell this story in blank verse.

To some readers, it may appear an incredible story, but only to those readers who do not play golf. Yet it is absolutely the

literal truth, no more, no less. Should we tell a little less than the truth, in fact, we might achieve a more convincing tale. It is one of the superstitions of the ignorant that it is necessary to exaggerate in order to achieve a good story. Quite the opposite is generally the case. Nothing is so improbable as the truth. Nature is constantly exaggerating far beyond the imagination of timid man. Understate the truth, and you will generally come nearer to the capacities of your audience for comprehension. However, we shall not make any concessions. We intend to set this tale down exactly as it occurred. Our object being, as it were, scientific, to record the working of a new "grand passion" in the world, we must pursue an accurate and scientific method, even at the risk of unbelief. Once Copernicus and Newton were not believed.

Besides, our two heroes were newspaper reporters, and everybody knows that a newspaper reporter never tells more than the

truth, and never tells less than the truth, either (unless the truth is obnoxious to the proprietor of his paper). It would not do to tamper with the facts in writing about two newspaper reporters.

They were rather young reporters, though not cubs, and they were rather nice reporters—meaning they were attractive young men. Their reportorial ability does not concern us here. We will only say in passing, that Charley Damon excelled in his accounts of murder trials, and Wallace Erskine added to his space-bill by securing interviews with actors and actresses for the Sunday dramatic page, and the actors and actresses always approved of these interviews highly, though very often they couldn't recall having said anything Wallace attributed to them. However, what he said they said was always sprightly and unobtrusively learned and in excellent taste. Once in a great while a very exceptional player would confess that he wished he *could* have said it. Of course, if an interviewer makes a man say what he wishes he could have said, that is not exaggerating, is it? That is getting profoundly at the real truth. Possibly Wallace didn't realize this. He may have believed he was cleverly finding a way to express his own ideas on the theater without coming into conflict with the dramatic critic of the paper, an elderly gentleman who disapproved of Wallace almost as much as he approved of the tomb of William Shakespeare. But such questions do not concern us, and delay the story.

Wallace and Charley roomed together. They roomed on Washington Square. But, dear reader, do not leap to conclusions and abandon this narrative forthwith. They were in Greenwich Village, but not of it. Many respectable and normal folk live in the neighborhood of Washington Square. It is a delightful neighborhood—that is, so far as any New York neighborhood can be delightful. We lived on Washington Square ourselves once. In fact, we lived directly across the hall from Wallace and Charley, and that is how we are able to tell this story. We have often

have a big, comfortable waiter bring me a big, comfortable pot of their absolutely orthodox coffee."

That's the sort of Bohemians Wallace and Charley were. I might add that they smoked pipes, not cigarettes (or even cigars when they could afford it), and to crown their claim to absolute bourgeois respectability, they both played golf, and played it well. They belonged to the Wikanoy Country Club, and when one or the other of them occasionally sent word to the office that he was sick and couldn't come to work that day, the city editor would ask him on the following day what his score was. No, this is not to be a tale of Greenwich Village. The "grand passion" we shall chronicle is not a passion for batique smocks, or to design scenery for the Provincetown Players, or to be seen with Max Eastman in the café of the Brevoort. The passion that wrecked the careers of Wallace and Charley was something far grander, more overwhelming than any of these. It was the passion that begins to surge over you when you step upon a well-trimmed tee, and see before you a well-trapped fairway, and far off, a close-cropped green. It was the passion of golf.

And this is how the catastrophe came about. Wallace and Charley were both ambitious to become playwrights. Of course, there is nothing unusual in that. Everybody in the U. S. A. is ambitious to become a playwright, or at the very least a movie-wright. What was unusual in the case of Wallace and Charley was that they had a good chance of succeeding. When you consider that there are one hundred and ten million men, women and children in the U. S. A. ambitious to be playwrights, while only about two hundred native plays a year get produced, you can reckon out for yourself just how unusual was the case of Wallace and Charley. Their ambition was to create their plays in collaboration, and to become known in the same relation as Kaufmann and Connelly—or Beaumont and Fletcher. Charley, from his experience in the criminal courts, could, he declared, contribute a knowledge of life in which Wallace was somewhat lacking. On



"He looks funny," said Laura, just as Wallace swung. He turned upon her and glared.

heard them declaim against the Greenwich Village idea of Bohemia.

"Bohemia," said Charley, once, "is a place where you can live as you like; that's all. Greenwich Village tries to compel you to live just one way—a damned dirty, uncomfortable way, too. Not for me!"

"My idea of a real Bohemian meal, for instance," Wallace added, "is to go up to the old Waldorf for breakfast, where I never see a soul I know to bother me, and sit down at a table with a big white cloth and

the other hand, Wallace, thanks to his amiable associations with the player-folk, was presumed to have absorbed technique, and at any rate (what was most important of all) to have acquired a means of approach to the theater portals. As the charwoman said in a Barrie play, anybody can paint a picture, but it's a smart artist who can buy a frame. Anybody can write a play, but the real dramatist is the one who can persuade somebody to produce it.

So many a morning, at one or two o'clock, Charley and Wallace returned from work to their apartment overlooking Washington Square, each armed with a few pieces of broken boxes picked up from the rubbish set out for the garbage collector along the streets; they lighted this wood in their fireplace, and sitting before the cheerful blaze, worked over the scenes of their dramas till sleep overtook them. The fact that as yet they had not sold a play to an actor or manager was not entirely due to lack of appreciation on the part of the managers or actors. Nor was it entirely due to the critical fastidiousness of the two authors, making them loath to submit imperfect work. It was chiefly due to the fact that they had not got around, so far, to putting any

of their plays on paper. They found play-composition a fascinating and comparatively easy occupation, when practiced by means of oral repartee before an open fire of broken grapefruit crates, but rather an arduous and confining occupation when it came to the point of writing the dialogue down. Besides, the only time they had really to write, when they were fresh for the task, was on their weekly day off. And, of course, on that day they simply had to go out to Wikanoy and play golf.

HOW, then, perhaps you are wondering, are we justified in the statement that they had an opportunity of having a play produced? Plays aren't produced from talks before an open fire. They are produced from a typed manuscript, invariably bound in a blue cover, and with the stage directions in red ink. True. Nevertheless, we reaffirm our statement. Wallace and Charley really hadn't written out any of their plays, because they hadn't been given the spur; like all newspaper men (and some others) they could work twenty-four hours a day if they had to, and not at all if they didn't have to. Let some actor or manager actually say to them, "Boys, that's a great idea. Write it out, and I'll produce it," and they would have flown to the task. Being newspaper reporters, they would have been gullible enough to believe that a theatrical manager will do what in an expansive moment he says he will. And being clever young men, full of good ideas and brisk talk, they would actually have stood an excellent chance of turning out something which could have been produced as it was written, and been praised by Alexander Woolcott and Heywood Brown, or handed over to G. M. Cohan and converted into a knock-out. All they needed was the spur.

The spur took an attractive form, an exceedingly attractive form. It was the form of Laura LeGalliard—whose real name was Ada Butters, but we blush at our ungallantry in disclosing the fact. Laura LeGalliard was just then coming into her fame. Large week-end parties from Yale attended whatever play she was in. New York schoolgirls affected her accent, her method of doing her hair, her walk. The critics, too, were enthusiastic. She not only had youth and beauty (something to which even critics are susceptible), but she had technique (to which critics alone are supposed to be susceptible), she could act, and she could act especially well in satirical comedy. She could be whimsical, sly and devastatingly ironic. She could be all these things off stage, as well.

When Wallace got himself assigned to interview her, he rather anticipated a pleasant hour. But he was quite unprepared for what actually occurred. He was bowled over. He realized immediately that for once he wouldn't put in his interview what the player really said, not because it wasn't worth printing, but because it was too good. Nobody would believe it. It would sound like a page of clever fiction. Besides, to use it, he would have to work it up like fiction. It had no particular point for an interview. And why do that for a measly eight dollars a column, in a newspaper? Why not use it in something better?

"Of course, you understand I sha'n't print a word of what you're saying," he remarked. "It hasn't any particular connection with the uplift of the drama, anyhow, and it's too good for a Sunday page."

"Of course, I didn't expect you would," she replied. "Aren't you an interviewer? Do you want me to say something you *can* print?"

"Good heavens, no!" cried Wallace. "I'm having a lovely time. Please imitate Belasco some more."

She shook her head. "No, you must ask me who my favorite authors are, and what my favorite sports are. You are quite too irresponsible, not to say radical. I insist on a proper interview before you go, and if you misquote me, I shall write an indignant letter to the editor."

"But I wasn't going yet."

Laura smiled. "I rather like you—you're so fresh," she said. "Who are my favorite authors? Well, Shakespeare first, of course. I study him in all my leisure moments. I hope some day to appear as *Lady Macbeth*. My next favorite is Epictetus—"

"What did he write?"

"God knows," said Laura. "As for sports, I favor skating and golf."

"Golf!" Wallace sat up straight in his chair, his face serious at once. "Do you mean that—golf?" he cried.

"Good Lord! Are you one of 'em too?" the actress sighed. "What is it about golf that steals away men's brains, as my favorite author puts it?"

"I kind of hoped you meant that—about playing golf," Wallace answered sheepishly. "I'd like to take you out to our club."

"You're a nice boy," she smiled, and her smile could always set anything right. "The nearest I ever got to playing was in California. But let me tell you about the skating first. That was in Montreal. Babies are born with skates on in Montreal. A very kind lady there thought she'd do me a good turn. She said there was a terribly nice and terribly rich bachelor in town, who wanted to meet me, and I was to come with her to a certain skating club—the whole place is full of skating clubs—and meet him.

"You and he will look just lovely waltzing together," she declared.

"You mean waltzing on skates?" I asked.

"Of course," she answered.

"Oh, naturally!" I said.

"You *do* skate, of course, don't you?" she asked.

"I guess so," said I.

"So she took me out to a shop, a terribly English shop, and I spent \$111.85 for skates and shoes and Angora mufflers and sport stockings and God knows what all, and we went to this club, and I put the skates on, and she said, 'There he is!' and pointed to a perfectly gorgeous guy who was spinning around the rink on one toe and shaking day-day's with what somebody called the unemployed leg. So I stood up and wobbled out a ways on the ice, and felt as if my feet didn't belong to me and I ought to be introduced to them first, and she brought this elegant creature up and presented him.

"Shall we skate?" he asked.

"Have you a haughty spirit?" I answered. But he was English, I guess, and didn't get it, so I had to add: "A haughty spirit goeth before a fall, you know." And he reared his patrician head and said, "I've never fallen with a lady yet!" And I was about to make a clever retort (you know, that was a pretty tempting chance) when one of my feet took matters into its own hands, as it were, and started off somewhere, and he was in its line of march, and he went one way, and I went the other way. When they picked me up, he had vanished. I've never seen him since. So I'm still single, and still poor. I gave the skates to the chambermaid at the hotel. I think she was on a hockey team, or something."

"And you are equally expert at golf?" asked Wallace.

"Not quite. In California last summer all the company were playing, so they told me I ought to. I said I was afraid I'd talk about it if I did, but they said even that would be an improvement on my current line, so I bought a set of sticks in a bag. Before I got out to the links, however, I saw some canned pâté de fois gras which I wanted, so I gave the sticks to the storekeeper, and took a dozen tins of the pâté home in the bag. They just fitted. I've got that bag yet some place. I've never seen a golf-game. Is it as funny as it sounds?"

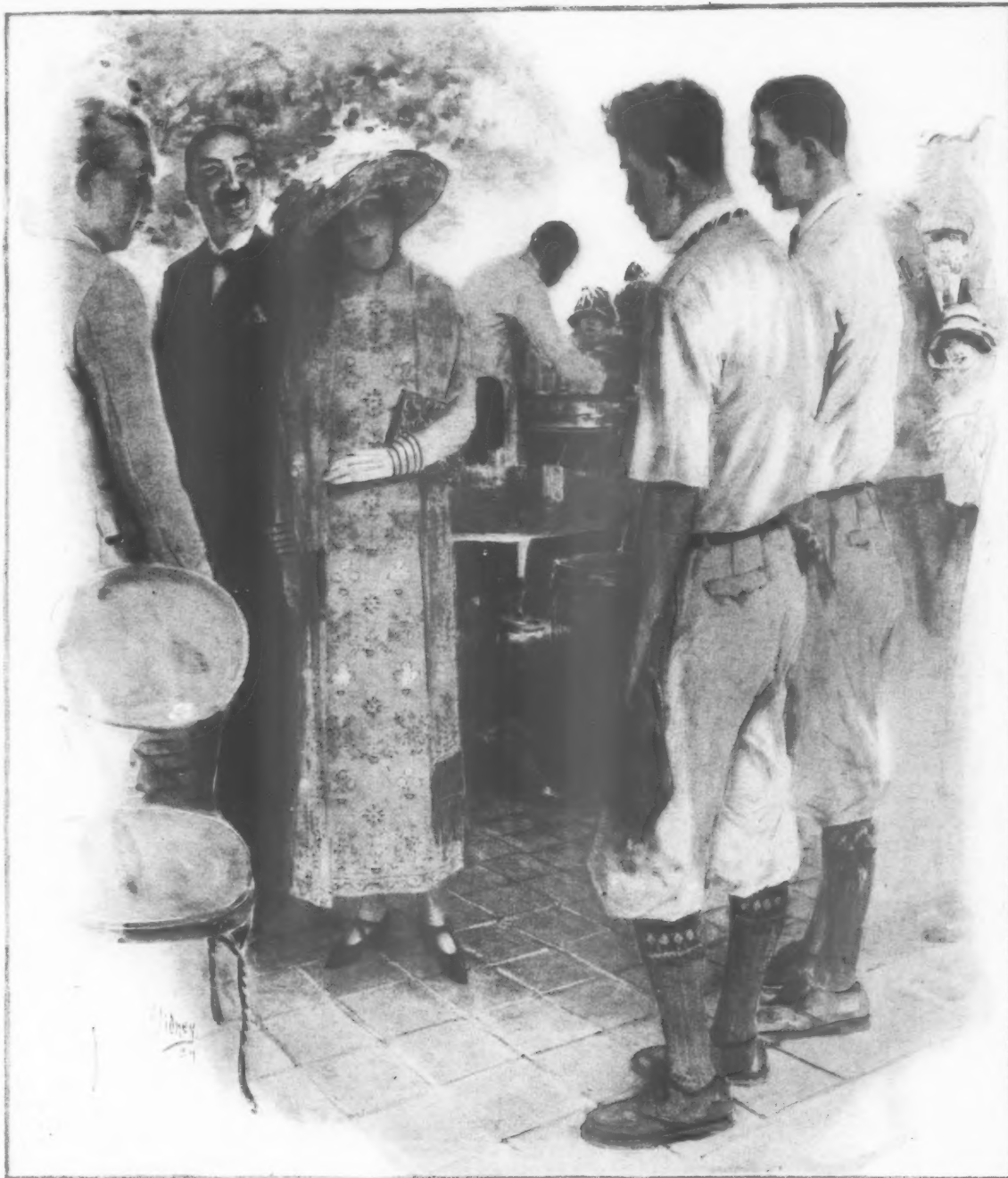
WALLACE did not reply at once. The actress looked at him in surprise. His face was transfixed with vision. He was staring at her, but through and beyond her. He had caught the hem of the garment of a Great Idea, and was pulling hard to hold it.

"My God," she cried, "you look like a man just getting the plot of a play!"

"I am!" said he. "I am! I've got it, too—oh, just vaguely, roughly yet. But it'll come. Charley and I'll start tonight. Listen—it's great! It's for you, of course. It's about golf, too. *Everybody* plays golf, but there's never been a golf play." This isn't only a golf play, of course, but it starts in a club locker-room—see?—with all the men gassing about their game, and nobody listening to anybody else, unless he has hooch in his locker, and all that—it's brand new comedy stuff, and believe me, it's good for a hundred laughs—"

"But you can't put me into the locker-room—I'm not acting for Al Woods."

"Wait a minute—there are two scenes in Act I, second on the veranda—no, hold on! This is called 'The Golf Widow'—that's a dandy title—'The Golf Widow!' Scene One is the *Golf Widow* at home; Scene Two, the husband in the locker-room. It's a satire on the plays where the husband deserts his wife for business, and she takes on a lounge lizard or a Polish pianist, and then the husband wakes up and shows her who the real he-man is. That's it! Only you follow husband to the links, and take on the golf professional—see? He's an ex-caddy, or something, and makes thirty-five thousand dollars a year, and wears swell clothes, and can trim the pants off friend husband—and when hubby tries to show him up, you stand off and laugh yourself sick—oh, I haven't got it clear yet, but the stuff is there—the stuff is there!"



"Lacking your attention, and finding the mosquitoes insufficient solace," she said. "I came back to the clubhouse, where I met a friend."

"No, I don't think you've got it quite clear yet," Laura Le-Galliard agreed. "But if you'll clarify it—is that the correct word?—and bring me the results, I'd love to look 'em over. Besides, that way I'd see you again, wouldn't I?"

She smiled upon him, and held out her hand. Poor Wallace, already excited by his Great Idea, was completely overcome by her smile and her hand, laid in his. He held it hard; he stammered; he retreated from her presence like one under a spell.

"The Golf Widow," said Laura to herself when he had gone. "It really isn't a bad title—and he's a nice boy."

Wallace rushed back to the office and started on his interview. He decided he would try to put into it something of her actual conversational style, to reproduce her tart charm rather than set forth a lot of stale, secondhand ideas about the playhouse. He was rather pleased with the result. The dramatic department was pleased also. Finally, Laura herself was evidently pleased.

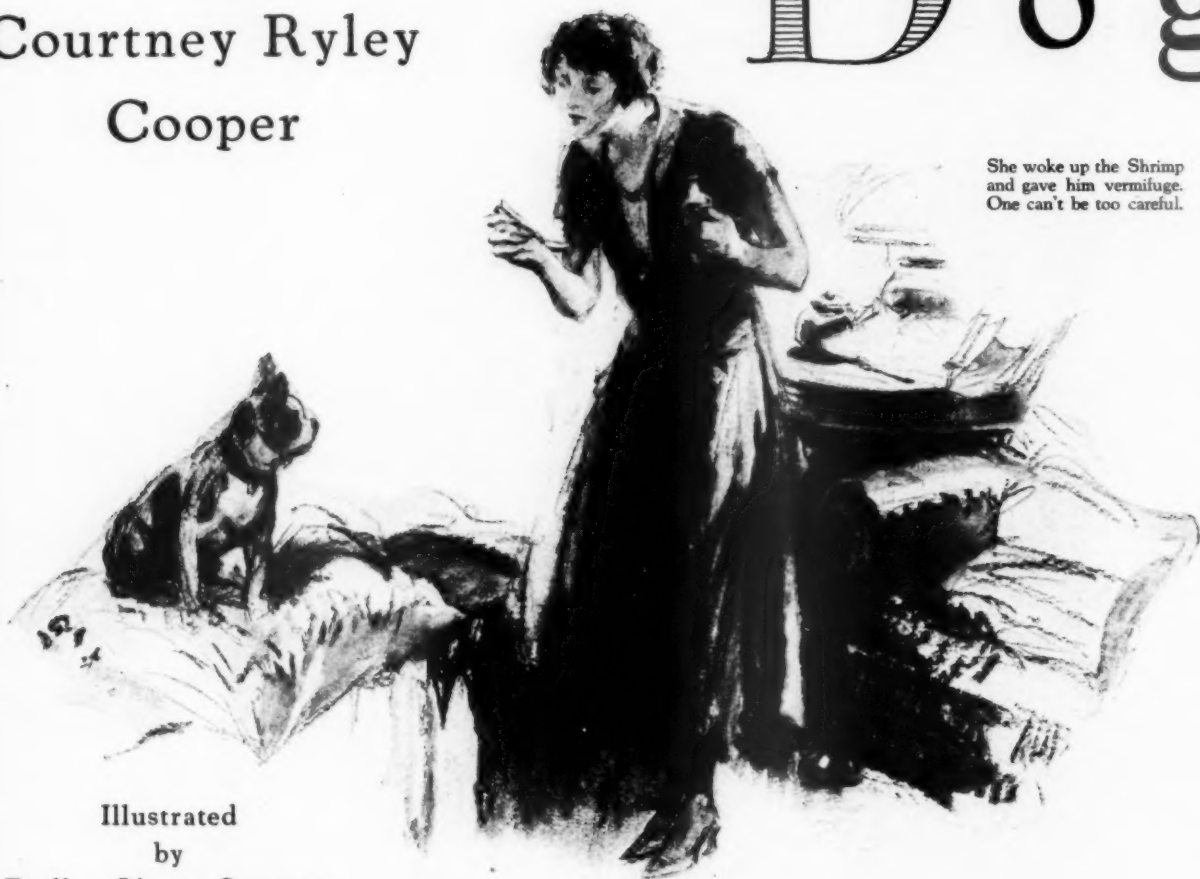
At any rate, on Monday morning he found a note in the mailbox. "How clever and charming I am! How is my golf widowhood progressing?" That was all. It was written with a quill, in a free, bold hand, and there wasn't room for any more on the correspondence card. It's a strange thing, but you can almost always estimate the success of an actress by the size of her handwriting.

"The Golf Widow," as a matter of fact, was progressing. Charley, too, was captivated by the idea. The next Wednesday, Wallace took him to the stage entrance after the matinee, and introduced him to Laura. The three of them dined together. Charley was captivated by the actress. In her presence, under the spell of her anecdotes, ideas for dialogue, for bits of comic business, for satiric jabs, came to both men thick and fast. They took notes on the backs of envelopes, or the menu-card. Being real reporters, of course, they had no notebooks, and had to borrow a pencil from the waiter. (Continued on page 154)

By
Courtney Ryley
Cooper

D O g

She woke up the Shrimp
and gave him vermifuge.
One can't be too careful.



Illustrated
by
Dudley Gloyne Summers

Going to the circus with Ryley Cooper is great fun. He was for years a circus man, and the guild of "blues" and sawdust all know him. He holds veritable receptions from the dressing-tent down to the corral of the "led stock," and tells you all you've always wanted to know about circuses—the secrets of the trade. And he knows dogs, too, as these tales of the Shrimp so thoroughly prove.

LIFE was anything but good for that dog personage known to the Middle West as the open champion Boston bull of the entire State of Missouri. Indeed, life was boresome in the extreme—full of ennui, of baths and manicures and condition pills, of coat renewer, perfume and inaction. No more glorious sallies for him down the alley to the box of bones behind the Bon Ton Butcher Shop. No more wild scurries after Charley Hancock's black cat, next door, with perhaps the marvelous possibility of a forage upon its unfinished plate of salmon in the coal-shed. No more exchanges of dirty digs in the shape of contemptuous canine repartee in passing the house of the irascible Mr. Mason and his yellow cur Tige, down by the post office. Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I, alias Toodles, alias His Majesty the Shrimp, was living the horrible life of a true dog aristocrat, and he didn't have a friend in the world—

Not even young Mr. Theodore Bainbridge, superintendent of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company of Kenwood, and originator

of that name and slogan which was steadily making the Tri-State's product known throughout the Middle West, "Eight-horse Glue, a Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip"—for which incidentally, the Shrimp had been the inspiration, just as he had formed the mainspring of nearly everything else in the progress of Mr. Bainbridge. Not that Mr. Bainbridge was ungrateful. His Majesty was simply beyond his aid. The St. Louis Annual Dog-show was only three weeks off.

This accounted for the fact that His Majesty sat hunched upon his silken pillow in the living-room of Margaret Lannington's home, his usually sharp-pointed ears drooping, his head low and his shoulders high, a study in dejection. Even the arrival of Theodore, a few moments before, stopping in on the way home from the office, had caused no more interest than a stirring, a mournful yawn, accompanied by a yowling noise from deep in the Shrimp's throat, then heavier gloom than ever—of which Theodore took notice.

g n a p e d

"You don't suppose he could be sick, do you?" he asked of Margaret, who was attempting to conceal a certain air of excitement in an elaborate comparison of the merits of an Irish crochet or a fillet collar and cuff set. After he had repeated the question, she looked up.

"No. He's just sulking. I had to give him another bath. He deliberately went out into the back yard and rolled in the ashes!"

Theodore sighed—and turned to the object of his visit:

"I've been thinking it over, Margaret," he said, "and I believe we ought to rent a little place for a year or so after we're married. Now, of course, a house—"

It was here that he halted, attracted by that excited gleam in the eyes of Margaret Lannington. The rival collar and cuff sets had been laid aside.



"And I've been thinking, Theodore," she announced with that air which only a woman proclaiming a great discovery can summon. "that we'll have exactly what we want—the Morrell house."

"The Morrell house?" He gasped it. "Did you say the Morrell house?"

"Yes, Theodore. I said the Morrell house. It's for sale."

"Why—I—of course it's for sale. We looked at it." He reached in scrambling fashion for a cigar, then puffed hurriedly, with no knowledge whatever of the fact that he had forgotten to strike a match. The Morrell house was one of those affairs which set far back on a broad lawn, with a Colonial veranda, a summerhouse in the yard, and a fountain, to say nothing of twelve rooms. "Have you any idea, Margaret," he said in a shocked tone, "just what it would take to buy that place?"

"Oh, yes." She lifted her chin. "I've looked into the whole matter. That's why we're going to buy."

It was more than any man could stand. Theodore asserted his authority.

"Now, see here: let's be sensible about this thing. I make three hundred and fifty dollars

a month. You have fifty dollars a month income. That's four hundred. When we talked getting married, we agreed, that according to the most scientific basis, one should not spend more than one-half of his income on investment. Do you happen to know just what the buying time is on a piece of property?"

Before answering, Margaret, in a sudden burst of affection, hurried for the fly-swatter to annihilate a stray visitor that was annoying the Shrimp, now in the throes of a dog-dream. The carnage completed, she stood a moment, sweetly thoughtful, the swatter at rest on one shoulder.

"Of course you mean, Theo, the length of time you have to pay for a thing? Of course I do. Five years."

"Exactly!" Young Mr. Bainbridge clapped his hands excitedly. "Five years! And they want twenty-two thousand five hundred for the Morrell house!"

"Nothing of the kind! They want seventeen five."

"Since when?"

"Since I talked to them."

"All right. Seventeen five, then. Why, Margaret, that's insanity! We can't buy that Morrell house! We'd never be able to stand up under the load! Just think it over: All in the world we could scrape

"You mean, Theo, the length of time you have to pay for a thing? Of course I do. Five years."

up for a first payment would be twenty-five hundred—my two thousand, and that five hundred you've got. That would leave fifteen thousand. To pay that off in five years, we'd have to be putting two hundred and fifty dollars a month on the principal. Then there's the interest. Do you know what the interest for just one year is on fifteen thousand dollars? Do you even

begin to know," he asked dramatically, "what that interest would amount to?"

Margaret believed she did, and counted on her fingers.

"Well, at seven per cent it would be a thousand and fifty dollars for the first year."

"Then"—he fished spasmodically for a pencil and dropped his cigar—"just add that to the principal!" Following which, he did it and held the result off at arm's-length.

"Over four thousand a year!" he announced tragically. "Three hundred and thirty-seven dollars and a half a month! Leaving us sixty-two dollars and fifty cents for lights, fuel, sickness—"

"Food and amusement," supplied Margaret. Then suddenly she dropped the fly-swatter and came forward, to kiss the wrinkles from his brow.

"There, dear boy," she said, "please don't take it so hard! It isn't that bad at all." She knelt and snuggled beside him. "Now, Theodore! You know the Morrells need money. They've got that big house, that they don't want any more. It's worth every cent of twenty-two thousand five hundred. Everybody knows that."

"Ye—yes."

"Of course, a person might have a hard time getting rid of it at that price, but by lowering it a couple of thousand and making convenient terms, it might be done. Still, you know, Theodore, we've always said that when we bought a home, we bought it for life."

"We'd be paying for this one for the same length of time," came mournfully from the depths of the big chair. Margaret smiled again and snuggled closer.

"Now, Theo! Please give me a chance! I said the Morrells need money. They must have cash. By supplying that, we can get the place for five thousand dollars off. Just think of that, Theodore—they'll mark it down five thousand dollars!"

Young Mr. Bainbridge groaned. Margaret pretended not to hear.

"That brings it down to seventeen thousand five hundred, doesn't it? Now, the only way they'll sell at that figure is for a first payment down of seven thousand five hundred."

"But we haven't—"

"Please, Theo—wait! I know we haven't. But we've got that twenty-five hundred. So I've made an agreement with them—to take an option on the place for thirty days at twenty-five hundred, and then at the end of that time, pay them five thousand dollars more. Besides that, I've gotten them to agree to six per cent interest, so that the whole thing, even for the first year when the interest was highest, would only amount to about two hundred a month! Now,"—and she drew back triumphantly,— "what do you think of that?"

Mr. Bainbridge remained silent. Dollars were flying too fast for him to assimilate them. Margaret rescued the Irish crochet from the spot where it had dropped to the floor, tossed it to a chair, and snuggled again beside Theodore's knees, pausing for a moment to listen to the snoring of His Majesty, fast asleep on his silken pillow. Then:

"Theo, I'll go over it again—in case everything isn't clear. Now—"

But Mr. Bainbridge had shifted, suddenly. Somewhere in the fog of it all, he thought he had detected a flaw—to be fished for, scrambled after, and at last to be located. He straightened, suddenly a man of facts, of business acumen and keen judgment.

"Margaret," he declared, "you propose, as I understand it, to buy an option on this property for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Of course, Theodore."

"Very well, then! You propose in thirty days to take up this option with a payment of five thousand dollars, reducing the debt to ten thousand dollars, on which we'll pay only six per cent interest. Which is beautiful. You speak, incidentally, as though that money were to come

down from heaven. Now, will you please tell me where on earth it is going to float from?"

It should have floored Margaret Lannington. It should have left her wilted like a head of lettuce on a hot day. It did nothing of the kind. She merely smiled in a superior manner, and rose.

"Theodore," she said with proper humiliating sweetness, "I don't believe you have seen the evening paper?"

"No, I haven't."

"Then look!" She dived for the library table, seized the paper and turned the pages in triumphant haste. She found the item, looked at the headlines to be sure the thing she had read a dozen times was still there; then to make sure that he saw it too, she pressed a finger upon the headlines:

FIVE THOUSAND FOR BEST BOSTON
St. Louis Boston bull-fancier hangs up heavy purse
for champion in that class—Colonel
Leffingwell the donor.

"Read the text, Theodore," said Margaret. The dazed Mr. Bainbridge complied:

Notice was given this morning to the trustees of the 28th Annual St. Louis Dog-show, of the hanging up of one of the heaviest purses in history for the grand champion winner in the Boston Bulldog class, a capital prize of \$5,000 offered by Colonel J. B. Leffingwell of this city.

In making the announcement, Colonel Leffingwell explained that he believed a prize of this amount necessary to stimulate interest in Bostons, which are being overshadowed somewhat by the spectacular qualities of the German police dogs which are flooding this country—

It was at this point that Margaret interrupted. "Now, do you see?" she asked.

Theodore gasped.

"You mean the Shrimp?"

"Why, of course. There's the prize, and there's Toodles. The show comes off in three weeks. That will give us plenty of time to get the prize money and—"

"But suppose the Shrimp doesn't win?"

"Why, Theodore! He always has won, hasn't he?"

"Of course—but—this will bring in other dogs, and—"

"Humph!" Margaret straightened. "What happened two years ago when I took Toodles to New York?"

"Well—he won!"

"Then, if he won there, he won over everything in the country, didn't he?"

"I suppose he did." Theodore was struggling desperately. "But good Lord, Margaret. It's a gamble. Suppose some other dog should bob up?"

"What other dog?"

"Why—I don't know. But—" Young Mr. Bainbridge had gone suddenly gray with premonition. When the gambling instinct takes hold of a woman! "Those things are always so uncertain. Why—why—a hundred things could happen!"

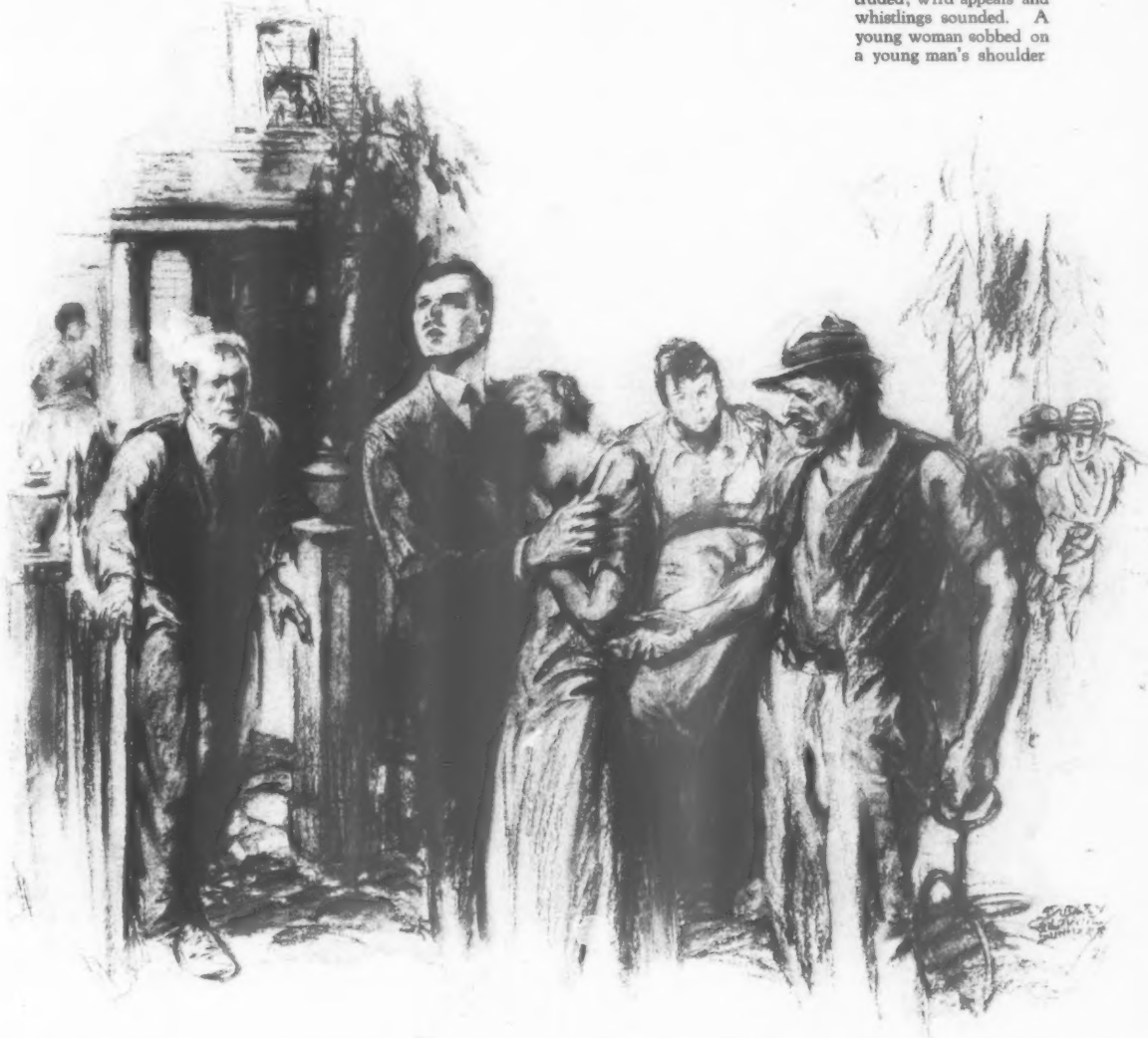
"Did they ever happen before?"

"No. But—"



"Lucy!" he shouted. "Get that mornin' paper an' look up them ads. I've found two hundred dollars!"

Doors opened; heads protruded; wild appeals and whistlings sounded. A young woman sobbed on a young man's shoulder



"Theodore!" The tone had suddenly become icy. "Have you lost faith in Toodles?"

It was the beginning of the end. Late that night—and how it all had happened, even young Mr. Bainbridge did not know—he sat in his room up the street, listening to the frogs chirping down in the pond by the railroad water-tank, listening without hearing. Everywhere before him were pages of paper. And figures! He wasn't quite sure, but he thought he had given his promise—or promised to promise, or something of the sort. His head ached. There was a dull pain in his eyes. The figures danced before him—and there was column after column to join in the ensemble. After a while he went to bed. Then he got up and made more figures. Following which he went to bed again—and got up once more.

The next morning, on the way to the office, he looked aside suddenly as he passed a large white and green house with a Colonial veranda, set back on a big lawn. That night, on the way home, he didn't turn away. Instead he gazed upon it with the fascination of a man looking inside a prison to see what his cell is going to be like. Mr. Theodore Bainbridge, swamped by argument, beaten at every turn, convinced of a lack of vision, of a lack of faith in the greatest dog in the world, of a total ignorance of the future of Kenwood, Missouri, and the values of real estate, had at last succumbed.

Still, he reflected as he slumped upon the side of his bed that night and held one shoe aloft for a moment before allowing it to thump to the floor, it was only the aggregate which worried

him. He really didn't owe all that money. He had just promised to owe it. Unless he took up that option, there wouldn't be anything more to it. Of course, that first payment would be lost, but— It was then that he got another thought.

"Oh, no!" he announced in a thick voice as he began a lumpy pacing, owing to the fact that he had forgotten to take off his other shoe, "it wont mean anything at all to lose that option money. Nothing at all! Just everything we've got! Everything I've got and everything she's got!" he added, as though that made it worse. Then he paced some more, then decided as suddenly to put it all out of his mind—to calm himself; there was no use becoming hysterical about it. He drew a chair under the light and reached for the paper. Five minutes later he threw the paper down, with the realization that he had been reading a kennel company's advertisement displaying the cold facts that of practically all dogs, a large percentage have worms which may become dangerous at any moment, a larger portion develop fits, still more are victims of indigestion, while distemper lurks in every draft, to carry off canines by the wagonload.

This was bad enough for young Mr. Bainbridge. But it was ten times worse for His Lordship Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I. Margaret Lannington was at that moment perusing the advertisement also. Whereupon she woke up the Shrimp and gave him a dose of vermifuge. One can't be too careful.

This marked the beginning of three deadly weeks for the Shrimp. He was doomed to an existence of routine, schedule and annoyances. All he did, it seemed, was eat and bathe and sleep.

Which was entirely different from what Mr. Theodore Bainbridge was doing! Something had happened to his appetite. When he bathed, he lost the soap, or found he'd forgotten the towels. As for sleep, it came only now and then. Mr. Bainbridge was thinking of other things—a tremendous ogre, for instance, in the shape of a white house with green trimmings, and a summerhouse in the yard. There even came the time when Mr. Theodore Bainbridge lost interest in Eight-horse Glue, a Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip. That was the day he heard the Rumor.

Gran'ma, out at the stables, currying the eight circus Percherons which were used to advertise the Tri-State product, was the one who delivered the message. Gran'ma had just heard it in St. Louis, while delivering a load of glue to the wholesalers. Of course there might not be anything to it—

MR. BAINBRIDGE was a half-block from the factory before he found he had forgotten his hat. He didn't return for it. He merely went on, his palms suddenly wet, and the second finger of each hand clicking against his thumbnail. At last he stood in the Lannington living-room, merely waiting, and quite unaware of the fact that the Shrimp was doing his best to give a bounding welcome, at last to settle to an impassioned licking of his hands. There came a voice from the doorway:

"Theo! Theo! Don't do that!"

"Do what?" Mr. Bainbridge turned blankly. Margaret Lannington swept forward, seized the wriggling Shrimp and with heightened chidings bore him to his silken pillow.

"Why, stand there, letting him lick your hands! There's liable to be anything in the world on them!"

"I guess I did forget to wash 'em," said Theodore gloomily. Then, forgetting the matter as suddenly as it had arisen: "I've just heard something!"

"About what? The house?"

"Well—in a way. About the show."

"Oh! They haven't changed the date?"

No, they hadn't done that. Mr. Bainbridge looked about the room. Then, "Sindler's got his dog in there!" he blurted.

Margaret paused in an examination of the Shrimp's toenails.

"Sindler? What of it? Who's he?"

"The fellow that won last year in New York, Gran'ma says."

"Oh! And that worries you? Humph!" Margaret tilted her chin. "Did you run all the way up here to tell me that?"

Mr. Bainbridge looked hurriedly over his shoulder, as if in fear of eavesdroppers. Then as quickly he leaned toward Margaret.

"They say he's a crook!" he reported in a low voice.

"Why how dare he?"

"Can't help it! That's what Gran'ma says—and Gran'ma's not a gossip. He gets things straight!"

"But I don't understand! How on earth can he be a crook in a dog-show?"

"That's just it!" Mr. Bainbridge imparted the news in a low, ominous tone. "Things happen to other dogs. A little piece of meat with something on it, or—"

"Poison?" she gasped.

"No, not that bad. Just something to make them sick, or raise their coats. They say that in the last show in New York there were two other dogs that could have won the prize if their eyes hadn't gone bad the day before!"

"Oh, Theo! And they think he did it?"

"I don't know. I'm just going on what Gran'ma told me. And it happened in two other shows where Sindler exhibited. Of course, there may not be anything to it. They never were able to prove it. But I just thought we'd better be careful."

"Careful?" Margaret clenched her hands. "Just you let me catch him doing anything to Toodles—even coming anywhere near him! I'll—I'll—"

But just then she hurried over to straighten the Shrimp's silken pillow, and forgot to mention just what she would do. As for Mr. Bainbridge, he gasped suddenly with the memory that he had been due twenty minutes before in the vice-president's office for a conference, and strode from the house. That afternoon another slice of gloom descended upon His Majesty the Shrimp. His usual half-hour in the back yard, between three and three-thirty, had been eliminated. A small boy had inadvertently thrown an empty paper bag over the back fence, and Margaret had seen it. With a villain like that Sindler loose! A new life began for the Shrimp from that moment.

In vain he stood at the window, his hind legs bowed, his white forefeet on the ledge, whining and begging at the sound of every

passing motorcar. This was no time for rides! In the first place, he might catch cold. Then again, suppose somebody should toss something into the car; and as Margaret told Mr. Bainbridge, Toodles simply wouldn't have any more gumption than to eat it! He took his exercise in the basement, and he ate only what Margaret Lannington prepared for him with her own hands. Nor did he appreciate it at all. It was mostly dog biscuit, and he hated 'em!

On the whole, His Majesty couldn't see but what he suddenly had bumped into a blamed rough life. It was nothing to him that there was to be a dog-show. He'd rather have a bone-show, or a cat-chasing contest, or something else worth while. For his part, he didn't want a bath once a month, let alone twice a day, as they had been coming lately. Dirt was better—good, dusty dirt that got under his coat, next to the skin, and tickled, allowing him to scratch for long moments, and then sit waving a hind paw in reflective fashion. He didn't want dog biscuit—simply didn't want 'em. Nor gruel mixed with chopped bran, nor any other of the half-dozen fool things he was being fed! Far better the excitement of a sally down the alley behind the Bon Ton Butcher Shop, just after the boy had come forth with the day's cuttings and dumped them there for the wagon to carry away. Far better a soup-bone with a few scrapings left on it, or a discarded sardine can, tossed away, down there where the chain-gang was digging a new sewer.

The Shrimp didn't know his coat and stand and appearance were being gambled right now against five thousand dollars. What's more, he didn't care. Money was nothing in his life. Five thousand bones—that would be something else again, as Gran'ma would say. But dollars!

The days passed into a week—a week of monotony, and whinnings, and naps on the silken pillow. Then another week, and most of the third, while each afternoon Margaret took His Lordship into the center of the living-room and practiced at showing him off before imaginary judges. Then, two days before the show, at dusk, there came the clumping sound of hurried steps on the veranda, and the figure of Mr. Bairbridge at the door. The Shrimp barked, then silenced at Margaret's chidings. Mr. Bainbridge came in—and again looked over his shoulder.

"Has anybody been around here?" he asked.

"Around? How?"

"Snooping. Gran'ma's just told me. Somebody's been coming into town from St. Louis every afternoon for three days now—asking questions about the Shrimp."

"About Toodles?" Margaret put a hand to her cheek, as though that would help. "What do you suppose—"

"I don't know—except to find out how he shows—how he wins out before these judges. It's a man. He asks all sorts of questions—what's that?"

He turned suddenly, at a sound from the rear. Margaret cocked her head and listened a moment. Then:

"That you, Tony?"

"Yes—a-mum!"

"It's Tony, the iceman. He's late." Then in a higher voice: "Be sure to close that gate when you go out, Tony!"

"Yes—a-mum!" The clattering of ice and the banging of heavy shoes on the kitchen floor followed. Margaret returned to her questioning.

"Did anybody get a description of him?"

"Yes—it sounded like Sindler. Of course, there's no law to keep him from asking questions. But I don't like him around. If anything should happen to the Shrimp now—"

"Oh, Theo! Don't say that!" There was a quaver in her voice. "I— Did you say something, Tony?"

The answer came in an excited screeching, and scraping of heavy shoes.

"De dogga, mum! De dogga!"

"The dog. What about the— Toodles!"

She had looked about when she said it. The silken pillow was bare, while from the region of the back yard came wild appeals on the part of Tony, then hasty clattering to the back door.

"De dogga, mum! De dogga—he run!"

IN the next five minutes there was only one being in the whole block which remained unaffected by the news. Doors opened; heads protruded; wild appeals and whistlings sounded up and down the maple-fringed sidewalk. Tony screeched. A young woman sobbed hysterically for a moment on a young man's shoulder, then hurried on to search again, hearing vaguely for the tenth time Tony's description of (Continued on page 112)

From the time Henry Holt was a little boy in Derbyshire, he has sought adventure. His quest has taken him all over the world. The seven seas know him as a before-the-mast man on many a creaking windjammer, and he is no less at home on the hurricane deck of a horse, in the Argentine or Australia. On one horse, Silverheels, he has ridden over six thousand miles.

A Son of Jezebel

By
Henry Holt

Illustrated
by
J. Henry

ALBERT HAWKINS was of the meek order. Undersized, and a born servitor, he was not destined to set the sea on fire. How he ever came to be steward of the steamer *Hatteras*, which pounded her weekly way between Boston and Philadelphia, is a puzzle. You would rather have expected him to remain in one obscure corner of his native London, always doing the next thing under his nose instead of wandering to adventure on strange shores.

Thrice Albert dusted invisible crumbs off the Captain's table. David Fenton, overlord of the *Hatteras*, recognized the symptom. Albert Hawkins wanted to say something.

"Uh-huh?" grunted the skipper, reaching for a toothpick.

"If you don't mind, sir, I want to miss a trip," said the steward deferentially.

"Miss a trip?" Captain Fenton had been mothered by Albert Hawkins for five years, and he didn't relish the idea of being delivered into strange hands, even temporarily. And yet something about the steward's manner held him. It was almost confidence.



"Wont you find that money, Joe? It's worse than death to tell the truth to you."

"Yes sir," Albert went on. "My son—"

"Your *what!*" The skipper held his toothpick in midair. "Didn't know you were married, Hawkins. Got a son, eh?"

"No sir. At least, I don't know—"

"What in heaven's name are you talking about?"

Albert, for the moment not even meek, forgot to dust more invisible crumbs away.

"I expect it'll be a son, sir," he said. "At least, I've 'oped so, all along."

The skipper suppressed the desire to laugh. "You see, sir," the steward went on, "it's never 'appened before, and it wont 'appen again. It's unique, as you might say."

"Parents always think their kids are miracles," growled the skipper.

Albert shook his head slowly. This was no hour for explaining to a mahogany-hued mariner the simple tragedy of his life. It had been pity—woefully misplaced pity—that led Albert Hawkins into marriage. Sarah Bessom had traveled a hard road before Albert, in his ingenuousness, made supreme sacrifice for her sake. There were wild pages of her life with which she dared sometimes taunted the little man, still wilder pages at which she dared not even hint. Heaven only knows what Albert Hawkins hoped to achieve by making her his wife. Perhaps, hidden in her soul, there was a touch of humanity which answered something within him, but this is merely guesswork, for Albert's life now contained two things only—serfdom on the *Hatteras* and the hope that his child might be a son. Sarah Bessom Hawkins had made it abundantly clear that, legal bonds and all moral ties notwithstanding, she was going to cast the dust of his humble house from

her shoes permanently at the first moment available after this little domestic incident was concluded. With colorful speech she consigned the prospective infant to the care of the seagoing cook-waiter whom she acknowledged to be its father. "And I hope you choke," had been one of her accompanying pleasantries.

"You see, sir," Albert explained to the Captain, "I 'aven't 'ad much of a chance, but 'e's going to 'ave one."

"Chance of what?" asked the skipper, cloaking amusement as he glanced at Albert's thin, frail form.

"My son's going to be a gentleman, sir," the steward said.

AGAIN Captain Fenton suspended operations with the tooth-pick. He was wondering just what interpretation Albert had for the word.

"You mean you're going to bring him up to loaf?"

The steward looked through and beyond the skipper.

"I've seen gentlemen I'd want 'im to be like," he said. "It's a bit 'ard for me to understand, because I'm not one meself. There's a lot 'e'll 'ave to find out for 'imself. It'll take time, o' course, but I've always thought if a man wants one thing, and wants it 'ard enough, an' don't bother about anything else, 'e'll get it if 'e keeps on trying. That's what I'm going to do with Joe. I'm going to call him Joe, if—"

The skipper had lived in a hard school; but he was as practical as a brass screw. Sentiment was the least of his weaknesses, and yet he felt vaguely sorry for the steward in his queer idealism.

"Teach 'im to hit hard, hit often, and keep honest, and he'll find his own level," he growled. "Anyway, what's bred in the bone'll come out in the flesh."

"It's because I don't want it to come out in the flesh that I'm going to see my son gets a square deal, sir," said the little steward pensively. "You wont mind if I miss this next trip, sir?"

"All right," the skipper agreed reluctantly. "But don't make a habit of it."

Who shall say that it was not the reward of continual supplication? The child Albert Hawkins hungered for was in due course named Joe, and by mere chance survived the stormy passage of extreme youth. While he lay on his baby back taking stock of this strange and wonderful world, the sea-green eyes of his mother were often bent upon him. Almost, she hated this replica of her little ocean-cook—almost. Something in her breast warmed, quickened at the touch of him. The faintest sound from him in the night stirred her as nothing else had ever stirred her. Yet she could stare down at him with masklike face. He was the last thing on earth she had desired, and the sea-green of his eyes, so palpably a part of her, filled her heart with illogical resentment. Had it been possible, without burdening herself, she would have stolen away with the child while her husband was aboard ship, merely to sear the father's soul. But her plans were fixed, unalterably; and babies with sea-green eyes whose tiny clutching fingers sent a quiver through one, had no part in those plans. Gayety was to be the keynote of her life's balance—gayety unbridled, with the check-rein of conscience loose, and whole-souled selfishness athirst for satisfaction. She was young yet; this son of an ocean waiter had come to her on her twenty-fifth birthday. Like a miser with gold in his coffers, she measured the time left. Still five years before she was thirty; and a woman of thirty, she had heard, was only just coming into her own.

SEARCHINGLY, in the mirror, she appraised her facial assets. Fool—fool that she had been! By experience, of course, one had to learn; even at twenty-five, experience had stamped her with its hoof-marks—this last experience more, perhaps, than all those orgies a few years ago which had brought her low, so low that she had come to heel when the little ship's cook whistled.

"Sarah," Albert Hawkins said after she packed her trunk, ready for freedom, "don't leave us. I know I aint much to talk about, an' I know you don't love me. But this kid's going to be a wonder. His father's nothing to be proud of, but some day you'll be proud of 'im."

Sarah's green eyes flashed dangerously.

"If he grows up like *me*," she spat out, "God help him! He'll need it, if he doesn't die laughing at you. And if he grows up like *you*, I hope I never set eyes on him again."

She stood for a minute looking down at the child, and then as her lips twitched, the eyes softened and her breathing quickened, a new, wonderful emotion swept over Albert Hawkins. His mouth opened foolishly. He wanted to laugh—or to cry.

Suddenly, swiftly, the woman swept him aside, thrust out her arms, clutched her son and held him fiercely to her breast, with

deep, passionate sobs. Presently as she grew more calm, Albert took a step nearer, awed.

"Sarah!" The name came from him in a brittle voice. He was trembling, and something inside him seemed to have been riven in twain. She ignored him: perhaps she had not heard.

"Sarah!" This time his thin hand rested lightly on her shoulder, and as she turned he saw in her eyes what he had never seen before.

"It's because he wont—because I wont let 'im grow up like you or me that you're going to be proud of him one day, Sarah." Albert was gentle now—infinite gentle. But habitual meekness had given place to that peculiar confidence which had once caught Captain Fenton's notice. "Let's look facts in the face, Sarah. You'd despise 'im if—if he was like me, wouldn't you? We don't want 'im like that, do we? And you—well, you've had a rough trip, Sarah." He paused for a few moments, thoughts hovering over that past of hers with which she had taunted him, and which he had striven always to obliterate. "It's the good in you and me that I want our boy to 'ave, Sarah. I don't know that I'm frightened of things, but I don't seem to 'ave the right kind of courage to fight the world. You're like a lion when you've got your back to the wall. Joe'll get all 'e needs of that from you. I want us to make a fine man of 'im—a gentleman."

Deliberately, Sarah turned once more to Albert Hawkins. The fierce storm at parting with her offspring no longer raged within her. The little steward looked into her eyes, and there he saw that which stupefied him. Those other generations of Bessoms had in one all-critical moment laid siege to her soul and taken triumphant possession.

"Gentleman—hell!" And thus Sarah left her man to his son, and the twain to their loneliness. Without fixed course she set out on a vast sea whose charts were vague—away from Philadelphia, away from sight and sound that might for one poignant moment bring memories jangling. Self, gayety, forgetfulness; these were to be the gods of Sarah Bessom this year, next year and for many a year following.

Eternally she played hide and seek with happiness, finding in the game neither happiness nor satisfaction. Adventure, to the heart, she sought a dozen times, by traveling west, south, east and north, to escape from the atmosphere of her own ego—always to find that the soul, heart and memories of Sarah Bessom traveled, like shadows, with her. And every time she came east, she drank the bitter-sweet cup of seeing her son—jerkily watched him grow from babyhood to boyhood, from boyhood to budding manhood.

A YOUTH of nineteen, tall, with black hair and curious sea-green eyes set in a face now dead white, sat almost quiver while the girl standing near talked. At first her words had come tentatively, tardily, until, finding sudden and wholly unexpected opposition, she poured forth bitterness.

"But Sophie," he protested, "I tell you you don't understand. The only real ambition my dad has in life is for me—"

"Joe," she interrupted, "I know what I'm talking about. I know. Maybe you think I'm saying this just to gain my own ends—to get *you*. Maybe I am. You're the man I love, and I'd endure—well, you wont understand, but I'd endure most anything for you. And I tell you straight, it doesn't make any difference what crazy notions your dad's got. You're what you *are*, and nobody can make you any different. I know you—I know you inside out. I know what you're thinking almost before you say it, sometimes. It's as if there were two of you, Joe—one that's kind and makes me want to thank God I'm alive, the other when you get with that Hennessy bunch playing cards and pool, and leaning back to enjoy yourself while your old dad works his fingers to the bone in that eating-place of his, so that you can put on pretty shirts and pick up college-boy ways and think yourself a regular fellow. I tell you, Joe, your dad's a better man than you are, any day, although he has nearly got two feet in the grave trying to keep you end up. He's a *worker*, and that's more than you are. You've got it in you to work and be a whirlwind—"

"When I get through college—"

"Why don't you cut out that stuff, Joe, and look under your nose? How long d'you suppose your dad's going to be able to keep this pace up? He's going *under*, I tell you, when you ought to be taking off your fine coat and washing dishes or cooking chowder or taking the money, or something. What d'you think you're fit for now? What d'you think you'll be fit for in another year or two except shooting craps? There's your father going to bits, and a fine business going to bits with him, just



Searchingly, in the mirror, she appraised her facial assets. Fool—fool that she had been!

because you can't be man enough to see things in a true light. Joe, I'd scrub and cook and clean for you, and be proud to do it, if—if you'd forget this fool nonsense and be the man the Almighty intended you for."

Joe stared at her oddly. In his heart he knew she was right, but he was young.

"Sophie—" He paused, wondering how she would react to the news. "Sophie, I've got to start for Frisco tomorrow."

The girl's imagination leaped—leaped too far.

"You're going to quit me?" she asked slowly. Fear rather than anger was written in her face.

Joe shook his head.

"I couldn't do that, ever. You know that, Sophie," he said. "When I come back, will you marry me?"

It was the first time he had put the thing clearly. She came over and placed her hands on his shoulders.

"You mean, Joe, that—that you'll do as I've been saying? That you'll start working, right away? Yes, honey boy, we could be married then. You *will* start, without any more fooling?"

"When I come back."

She looked up at him with quick apprehension. "When will that be?"

"Can't say exactly." Her eyes were filled with questioning. "You know my mother's in Frisco?"

The girl nodded. To her, Sarah Bessom Hawkins was somewhat cloaked in mystery. There was a hint of hesitation always in Joe's voice when he spoke of her, which was not frequently. Twice she had seen Mrs. Hawkins: Sophie remembered her as one remembers something vaguely sinister.

"She wants me to go to her," he explained. "Maybe she'll want me to stay awhile, because it's three years since I've seen her."

"Couldn't she come east?" Uncertain misgiving was beginning to trouble Sophie. It was three thousand solid miles to San Francisco.

"I've got to go to her. She wants me." His voice hardened a shade.

"Joe!" Sophie stood very still, cheeks ashen. "Tell me the truth. How long d'you mean to stay?"

There was the ruthlessness of Sarah Bessom's eyes in his as

he faced her. It was Sarah Bessom's curious steady stare, which might mean anything.

"I'm telling you the truth, Sophie: I don't know. Not long, anyhow. I want to come back as soon as I can, to marry you. I want that more than anything in the world. You know that's so, Sophie, don't you?"

And Sophie knew then that he was not determined to stay away: because she knew that whatever happened, Joe would never lie to her.

IN the days that followed, during the run to the coast, Joe Hawkins, sitting still hour after hour, began, for the first time, to get a glimpse of himself as he really was. Sophie was right. It was time for him to take his coat off and plan his life—his and hers. As the artist who steps back from his picture obtains a more accurate view of the whole canvas, Joe now began to see the pathos of his father's existence, slaving for a son whom he had set on a pedestal. The old man was growing a bit feeble, a bit more frail, these days. Obviously it would have to end sometime. He wondered whether he would have spent time and money on this journey had his mother not clearly hinted that her days were numbered.

And when he saw his mother, it was in a light of faded tawdry glory. The last three years had aged her, robbed her of something. Concerning death she seemed oddly callous. The material present was to her a much more vital matter than any hypothetical hereafter.

"I'd like you to stay here a month, if you will," she said to Joe. "In case—"

Joe didn't want to stay a month, but he understood. In some indefinable way he and his mother generally did understand things without unduly cloaking them in words.

"That'll suit me," he said. "How about money?" he added with a mental eye on her faded tinsel glory. "I mean I've got a few dollars I can spare if—if you like."

Later, Sarah Bessom's face twisted at the recollection, but now she shook her head with a half-smile. All had been grist that came to her mill, for many a long year, whatever the source, and the sources had been of infinite variety; but even under pressure she wasn't going to deprive him of a cent if she could help it. Besides, with care, if the fool doctor hadn't blundered, she had almost enough to get by on—to the end.

Now, when Joe had amused himself by shooting craps and playing cards with "that Hennessy bunch," it was not because Hennessy or Hennessy's kindred spirits drew him, but because cards held a rare and rich fascination for him. Joe had wonderful hands for cards. If, in the final balance-sheet, it was to be accounted to Sarah Bessom's ancestry that Joe sometimes chuckled at the ease with which he could acquire good dollars through calling upon the services of his sensitive fingers, it must stand to the credit of the blood from Albert Hawkins, galley-slave, that so far, Joe had never played the crooked game for sheer profit. On occasion, out of plain deviltry, or out of bravado, he had deliberately faked the cards for the sake of the queer satisfying thrill it gave him. Once, and once only, had he boldly and brazenly set out to clean up as much as he could, and that was frankly for vanity. There were five sitting in at the game, and of the quintet two, at least, were foreordained to long terms of imprisonment. Through steady sea-green eyes Joe measured their wits; for a moment he exulted at the idea of triumphing over them for their paper god; and in the end he magnanimously gave three of them their carfare home.

So Joe Hawkins, kicking his heels in San Francisco, with only a few hundred dollars in his possession, and acutely conscious that he had drained his father to excess, was balanced on a razor edge when he found himself playing poker and losing steadily to a prosperous Hibernian contractor, an Englishman looking for trouble with wads of money in his pocket, and a bright bird from the cattle country who didn't care what it cost him so long as he had a good time. Unwillingly, Joe parted with half of his worldly wealth before swift decision was made. The influence of the little sea-cook within him drowsed, closed both eyes, turned over and slumbered for a space, during which the bright bird from the cattle country paid for his fun, the Englishman found trouble, and the contractor grunted. Joe rose from the table over two thousand dollars richer. To him the money would be useful, but no two thousand dollars in the world could have bought for Joe the peculiar joyous glow that came with his triumph. He, Joe Hawkins, had done it, by merit of nothing save skill, under the noses of men who were sane, sober and held down workaday jobs. And up to a point they had even thought him the lamb being led to the slaughter.

The thrill of it lived with him for hours as he lay abed that night. He knew that somewhere at the back of his brain some such possibility as this had always existed, just as one dreams of a trip around the world or going to paradise. But it was *here*, now. He was drifting off to sleep with visions of stacks and stacks of thousand-dollar bills to lay at the feet of Sophie, when a sudden thought thrust sleep further into the background. It was more than likely that, unable to see things from his standpoint, she might still want him to take off his coat and help peel potatoes for his father, which would be ludicrous. Two thousand dollars in one night! And it was as easy as eating peanuts. He laughed softly, and presently fell asleep.

If at any time during the following weeks Joe peeped sidewise into his soul with one eye on the ethics of cheating at cards, the outward and visible disadvantages of burying his talent overwhelmed him. Money was pouring into his pocket. For the first time in his life he was learning the sensation—always delicious to the novice—of knowing he could buy anything he wanted within reason, and a good many things beyond reason. Also—and he was surprised at this—it gave him singular happiness to know that he could buy things now for people he was fond of, such as his dad. Hitherto his dad had done all the providing. He felt a curious pride in the thought of loading Sophie up with gifts—if she would let him. Somehow he wasn't entirely sure that she would.

He couldn't run any risk of losing Sophie. The craving to be with her, to hear the sound of her voice, was already growing almost unbearable. Suppose—just suppose—somebody should jump his claim in his absence? For instance, there was that guy Mathieson who worked in the same five-and-ten with her, and had his head so filled with ambition that he sat up half the night studying how to be a plumber. Twice, already, Mathieson had asked her to marry him. Suppose—Joe grew hot under the collar, packed his grip, and bought a ticket for New York, grinning to himself as he paid for it. He wasn't really spending money on that ticket: it was an investment. If, in five days on the train, he couldn't make the price of the journey five or six times over, it would, indeed, be time for him to reconsider his views of a career. But before the train reached Manhattan, Joe had gathered in fifteen times the price of his ticket, and that made it conclusive.

WHEN he saw Sophie, he knew afresh that she comprised his whole world; and she, certain that he could never fail her, married him within the week on the understanding that he was to begin to earn his living forthwith.

"I remember you once said you liked diamonds as much as the next girl," he observed the day after they were linked together in holy matrimony. "You'll have a quart of 'em before I've done with you. Not those dinky things, but big knobby ones that pull your ears out of shape."

And Sophie smiled up at him, for Joe was more precious to her than the biggest diamond in creation—all the diamonds in the universe. Quite apart from and in addition to this, she had such supreme faith in him that she knew if he set his mind to it, a quart of neat diamonds might not be a wholly impossible promise.

"Can we afford to play around for a week before you start work?" she asked, thinking in terms of cents where he had so recently learned to think in dollars.

"Yes, honey. A month if you like. I was pretty lucky on the train, playing stud."

"Joe! How lovely! But—cards! And suppose you'd lost? You couldn't afford to lose money, specially now you've got the 'normous expense of a wife. Don't play poker, Joe. Not yet awhile, I mean, till we're rich."

Joe took refuge behind the curious steady look inherited from his mother. And yet, here was a slight opening for the thin edge of the wedge.

"I don't lose money at cards," he said.

An odd silence hung between them. At that instant Joe was playing for very high stakes; Sophie had no hint that he was stacking the deck against her, and that she was playing for everything she held dear.

"But you can't always win, Joe."

"Most generally always," he said, and switched the subject.

From what he knew of Sophie, he saw she would have to be broken in gently; so, for the sake of appearances, when their brief honeymoon was finished, he took off his coat according to promise, and went to work in his father's restaurant. Albert Hawkins, weighted now with increasing years, and paying the



Sarah's eyes flashed. "If he grows up like me," she spat out, "God help him! If he grows up like you, I hope I never set eyes on him again."

natural penalty for half a century of too-strenuous endeavor, offered slender opposition to this shattering of his life's ambition.

"You been a good old scout, Dad," said Joe, "and maybe I ought to have gotten somewhere that counted by now, to sort of pay you for what you've done. But this thing's gone far enough. Sophie says so, and if you knew what a team Sophie and I make, you'd understand why I say that what Sophie says goes."

Albert Hawkins, pathetic now in his ineptitude and adoration of his son, twisted a table napkin and untwisted it. He too had once agreed that a woman's decision should stand as law, and later discovered his error.

"I hope Sophie's going to make you a good wife," he said plaintively.

"That part don't bother me a second," replied Joe. "She's all right."

"Well, you don't mean she thinks *you're* not good enough for her?" A tinge of heat crept into the ex-cook's voice. Joe looked at his father, amused.

"She thinks I'm the angel Gabriel, Dad, and though you mightn't think it, that handicaps a husband."

DURING the first week that Joe worked for his father, he took home and threw on the table fifty dollars from the restaurant—and stuffed into his wallet three hundred that he had acquired during two brief evening sessions with cards. Joe was no egoist, but even he had learned by now that his skill was quite extraordinary. Moreover, he didn't look the part of a card-shark, and that helped. But before long he began to find awkward complications. What could he *do* with all this money that came so easily? If he brought home some jimcrack gift, Sophie's gratitude only made him burn to slip out and get her an automobile, and the fact that he couldn't explain how simple such an act would be, made him furious. In another two weeks he had acquired a total of over three thousand dollars, and the sight of Sophie on

her hands and knees scrubbing a floor almost wrung the truth from him in one wild burst of indignation.

Summer drifted into fall and early winter, by which time Joe Hawkins had done a little more necessary ice-breaking with Sophie. Of an evening now when he went out, he hugged her hungrily, and promised to be home at a definite hour; and invariably he came back to her, no less the lover, long before the appointed time. Sometimes he told her he had won; sometimes he said nothing, but always he had won. Joe Hawkins didn't pay to play cards.

Once, in gentle reproof, Sophie shook her finger at him.

"It can't last, honey," she warned. "The tide will turn some day."

Her husband laughed. He was always laughing nowadays.

"I don't believe *my* luck's going to turn," he said. "And even if it did, there's three thousand of the best salted down. An' I'm still drawing fifty a week for honest toil at the restaurant."

Toward Christmas, Sophie, watching his expression earnestly, asked her husband a simple question.

"If ever we had a son, wouldn't you like him to be called Joe?"

"A son?" Joe put his hands upon his wife's cheeks. He had never thought of such a thing—not in exact terms, that is. "Why, any old name you liked, of course." Then, sensing something more than idle curiosity in her words, he looked into her eyes a long time, divining the truth at last. Awed, he drew back a little.

"A son?" he said throatily after a while. "Why—why, I don't know. He'd be a bit of you and a bit of me, wouldn't he? A bit of *me*, Sophie!"

No less awed, he came toward her again, passed his arms about her tenderly, kissed her hair and her eyes and her lips.

"But—Joe!" Lightly she thrust him away from her. "There's something I've got to talk about." (Continued on page 140)

A Stranger in Delora

By

M. L. C. Pickthall

Illustrated by E. R. Kirkbride

In the dedication to the book of poems by which the author of "White Magic," "The Thing That Endured" and many other memorable Red Book Magazine stories is also known, she wrote: "Lord, on this paper white, my soul would write the glory and the gleam of a whole age, snared in a single golden page—such is my dream." Readers of this story will see, as she did, how much of the glory and the gleam may be made manifest in the most commonplace surroundings; you will realize, too, how much she has snared in the few pages of this unique story.



WOULFE had been walking slowly for the last ten minutes, trying to find his street. He was in the right neighborhood, he knew, but the old landmarks had all been swept away. Even in thirty years, he would not have thought such a change possible in the quiet town of Delora.

He smiled a little, realizing that he himself was responsible for the change, and that he was lost in the midst of the town which, at long range, he himself had created. Well, the train had gone by now, anyway; his secretary would probably wire back feverishly from the next stop. But there were plenty of good hotels,—he'd counted four where in the past there'd only been the old Tadousac House,—and he decided to follow his fancy. He paused and questioned a passer-by.

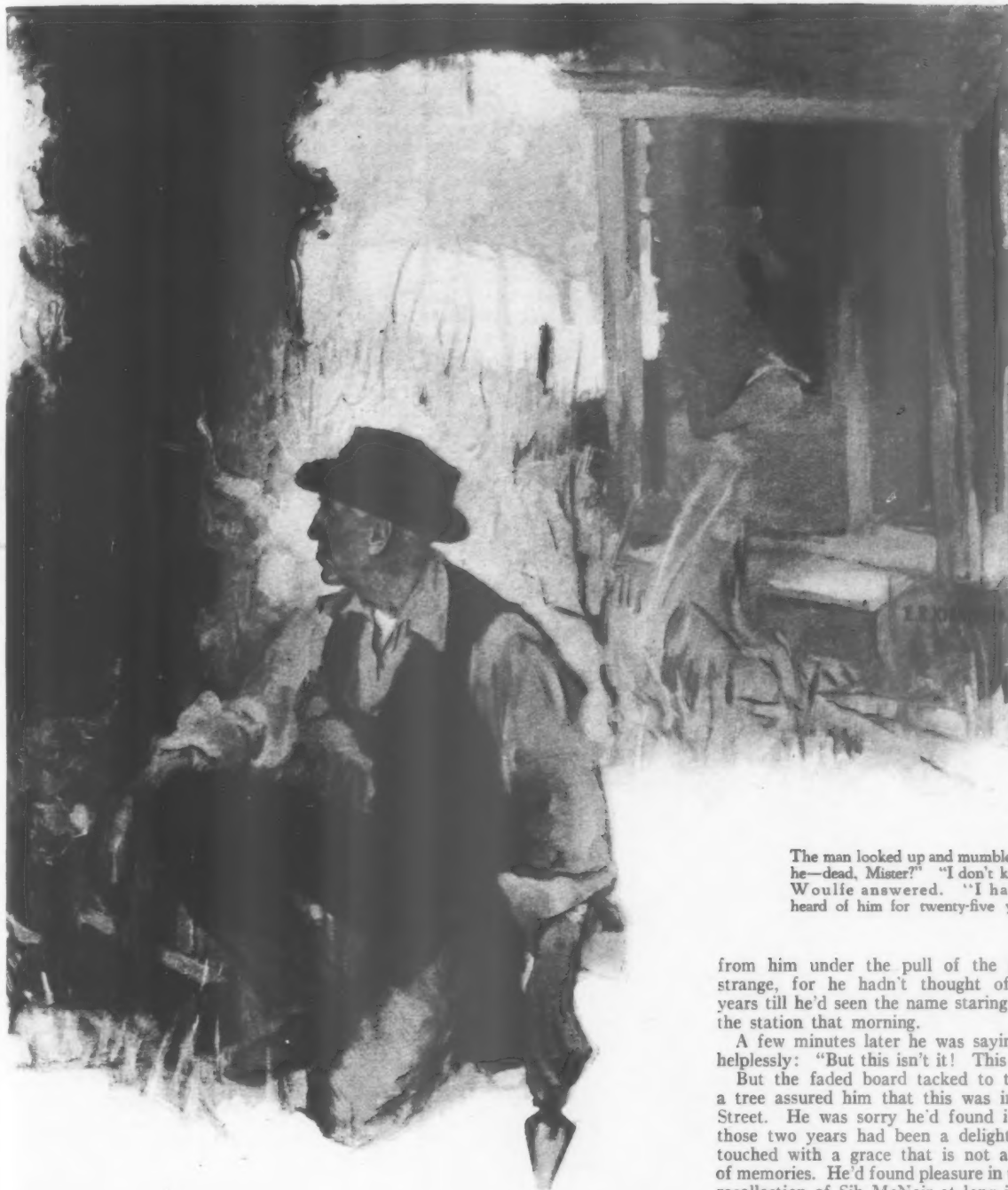
"Acacia Street? I'm sorry I can't direct you, sir. I'm a stranger in Delora."

Woulfe thanked him and walked on. He was in a street of large, handsome stores, which would probably be as full of information as they were of merchandise. But a whimsical mood was growing on him, born of the same impulse that had led him to leave the train during the twenty-minute halt at Delora. He

felt instinctively that behind the plate-glass and shining efficiency he would find nothing of the Delora he sought—the Delora of those two years of his boyhood. He wandered on slowly, paying particular attention to the side-streets; and at last he found what he was looking for.

It was a butcher's shop, he judged, by the heavy veranda roof stretching out across the old wooden sidewalk and by the sparse and faded spruce-branches still bound to the corner pillars. Why did butchers—at least, in Delora—always decorate their stores with evergreens at Christmas and leave them up all winter? How the faint dry fragrance brought back those two years—memorable years, for they were the years of a boy's first friendship! His presence here now was a tribute to the boy he had once been—and to Sib McNair. He entered the shop, and after waiting until a customer had been disposed of, again made inquiry for the street he sought.

"Acacia? Up this street, first turnin' past the gas-works and second west'll lead you right to it, or what's left of it. There



The man looked up and mumbled: "Is he—dead, Mister?" "I don't know," Woulfe answered. "I haven't heard of him for twenty-five years."

from him under the pull of the past; it was strange, for he hadn't thought of Delora for years till he'd seen the name staring at him from the station that morning.

A few minutes later he was saying to himself helplessly: "But this isn't it! This *can't* be it!"

But the faded board tacked to the stump of a tree assured him that this was indeed Acacia Street. He was sorry he'd found it. After all, those two years had been a delightful memory, touched with a grace that is not always a part of memories. He'd found pleasure in taking out his recollection of Sib McNair at long intervals, and looking at it, as he would take his jades from their cabinet and look at them—once a year, maybe.

It had been such a pleasant road, too, linking drowsy town and country with half a mile of golden gravel bordered with big acacia trees. When the creamy clots of blossom were out, the street had droned with bees. Behind the acacias had stood comfortable frame houses in trim gardens. Now, of the trees, only four unsightly stumps were left; one side of the street was bordered with a tottering board fence; and the houses on the other side looked as if they were crumbling away under the weight of the gas-works' acrid smoke.

Past these houses Woulfe walked, curiously hurt, curiously taken aback. He did not know whether he was glad or sorry when he found the house that had been his home, still standing at the end of the street with the smaller one that had been Sib's, alongside.

aint much. They turned the fields into an Athaletic Club after the railway come."

The butcher was the oldest butcher Woulfe had ever seen; he was faded to a pale dry color, as if he had been harvested young and kept, like the evergreens. He looked at Woulfe with inquiring eyes.

"I find I'm a stranger in Delora," explained Woulfe pleasantly. "The town has changed out of all recognition. But I lived here awhile when I was a boy, and I want to find some of the places I used to know."

"You don't say!" remarked the old butcher indifferently. It was the indifference of the old Delora, before the railway had come to rouse it from its sleep, as spring rouses a woodchuck; and Woulfe smiled. He felt his present identity slipping away

The big square house where he had lived was empty, fallen to decay, the wooden pillars of the porch cracked, the windows boarded. But some sordid life worse than desolation had taken possession of Sib's. The little ravine at the foot of the yard was half filled with refuse; the birches were gone. The house itself seemed to stagger drunkenly toward the same dump; it was patched with sheet-iron, and leafless vines covered it like an ugly tangle of frowsy hair. Sib's house!

It had held no special grace in itself, even then, to defy Time. It must have been Sib's dreams that had glorified it. A shack in a slum! And the railway, which had brought new life to Delora, had brought this to the old street!

"Forgive me!" Woulfe said, as if the two old houses could hear him. "I'm sorry. Some one always has to pay, but I'm sorry it should be *you!*"

He must have spoken half aloud. For a man rose slowly from among the weeds in what had been Sib's garden, and stared at him.

With an interest partly sad, partly whimsical, Woulfe considered him; he was just the sort of man you'd expect to find in Acacia Street: a shabby length of indeterminate humanity; a failure, from his tattered hat to his cracked shoes; so Acacia Street had come down to this—to housing him and his sort, after Sib's splendid youth, Sib's glowing dreams! Woulfe was anxious to get away from the place but something held him, hesitating.

The man addressed him in a shy, thin voice. "You wantin' anything, Mister?"

"Thank you, nothing," Woulfe answered kindly. "I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"You didn't disturb me." The native regarded his limp, dirty hands. "I was just lookin' around to see if I could find some seedlin's worth pottin'."

"You'd be more likely to do that, wouldn't you, if you kept the weeds down?"

The man looked about him slowly. "That's so," he agreed, "but it don't matter. The seedlin's would likely die on me, anyway."

A few tiny, pallid flowers, having the bloodless look of slum children, struggled amid the weeds; they were mostly marigolds, but all their brazen glory was gone. He remembered that in Sib's time the yard had glowed with them. He said—for something to say: "Are you fond of flowers?"

"Can't say as I think about 'em much."

"This used to be a fine place for flowers," Woulfe went on. "I lived in that house for a couple of years when I was a boy, and we had roses right up to the roof."

The shabby man had sunk back on his knees, grubbing among the weeds; now he looked up suddenly, but Woulfe was regarding the house.

"Roses right up to the roof, and larkspur and lilies along the fence

here. Mighty pretty! Can you tell me who had this house last?"

After a long pause, the man in the weeds said uncertainly: "The Ratchetts had it till they were put out."

"And before that?"

"I couldn't rightly say."

Woulfe looked down swiftly at the bent figure. "I'm not asking out of idle curiosity. I'm asking because those two years I spent in that house were—well, they were the sort of years I shall remember if I live to be so old I forget everything else. I'm beginning to remember them that way now." On one of those unreasoning impulses which led his business colleagues to label him at times a whimsical sentimentalist, he leaned across the fence and asked softly: "Did you ever have a friend when you were young?"

He waited for the answer with a ridiculous eagerness, as if for an omen, though smiling at himself. Sympathy of some indistinct sort was in the man's voice, though he did not lift his face from the bindweed and the starved marigolds, as he said: "Once I did."

"Same with me," agreed Woulfe. "'Once I did,' too. He was the friend of my life, and I only knew him two years. I've never had another like him, or known another like him. And he lived there in that house where you live now."

The man turned slowly and looked at the house as if he had never seen it before.

"He lived there—that was his room, that little window there under the vines. His stepmother and his aunt had the two good bedrooms. Seemed to me they were always lying down behind the blinds with smelling-bottles. They were the kind of sickly women that make everyone wait on 'em. Sib waited on 'em hand and foot, even then. He'd no chance."

"There's some," said the dull voice from among the weeds, "that never have a chance, Mister."

"I can't imagine that Sib McNair was ever one of them! He was—I can't tell you what he was! Quick as—as fire, burning up falsehood and meanness in his own honest heat; quick of mind, too. Sort of a soaring mind—you know what I mean. And his eager face! He always looked as if he were running a race, winning on to some splendid goal. And what goals he showed me!"

It was as if Woulfe were talking things out with the old house, as if the house itself knew what he had known. He had almost forgotten the man kneeling in the weeds until the man looked up at him and mumbled: "Is he—dead, Mister?"

"I don't know," Woulfe answered. He went on slowly: "He was all that to me, and more. But I haven't heard anything of him for twenty-five years. Friends are easily lost when you're young. I heard from him for five years after we left Delora. He'd have written oftener if things had gone well with him. He was too proud to be always telling me of bad luck."

"It was always the same luck. 'I think I'd have a chance to get a job this winter,' he'd write, 'if Ma's sick headaches don't get worse.' Or 'Williams will employ me at the camp this year if Aunt



"Sib McNair! How long be we to be kep' waitin' for our supper?"

Often nothing else tastes so good!

Luncheon time. You need to be refreshed, replenished, ready to go back to a real afternoon's work.

The heavy meal does not appeal to you at that time. It is not just what your appetite requires. But Campbell's Vegetable Soup is!

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Ella can get round a bit and look after the chickens.' Or 'I didn't dare to tell Ma what Peter Lewen said about the situation at Port Cedar, for fear it'd upset her and she'd get one of her faint spells.' And his mother's headaches were always too bad for her to do without Sib, and Aunt Ella never could get round to the chickens.

"Did I tell you—I seem to be telling you a good deal, eh?—that his visions always clothed themselves in iron and steel? Such an engineer as he'd have made! He'd lie out with me in the woods that used to be there,"—Woulfe pointed at the gas-works,—"where the red-birds came, and the thrush sang, and there were more squirrels to the half-acre than you'll find in the whole of your fine new park; and he'd shape the countryside afresh, and you'd seem to see a city rise up as he talked, and the trade of the continent rolling through Delora!

"Delora in those days was like a muskrat-house—no visible way out! If you knew it—" Woulfe glanced inquiringly at the man in the weeds, who nodded. "Well, then, you know it was a foul, dull little place stifling for want of air, and all the youth and hope and strength in it stifling too. One of those drab and hopeless little rural communities that make the slums of a city seem fresh and vigorous by contrast! Like a shabby house without a window that would open. There was dry-rot in the roofs, and dry-rot in folks' souls. It only wanted the air let in—the air of life. And the only way to let it in was to open a window—build a railroad.

"Sib saw it even then. We were serious little chaps, we two! I sensed what was wrong. But it was *his* mind that conceived the remedy. 'It's no good,' he'd say, lying flat in the pine needles with his chin on his hands. 'It's no good going for things separately. They're all little bits of one bad thing, and you've got to show people a better one. Change things right through,' he'd say, with his eyes shining, 'show Delora what other places are thinking, and doing, and feeling, and learning; and she'll think and do and learn and feel too! And the only one way to do that,' he'd say, waving his arm at the hills, 'is to bring her a railroad.'

THE pull of the past was so strong on Woulfe that he almost fancied he saw a face at Sib's old window, and a hand beckoning him to go up quietly because of Aunt Ella's attack of asthma. He was still gazing at the house when he said under his breath: 'I'd give five years of my life if Sib had built that railroad instead of me!'

The man, crouched so still in the weeds, stretched out a hand as if to touch Woulfe, then let it fall again.

"I remember, almost word for word, the last letter I had from Sib McNair," Woulfe went on. "I know now it was a cry of despair. 'I've a chance at last,' he wrote, 'and I'm going to take it. I'm starving here, choking, dying. They can't expect me to stay here forever! I'm going to sell the chickens. I haven't said a word yet; but I've written to the works-manager at Port Cedar and told him I'll begin next month, and I've bought my ticket and a new suit. They're

hidden in the attic. They thought I was going to use that money to repaper the parlor, but I'm not. I'm going to get free, and do a man's work in the world at last. I'm so dead tired of the place and everyone in it that I don't think I shall even keep my own name to work with; there'll be no luck for me as Sib McNair. This is the last you'll hear from me till I've made good. If I don't get away—if I don't make good—"

"And there," said Woulfe, after a silence, "it ended. And I've never heard since, never known—"

"I wrote once or twice to Delora. There was no answer. I knew that when he said I'd not hear from him again till he'd made good, he meant it. After a time, I forgot, but never entirely. It seems here and now that I must have unconsciously remembered him every day and hour. I've wondered if he really did change his name. It's possible. I caught myself last week looking at a famous name in a newspaper and wondering if it concealed the personality that I loved as Sib McNair. . . . I'd like him to know one thing—"

The man kneeling in the weeds looked up slowly.

"I'd like him to know," Woulfe went on, "that he is the one who is really responsible for that railroad!"

THE man in the weeds picked up a little bleached marigold and cradled it in his hands.

"It was long after all thought of Sib and of the place had passed from my mind—as I believed—that the name Delora was mentioned at a board meeting. That year we'd finished the new line from Port Cedar to Outarde. And then along came the voice of Delora, from beyond the barrier of the hills, crying to be linked up.

"What happened? Why, our engineers just put their fingers on the hills the map showed, and said: 'Too expensive to be worth while for years to come.' I give you my word that I was some minutes remembering that I'd ever had an interest in the town! Then I heard myself saying: 'Couldn't it be done, gentlemen?'

"I grabbed the big contour-map. The past had all come back. I wasn't there at the board meeting; I was out on the hills with Sib, and he was talking, pointing, explaining. . . . I said: 'I think you'll find that it is worth while, and that it *can* be done.' They looked at me. I went on, 'You'll find Nature's made our cut for us,' and I took the map and drew two pencil lines on it. 'A dam here,' I showed them, 'turning the outflow of Balsam Lake into Penny Creek instead of down the valley, a little blasting—and there's your roadbed, a deep cut and a gentle grade all the way down to Delora along that unwanted river-bottom. It's stone,' I said, 'all the way. And the water'll be more useful flushing the Creek than it is now, for it only wastes itself in a marsh, which you'll be draining at the same time. . . . Well, gentlemen?' I said. And Garrat, our president, smashed his fist down on the specifications. 'It *can* be done!' he said. 'And you're a genius, Woulfe.' But I wasn't the genius. *It was Sib McNair.*

"The idea had been his. We'd been out on the hills one day, and he'd shown

me the cheapest route of the railway into Delora. There was no railway even in sight then. And so, when the time came, you see, I remembered; and it was done. And Sib McNair really brought the road to Delora. That's what I'd like him to know."

Woulfe stooped. A pallid marigold had crept through the fence and was grimly blossoming; he gathered it and thrust it into his buttonhole with a touch that was almost tender.

"I was in Europe when the road here was built. I've never had time, one way and another, to look at the place till today. It's changed. But I think the railroad's doing a good deal of what we hoped, Sib and I. There's a freer air in the place. There's good will and honest work and a spirit of sacrifice. I'd like Sib to see it too."

Woulfe hesitated, glancing down at the figure, among the weeds. "See here," he went on quickly, smiling again, "if you should ever see a fellow about my age but better looking, standing here and staring at the house as I've been doing,—if anyone should ever stop and ask you who lived in *my* house,—I want you to tell him that I remembered, that I've been here! Just say that: 'Woulfe's been here.' And this: 'He wants you to know that you built the line into Delora, after all.'"

As Woulfe moved away, he called back to the man kneeling behind the fence: "It doesn't matter what the next stranger in Delora calls himself when he comes to look at your house! He'll be Sib McNair, and you'll never fail to know him!" Then he raised a friendly hand. The man in the weeds answered the gesture. But Woulfe, walking more quickly away from the past, did not see him slip forward and lie face down among the straggling marigolds. Once he sobbed aloud. Words came from him, brokenly, in long pauses.

"He never dreamed it could be me. That's all. It'd have made no difference, but I couldn't bear it. Dear ol' Woulfe! The same blind, busy ol' feller! God bless him! He never knew that I lost that chance at Port Cedar along of Ma's bronchitis that winter, and that I never had another. He didn't guess I been right here all my life—all my life!"

Behind him, a door creaked open. A voice called him, one of those voices which had called him all his life—held him—and never let him go. It was thin, querulous, the voice of the very old.

"Sib! Sib McNair! How long be we to be kep' waitin' for our supper? You never kep' your ma waitin' this long!"

He called quietly, "I'm coming, Aunt Ella, right away," and strode through the weeds to the house. . . .

And meantime as Woulfe awaited the evening train on the platform of the Delora station, he said, aloud, to the twilight: "Somehow—I couldn't let him see I *knew*."

"The Big Moment"

Peter Clark Macfarlane's fine story will give you more than that—a delightful hour—when you read it in our next—the August—issue.



A woman is not self-conscious about a beautiful skin. It is when her complexion is unattractive, disfigured with ugly little defects, that she becomes self-conscious about it — awkward, constrained, unnatural. Keep your skin clear and smooth by giving it the right care, and see how much this will contribute to your peace of mind and freedom from self-consciousness.

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THE SUBMERGED RICH

(Continued from page 51)

silken rugs, its Aubusson hangings and gorgeous multicolored tapestried furniture ready for gay company, was silent as a museum. The paneled dining-room with its crystal chandelier, its lordly old English atmosphere of hospitality, was prepared for dinner parties of eighteen and twenty, and only two, regularly, day in and day out, came to take their seats at the great vacant table. She threw off her coat nervously and went in to the little Directoire salon, where tea was waiting, and stood frowning, drawing off her gloves.

Her story? The story that the three wise men of the world, Chizzy, Van Ruypen and Dicky de Gollyer had amused themselves an hour in deciphering, was simply this—that there was no story at all, that everything was ready and nothing came, that nothing ever happened. She was alone and isolated in this fairy castle of hers, flung into the air, as alone and isolated as thousands of her struggling sisters across the rooftops, eating out their hearts in loneliness in narrow cells under alien roofs. And yet about her was a romance, a romance characteristic of the day and of the kaleidoscopic city, where the unknown rich enter and are swallowed up in an oblivion as complete as that which descends upon the great immigrated masses of failure.

IT had all come from a chance visit to New York, when, after her graduation from the Alberon Female Seminary, she had accompanied her father on a business trip. For four unforgettable days the dazzling city had unfolded before her eyes. She had ransacked the glittering shops, giddy with the delights spread before her as though she had plunged her arms into a bowl of multicolored precious stones. She had lived in an Arabian Nights dream, her purse touched by the miraculous hand of her father, a purse that filled up as fast as she emptied it, until in a delicious terror, she cried out:

"But Papa, I'll bankrupt you!"

"Go ahead and try!" he had exclaimed joyfully. "Why, kiddy, you're rich. There's twenty thousand a year coming to you from your mother, God bless her. Pin-money—that's all. I've piled up

"Leave It to Margie"

One was safe in doing that, for Margie was a remarkable girl. Yet America has thousands like her; her story might quite possibly be the story of the girl next door to you. It's enough, further, to say that it will be published in an early issue, and that it's by

Grace Sartwell Mason

something myself; and say, I'm only just on the way. I make it—you spend. See? Let her rip, and damn the expense!"

He had lived for this day, simple, boyish, sentimental, loyal to other days and the brief homely romance that had ended his youth. So with a boisterous bluff laughter to hide how deeply he was moved, he cried:

"Buy 'em out—buy 'em all out! When we go back to Alberon, we'll show 'em something!"

But when she had returned to Alberon with her spoils, something was wrong with the Alberon of her unpremeditated youth. The gray gabled turrets of the fin-de-Garfield home seemed to have shrunk overnight. There was a flimsy look about it, as though some one had cut it out with a jig-saw, and no longer did it convey to her that note of superiority which should belong to the house of the leading citizen. She gave a dance, and she heard only in her ears the riotous singing call of distant orchestras. Just as in life a brilliant man or woman passes across a mediocre destiny and for a few careless moments of sophisticated amusement commits the cruelty of tearing away the essential illusions, so one glimpse of the great city had changed her horizon. The color had quite run out of the world she had known.

She dreamed of a city born of the night with its myriad glowing eyes, its sensuous lucent stirring to pleasure, elusive, febrile, agitated with the obsessing impulse to triumph over the toiling ugliness of the day. She was back in crowded restaurants where barbaric orchestras awoke new sensations in her, and strange rhythms swept over the pleasure-bent crowds like sudden warm troubling gusts of flower-scented winds. It had been a glimpse of heaven, and she remained in Alberon. Even the exquisite ball-gowns, negligees the last word from Parisian artists, the smart tailor-suits designed for a great lady or a great adventuress to wear to the races, all that she had triumphantly borne away with her—all this remained, after a few but ineffectual attempts, stored away in her closets. What was sublime in New York was ridiculous in Alberon.

"Say, Toinette, what's eatin' you, anyhow?" demanded Ed Barrows—Big Ed Barrows of the university eleven, son of Barrows Hardware, and her particular property since childhood days. "You and I are due for a little straight-from-the-shoulder stuff. What the hell's happened to you? Gone batty? Gee, you used to be the life of the place. No lugs, no nonsense, up and doin'—regular live wire. Now I feel like getting introduced all over again. I don't know you. You walk different. You talk different. You are different. You sit back and act as though you were the whole reception-committee. And Lord, how bored you look doing it!"

She defended herself lamely, denying his accusations.

"Come off; that stuff is old. You don't fool me. And where do I stand—that's what I want to know!" He stood up militant and aggressive, gave a hitch

to his belt and sank his hands in his trousers, struck by a sudden suspicion. "Well, Toinette, out with it. Something else turned up? Some city dude? You're not sporting my frat pin any more. Just where do I stand?"

"You stand where you've always stood, Ed," she said to gain time.

"I don't know about that," he said with heavy insistence. "Sounds to me there is a string tied to that somewhere."

"I never said—" she began, painfully conscious of the red and green necktie that clashed against the purple striped shirt.

"Sufficient. I get you," he interrupted instantly, picking up his hat.

"But Ed—" she said, stretching out her hand, a little frightened at his directness and his force.

"No, there wasn't ever anything definite between us—you're right; but there was going to be, and you knew why I shut up. All right; that clears the air. You can't have me on any other terms. If you wake up, let me know—that is, if you wake up soon enough."

"Do you want your pin back?"

"To hell with the pin!" he exclaimed and went out.

SHE felt even a little relief, mingled with a sudden sentimental weakness at pain inflicted. A great iron gateway that frowned upon her had been flung open. That night she lay awake, restlessly planning how she might escape. To have twenty thousand a year and remain in Alberon, when she had seen what life could mean, was unthinkable. If she could only devise some justifying reason—art or music! She might have spared herself the trouble. The next day her father said to her casually, just as though it had not been in his mind for years:

"Well, Toinette, how'd you like our little spree?"

She drew a long impulsive breath.

"Don't ask me!"

"How'd you like," he began carefully, "to spend a year in New York, finishing up, as they say?"

"A year?"

"Well, a year or two, and then who knows!"

The next moment she was in his lap, hysterical with joy, while—satisfied beyond all he had imagined at the climax long meditated—he added:

"Say, you don't think I'm going to waste you here in Alberon? No sirree, nothing's going to be too good for this little girl." And he added half to himself: "Alberon? What the devil's the use of salting away millions in Alberon?"

AND as this is the romance of Nathaniel Gorton too, and hundreds of others of his mushroom prosperity, it is well to stop a moment on his last remark. In common with every schoolboy dreaming beyond his classroom, to be a millionaire had seemed to Nat Gorton the summit of earthly endeavor, the right to opportunity of every American born, the very essence of democracy. He had won his way to that summit squarely and fairly, laboriously and shrewdly. He had won be-

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD advises the younger women on the care of the skin.

"I am always impressed with the charming youthfulness of American women. They manage to keep such clear delicate skins in spite of the strain of their many activities and strenuous out-of-door life. I believe that women everywhere can have the same lovely complexions with the aid of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs. Marshall Field

PERHAPS it is one of the President's cabinet who dines with her tonight; a visiting diplomat; or a returned explorer; some one who is contributing his vivid bit to contemporary history.

It is as a gracious and cosmopolitan hostess that Washington knows Mrs. Field. The drawing room of her lovely home is as nearly a *salon* as one finds in America. Against its pearl grey walls moves the brilliant, shifting pageant of official and diplomatic society.

Abroad and at home, Mrs. Field has had opportunities accorded to few. She has met the young and gay, the middle-aged and clever, the old and distinguished of many countries.

It is from the crown of this full, interesting, sophisticated life that Mrs. Field speaks when she advises the younger woman how to keep her youth and beauty.

To take proper—and regular—care of her skin two famous creams have been perfected, two creams that answer the two great needs every normal skin demands—a rejuvenating cleansing, and a delicate protection and finish.

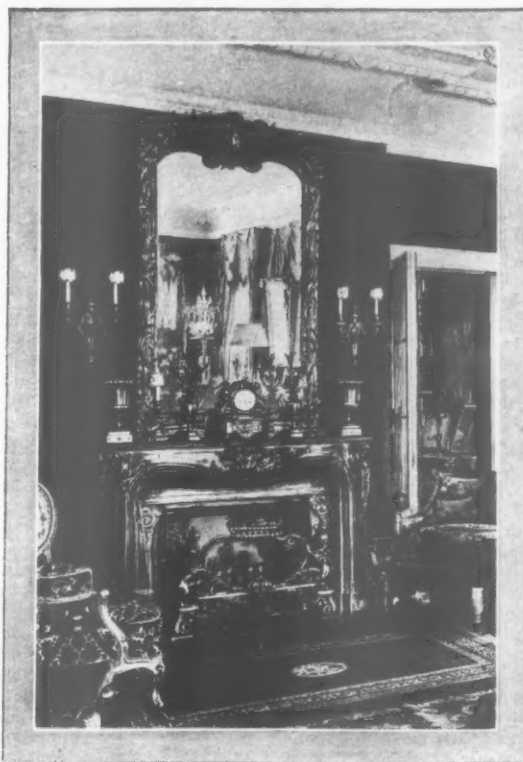
The method exquisite women use

A thorough cleansing every night. For this, use Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it on the face and neck with the finger tips or a bit of moistened cotton. This pure soft cream works deep into the pores, purifying them and ridding them of excess oil and powder, dust and dirt. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. *Do this twice.* Look at the cloth. You simply won't believe all this dust and dirt could have come from your own skin. But now, how soft and smooth your cheeks are, how clear and fresh looking.

Preparation of the skin before powdering, protection before going out. Before you powder, smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough for the skin to absorb. This light delicate cream gives you just the soft, pearly finish you need. And how much longer it makes the powder cling! You can



THE DAILY USE OF POND'S TWO CREAMS KEEPS THE SKIN SUPPLE AND EXQUISITELY PROTECTED.



HARRIS & EWING

The Regence mirror and sofa add a note of distinction to this charming room in Mrs. Field's Washington home. It is this room which houses her famous collections of amber and jade. The Sevres, which is equally interesting and well known, is in another part of the house.

dance the whole evening through without the thought of a shiny nose. And when you go out, this light cream under your powder protects your complexion from the drying, reddening and coarsening effects of wind, sun and cold and keeps it soft and satin smooth.

Pond's is the method lovely women everywhere are depending upon to have the exquisite complexions Mrs. Marshall Field commends. Try it yourself today. See how fresh and clear these Two Creams keep your skin in spite of the many demands of social life. The Pond's Extract Company.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., DEPT. G, 135 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs.

Name
Street
City State

cause nothing could divert him, nothing else could interest him, because as a military man sees gun emplacements to rake a valley where an artist sees a landscape, so he had never overlooked in the trifles and accidents of life an opportunity to make money. His offices and his homes had been selected with sure divination of expansion, and each venture had trebled in value. It was said of him that if he had to wait three hours at a junction, he would have engineered at least two deals. He had made his money in real-estate, in the beginnings of traction, in neglected franchises, in promotion of mines, manufactures, oil.

Back of his enjoyment of the game, there had always been a guiding principle, and that definite object had been the need of some final sentimental expression of his success. Once he had achieved fortune, this restless second phase began. It was no longer sufficient to be a millionaire; he felt the need of being a millionaire among millionaires; and feeling this, his eyes turned toward the East. What was the value of millions if it did not mean opportunity, and what could opportunity mean but uprooting, change, progress outward and away along the defined paths of other self-made men, converging toward a common goal? Like must seek like. There was a time to make money and a time to spend it. To him in his simplicity there was but one city for millionaires—New York.

In England, in an older wisdom, which perhaps we discard too lightly, laws of primogeniture and entail surround the crust-breaking individual who rises above the crowd, and fasten a leadership securely to the soil from which it derives. Here fortunes grow out of communities, only to drift away, an economic waste that leaves the community impoverished of a guiding energy, wealth converging, interests diverted, succeeding generations transplanted, alien to old traditions. Surely not only an economic waste but a social and political one too!

THE last call given, the last farewells exchanged, father and daughter departed toward the new adventure. Gorton had no misgivings. He believed in the might of money; a million meant the power to purchase everything in life, and as a corollary he believed everything was purchasable. He had seen money remove too many obstacles and change too many decisions to doubt that. So when he decided to descend on New York, the problem presented to him no difficulties—an establishment, friends, position, all to be bought. He had remained long enough to see his daughter installed in a manner due her and his ambitions, engaged a lady companion on the recom-

mendation of Cross Lanniford, a partner in one of his new oil ventures, and then departed without a misgiving, to do his part—which consisted in making two millions grow where one had grown before. Everything was determined by this decisive act of descending on New York. In a few weeks Toinette would be launched. She would know the best people, the tip-toppers. She could entertain as she was entertained—he would see to that. Later on, when she fell in with the proper young man, he would enjoy the surprise of playing the good fairy. He would establish them in a city house; and his daughter—Gorton's daughter—would figure permanently in the society columns and adorn the rotogravure sections, to the stupefaction of far-off Al-beron.

MISS LIPPSICOME came and took her place, a tepid, weary, ghostlike figure like a faint perfume of respectability. An invaluable lexicon of *Who's Who in Society*, she often regaled Miss Gorton with reminiscences of the great families where she had moved as governess, and later as a companion in divorce-divided establishments. She had taken the Dunster children to the Riviera for two whole winters. She had twice accompanied distressed wives to Reno, and for a period of sixteen months, between marriages, kept house for an internationally famous banker. She slipped into the present easy berth, gratefully aware of its opportunities to build up her slender bank-account, not only by the munificent salary accorded her, but from the legitimate ten-per-cent commissions so easily attainable at the right places. From time to time she let drop hints of introductions which would surely eventuate when the opportunity naturally presented itself.

For the first weeks the little country mouse lived in a whirl of excitement. There was so much to be done, bought and planned to prepare herself for the New York season that she hardly noticed the passing days. She made mistakes which Miss Lippiscome for reasons of her own was careful not to rectify. She did as she saw others do, judging society by the public display and counseled only by her mirror, which of course has always been indulgent to one-and-twenty and only turns critic some ten years later. People began to look at her with smiles which she either did not see, or else mis-read.

Then in her third week came the invitation to dinner from the Lannifords. She went all aflutter—after a special hairdresser had piled up the most sinuous and billowy of coiffures—in her own car, with her ermine coat just arrived—and perfumed and powdered in a décolleté fit to open the opera season. She had expected a formal dinner of twenty to thirty. She found herself in a family group, Mr. and Mrs. Lanniford, two sons and a daughter, somewhat bewildered, in their brown-fronted Fifth Avenue traditions, at her operatic entrance. Her simplicity saved her from embarrassment. Mr. Lanniford was cordial, and Tom the elder son, but it was not the free and easy cordiality she had known. The malice and amusement of the ladies es-

aped her. She talked without reserve or caution, too delighted in her new fairyland to affect indifference to her swift awakening to luxury and pleasure. She left, never guessing that she had been on trial, believing all their murmured lip-politeness.

In a week she invited them to dinner and the theater. A previous engagement interfered. A week later another attempt received the same answer. She called up on the telephone, afraid of seeming lukewarm, and asked Mrs. Lanniford to set a date two weeks ahead, which after a moment's hesitation was accorded. Two days before the great event, when her mind was beset with all the complications of her first dinner party, she received this letter:

So sorry, my dear Miss Gorton, to have to postpone the pleasure of dining with you. I have broken down completely, and sha'n't be permitted to leave my room for days. Mr. Lanniford is away in Chicago, and the boys suddenly reminded me that it is the night of the Junior Assembly, and they've been engaged for weeks. I'm afraid everything is against us this time, but thank you so much for thinking of us.

Cordially yours,
LUCY LANNIFORD.

This time she understood—though of course the real reason never dawned upon her, that the Lannifords looked upon her as something exotic, crude and quite impossible. New York people, she thought with a sharp pang of disappointment, were terribly conventional and dreadfully clannish. She made no further advances,—that her pride would not permit,—but went on her way bravely convincing herself that she was the luckiest of girls, living through the most wonderful of experiences.

If she had been of a different temperament or bringing-up, she would have brushed conventions aside and drifted easily into a cheap déclassé society of spendthrift Bohemians only too willing to recruit its ranks from the unemployed rich. There was in her, however, an ingrained conventionality, a stanch tradition of good American stock that made her shrink back from the tawdry and the vulgar. It was not for that she had come to New York.

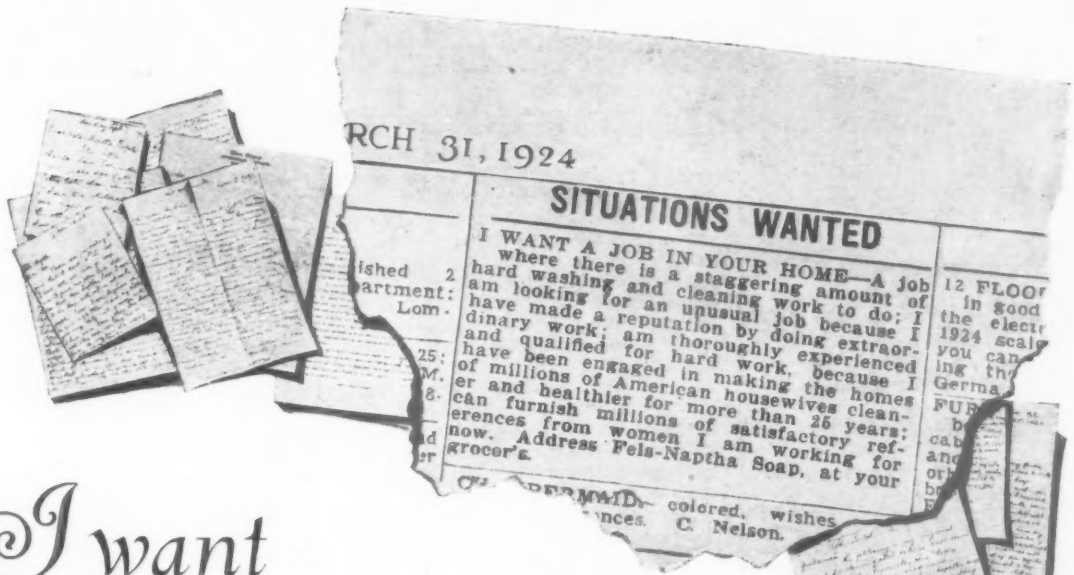
True, she danced in hotel ballrooms with professionals, paying for what she received, but when they sought to develop the acquaintance beyond their public limits, she shook her head and departed, leaving them mystified at a refusal so at variance with her outward semblance. Once Miss Lippiscome had introduced a young nephew, but she perceived the intention of the maneuver and closed the incident so abruptly that Miss Lippiscome, perceiving that whatever her surface ignorance, she was not dealing with a simpleton, wisely forebore for the future.

SO Toinette continued the solitary routine of the day, spending her mornings in shopping, haunting the restaurants and the theaters, deriving some sentimental consolation from the movies, which always left her with the feeling that somehow, in the right way and time, the right man would come miraculously into her

"THE MONEY RIDER"

He was a jockey and rode for money alone — to secure his heart's desire. His story will appear in an early number, and it is the best that's come, thus far, from—

GERALD BEAUMONT



I want a job in your home

I want hard work to do

I want a place in a home where there are heavy washes of sheets, blankets and working clothes, as well as the dainty garments of women; where there are men who have a lot of badly soiled shirts in the wash every week.

I want a job where children romp and play, and get the dirt ground into their little rompers, blouses and stockings, making it almost impossible to get them really clean by ordinary washing methods. For I will soak them in my sudsy water, and bring back to them the bright, crisp look they had when new. And they will be sweet and wholesome.

I will make work easier for the housewife

I want to work for the housewife who is tired of the task of daily dishwashing. I will show her how readily I cut the grease with my real naptha, and make her dishes streakless and glistening.

I will show her how easily I brighten the painted woodwork, take the spots from the rugs, scrub the kitchen floor, and leave a sweet-smelling, wholesome cleanliness.

Will you hire me?

I am a tireless worker. I never shirk. Never sleep. Always ready to do your bidding. Hire me, and I will never quit the job. The longer I work for you the more you will feel that you cannot get along without me.

Tell your grocer you want me, and I will go right to work for you, and prove my extraordinary ability.

Nothing can take my place!



FELS-NAPTHA

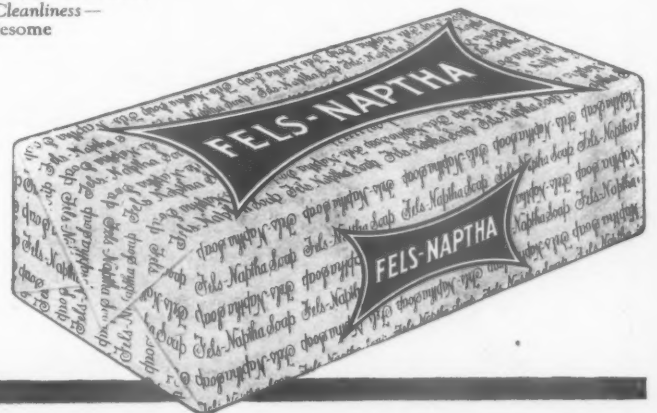
I give the mother a chance to smile

I want her to have more time to enjoy the sunshine of her baby's smile. I want to take away from her the hard, disagreeable task of washing baby's diapers. I soak them with my soap-and-naptha, then with a little rubbing and a good rinse, I leave them soft and soothing, with never a chance to irritate baby's tender skin.

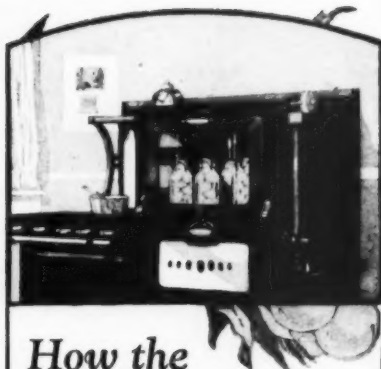
I save expense and clean clothes thoroughly

I want to come into your home to cut down clothes-expense. I think it is a burning shame the way expensive clothes are often so quickly ruined by the pulling and straining they get from hard rubbing. I wash clothes safely. My real naptha quickly makes the dirt let go by soaking, without harm to the fibres of delicate fabrics.

I want to be your helper in getting your family's wash clean—whether it be sheets or shirts or sheerest waists. Wherever I work I leave Fels-Naptha Cleanliness—complete, wholesome cleanliness.



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR ©1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia



How the Red Wheel Makes Canning Easy

SIX famous makes of gas ranges have a small Red Wheel at the front or side of the oven. This Red Wheel indicates that the gas range is equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator—a device that automatically controls the heat of the oven.

The Red Wheel makes canning easy. Take peaches, for example. You skin and stone them in the usual manner and pack the halves in ordinary fruit jars. Add boiling syrup and adjust the covers loosely over scalded rubbers.

Place jars on the oven rack, setting the

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

according to the Lorain Oven Canning Chart. While the jars are in the oven, you need not stay in the kitchen.

When the prescribed time is up, remove the jars from the oven, tighten the lids, invert the jars, and your canning is done. It keeps indefinitely and retains the fresh color, form and flavor of the fruit.

Because the Red Wheel maintains any desired oven temperature, you can bake every pie, cake, roast, etc., perfectly every time. And by setting the Red Wheel at a low temperature, you can leave a Whole Meal cooking in the oven for hours without watching.

Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges are sold by Gas Companies and good dealers everywhere.

A postcard request brings you a free copy of our latest folder on Lorain Oven Canning



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking



AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
1123 Chouteau Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

life and break the spell that now seemed to have been woven between her and the outer world.

As far outside the society of her ambitions as the little smudgy-faced telephone operator who gazed at her in ecstatic envy each day as she swept gorgeously in and out, she lived in a world of make-believe. Each morning she followed the doings of the forbidden world through the society columns. She watched them at restaurants across intervening tables. She rejoined them at night at the opera. Three or four times, in the sacred name of charity, she had ventured into the great houses and exchanged a dozen formal words across the bazaar counter, thrilling at the actual contact with these princesses of society. Once, in a crowd at an opening night, Miss Lippisome had presented her to a former ward, who had stared at her suddenly and forgot her at the next encounter. And that was all. Yet she set her face obstinately against the truth.

But when, after her father's departure, she faced the crisis of entertaining her old friends the Pettinger girls from home, a panic seized upon her. How long could she withhold the discovery of her true situation? They were to dine with her the night before their sailing. So far, she had seen herself committed without having perceived a means of escape. Three men? Where was she to obtain three men when in all New York there was not one she knew whom she cared to invite to her table. Then suddenly remembering the stratagem of Mrs. Laniford from which she had so cruelly suffered, she took to her bed and affected an illness which deceived even Miss Lippisome.

The Pettinger girls came on schedule—and marveled at her gilded cage, exclaimed over the fairy trousseau of the little bride of New York, commiserated with her, lying so feverish and weak in her wonderful lace-and-gold bed-cap, her Parisian negligee against the blue-and-gold Spanish bed—went off to her box at the theater in her automobile, and departed without a suspicion. Her secret was still safe.

She ate her Christmas dinner alone. She saw the New Year in with Miss Lippisome at the newest and most expensive of Russian restaurants, watching others celebrating. And so another year began and still nothing happened.

IN the middle of March, Nathaniel Gorton, bursting with prosperity and expectation, arrived unannounced. She heard his voice from the hall, and ran out and flung herself tumultuously into his arms.

"Hello, hello! Why, some one's glad to see her old father!" he cried huskily, astonished at this display of her affection.

"Just plumb crazy, Dad!"

"Anything on for tonight?"

"Not a thing!"

"Sure you're free?"

"Absolutely!"

"'Cause I don't want to butt in on any parties—"

"No, no, tonight I'm free."

"All right, we'll make a night of it—a regular bang-up spree."

"I'd love it."

All at once he perceived her changed appearance.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"What's the matter?"

"You've gone and bobbed your hair."

"Not bobbed. They call it shingled. It's the newest thing. Like it?"

He emitted a long whistle of admiration.

"Didn't realize you ever could look like that."

"Papa!"

"By jingo, Toinette, you've got me dazzled!" He shook his head. "It'll seem rather tame going off with just your old father."

She covered her embarrassment with a laugh.

"Pooh! I'll adore it. We'll dine at Lazare's and take in the last Follies!"

ALL evening he was in ecstasies over the gorgeous butterfly, floating on such confident wings above the gray chrysalis of the past. He marveled at her entrance into the restaurant, the precipitous welcome of the head waiter, the nonchalant poise of her head as, oblivious to the staring tables, she led him to their place. There wasn't an ermine coat there that could touch hers, he reflected, after a quick contented survey of the brilliant company. And while with a practiced carelessness she indicated her wishes to the head waiter, he tried to accustom himself to the new transformation, this new coiffure that gave her the appearance of a roguish, slender boy. Her complexion, which had always been a little pale, now to his dazzled inexperienced eyes suddenly assumed the most amazing opalescent tints over warm apricot surfaces. At first he ascribed it to a trick of the lighting.

"They've all got their eyes on her," he thought, glancing around, which was true.

All at once he perceived a familiar face across the room, and bowed, bursting with pride.

"Who's that?" said Toinette, turning toward him.

"Joe Faulkner," he answered, "—big operator down in El Paso. Doin' business with him—a big deal!"

It was just the touch needed to make his happiness complete—that some acquaintance of his should be there to witness his triumph.

"What fun!" she cried, patting his hand.

It seemed to him that she was actually flirting with him a little—as she was, with all the pent-up repression of her long isolation.

"You'll be making some of these young fellows jealous if they see you."

"Don't care."

"You're the prettiest thing here tonight!"

"Oh, Papa, you always say that!"

"And where did you get all that color in your cheeks?"

"That's a secret, a wonderful new thing," she explained with a laugh, and forthwith began to initiate him into the mysteries. "Like it?"

"You bet!"

Dicky de Gollyer and his friends, who were present, watched the scene and immediately decided that the "angel" had at last arrived.

If your Health is threatened— You should know the power of this natural fresh food

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple, natural food

achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active.

At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health* is yours once more.



ABOVE

"All my life I have been constantly annoyed with indigestion and a cankered, sore mouth—caused by acidity of the stomach. Fleischmann's Yeast has effected a permanent cure of my stomach and mouth troubles, and I consider Yeast as much a necessity as a toothbrush or my bath."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Hugo V. Bolin of Ponca City, Oklahoma)



AT RIGHT

"In March, 1920, I read your 'Yeast for Health' advertisement. Frankly, I did not believe it. For years I had been troubled with an acid condition of the stomach: 'heartburn,' constipation, no pep. Merely out of curiosity I tried yeast—and was agreeably astonished. My digestion improved rapidly. That stuffy feeling caused by a heavy meal disappeared. My bowels function without artificial assistance. The acidity has not returned and my daily dose of soda is a thing of the past. In brief, I was not merely relieved—I was cured."

(A letter from Mr. M. M. Glauber, an Oklahoman)

BELOW

"Since childhood, I have had to resort to taking salts every two weeks to relieve constipation. It was very seldom that I had a natural, healthy appetite. A night never passed that I would sleep soundly. Then I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. My appetite began to increase, and my constipation gave way gradually to a healthy, regular, daily discharge of waste. Now each morning finds me full of life and vitality."

(Extract from letter of Mr. F. A. Christopherson of Fresno, California)



"Innumerable boils on each of the three children. All treatment seemed in vain. Three medicine spoons went down three tiny throats twenty times daily. Boils still came. The little sisters still cried."

"When at last the doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, the household laughed. But soon the boils came less frequently. And when three little girls began to spread Fleischmann's Yeast instead of butter on their bread, the boils disappeared entirely."

(Extract from letter of Mrs. Mary H. Lloyd of New Albany, Ind.)



Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet

form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in your ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. M-6, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



Is Seeing Believing?

Mr. Fischler checked up on his eyes and was satisfied.

Most Edgeworth is sold by word of mouth—one happy smoker will pass the good word along to some less fortunate brother, and a new Edgeworth "fan" is born.

Sometimes, however, the human voice plays no part in the spread of Edgeworth popularity.

Witness Mr. Fischler's letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.,

Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Last summer while on my vacation, which was spent on Pine Creek, one of the best fishing streams in Northern Pennsylvania, I noticed a lot of discarded Edgeworth tobacco cans. Especially were they noticeable near the good fishing holes.

When I returned home I bought Edgeworth and learned the reason for all those empty packages.

Yours,
Peter Fischler

We're much too busy filling the blue tins here in Richmond to be able to follow them to the four corners of the earth.

It's a curious fact, by the way, that sportsmen everywhere show a marked preference for Edgeworth. There's something in the blend that strikes a responsive chord among fishermen and hunters, campers and hikers.

Perhaps some reader, himself a sportsman, can tell us why Mr. Fischler found so many Edgeworth tins "near the good fishing holes."

Be that as it may, "seeing is believing" with us just as it was with Mr. Fischler. Thousands of letters from pipe smokers are

visual proof to us that in Edgeworth we are producing a tobacco that most men like.

You may not find Edgeworth to your taste at all, but we think it probable that you will. Let's try to find out!

If you'll write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 42 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., we'll send you, postpaid, free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready Rubbed.

What follows is a matter between you and your pipe!

If you care to write us the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, we shall very much appreciate your courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

The dinner ended all too soon for Gorton. He passed by Faulkner with an air of condescending triumph, again thrilling at the stir she made in her glorious progress. In the same blissful attitude of incredulous parentage, he sat through the *révue*, oblivious to the flaunted beauties across the footlights, immersed in the wonder of the thing at his side. He went to bed that night so vibrantly happy that for hours he lay awake planning the glorious future. Just before he fell asleep, he thought reverently of the mother.

"Gee, if she could only have seen Toinette tonight," he said to himself solemnly, "how happy it would have made her!"

THE next morning as Gorton was breasting the crowd, a hand caught his arm.

"Nat, you old reprobate!"

"Charley Boyden!"

"The same."

He shook hands with a six-foot-six Southerner in a black Fedora hat, who stood shaking his finger in playful reproof.

"Nat, Nat, I caught you!"

"What d'you mean?"

"Saw you at the Follies. Wow, but that was some cutey you were paradin' last night!"

"What!" exclaimed Gorton, with a flash of anger. "Why, that was my daughter!"

"Your what? Your daughter!" Boyden doubled over with laughter. "Your daugh—" Again a spasm seized him. "Nat, you'll be the death of me."

"But it *was* my daughter!" he protested.

"Come off—come off with that stuff." Boyden gave him a slap on the shoulder and looked at him in superior commiseration. "Say, Nat, I hang out in this little old town. Don't you think I can tell a cutey six feet away? It's all right, my boy, all right. I wont tell on you—s'all right."

He departed, still choking with laughter.

When Gorton ten minutes later met his friend Faulkner by appointment, there was a preoccupied look in his eyes.

"Hello, old sport," said Faulkner, smiling knowingly.

Gorton was struck by his expression.

"What are you looking at me that way for?"

"Never mind," said Faulkner, smiling an evasive smile. "I aint goin' to lecture you."

"What did you think of the girl I was dining with last evening?" said Gorton carefully.

"All right, I reckon—if you know the game."

"What game?"

"Well, you can afford to make a fool of yourself," said Faulkner, grinning. "Sermonizing isn't my style, but when you get in trouble, come to me for advice."

"I see," said Gorton, frowning and looking down.

"Lord, Nat," continued his friend, believing the moment auspicious, "this town is just chuck full of them. And say, what they don't know about the game!

My boy, you haven't a chance. Quit it and run. A girl like that will skin you alive! Don't mind my putting you wise?"

"No—no, I don't mind your putting me wise," he said, staring out the window.

NATHANIEL GORTON did a lot of thinking, as he would have expressed it, in the next few hours. He was up against a crisis, and he knew it. But like most good-natured, patient men, when a reaction came, it came with double force. Finally he jammed his hat over his eyes, sunk his fists in his pockets and set out for the apartment.

Toinette was at her dressing-table, experimenting with a double row of cosmetics, when her father broke in.

"Why, Dad!" she exclaimed, seeing him still in his overcoat.

"Get a wash-rag," he cried directly. "Something in his look made her obey."

"Rub that stuff off your face!"

"Why?"

"Clean up! Clean up everything! Get it out of your eyelids and off your lips! No back-talk. Do it now!"

He waited until, frightened, she returned from the bathroom.

"That's good enough for me!" he exclaimed. "As for this stuff—"

The next moment his cane swept through the massed ranks of perfumery and cosmetics.

"Now get on something to cover your shoulders—something honest; and come to the mat! Do you know what my friend Charley Boyden and my friend Joe Faulkner thought I was with last night?" Unable to contain himself, raising his voice, he continued, detailing the comments he had endured, while his daughter behind the door hastily slipped into a wrapper.

"I'm a fool, an old fool," he concluded as she came out, wide-eyed and stumbling, "but it doesn't take me long to see what's what! If that's what this New York whirl means, we'll cut it out, here and now!"

"You mean you want me to go home?" she said tremulously.

"Exactly that!"

Up to now he had permitted himself to be carried away with the instinct of a man who foresees a certain point to be carried by storm, and the need of an overpowering move. He delivered the ultimatum with clenched fists and waited for the storm to break.

"You mean it—you honestly mean it?" Somehow the tone was not what he expected. He glanced up suspiciously. Her eyes were shining.

"You don't want me to stick it out here; you really haven't set your heart on it, then?"

"Say, what the—"

But before he could finish his sentence, she was in his arms, weeping, laughing, blurring out the whole story of her loneliness.

"Tell you?" she cried in answer to his perplexed questions. "I didn't dare to tell you, Papa. I've been such a failure!"

"My God!" he said reverently. "If you'd 'a' been a success! Pack up—Alberon's waitin' for us." He stopped, reflected, and added: "Only, Alberon don't need to know all we know!"



The young bride waved her handkerchief as the car drove away from the host of well-wishing friends.

"Stop waving, darling," said the happiest man in the world. "I want to look at you—you never seemed so beautiful as you do right now!"

Did Nature fail to put roses in your cheeks?

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE first time a girl looks into her mirror with the conscious desire to see what nature has done for her skin, she is aware of her coloring! If there are roses in your cheeks there is added charm to the reflection. If you have no color, you will wisely decide to put it there!

Rouge, properly used, is recognized today as one of the important essentials to the toilette.

When you select your rouge

Pompeian Bloom is a pure, harmless rouge that beautifies with its remarkably natural tone of color. It comes in compact form, and is made in the four shades essential to the various types of American women.

It is as important to select the right tone of rouge as it is to select the right shade of powder.

The following general directions will be of assistance:

The *medium* tone of Pompeian Bloom can, and should, be used by the majority of women in America. This is a lovely natural rose shade most frequently found in the skin of women who are not extreme types. Generally used with Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The *light* tone of Pompeian Bloom

is the clear, definite pink found most frequently in the coloring of very fair-haired women. This tone of rouge may go with the Naturelle, the Flesh, and occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The *dark* tone of Pompeian Bloom is for the warm, dark skin typical of the beauties of Spain or Italy. It is most often effective with the Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder, also with Naturelle shade.

The *orange tint* gives exactly the coloring essential to women who have red or bronze tones in their hair, for most frequently these tones are repeated in the skin. This rouge has been used almost exclusively by women if they live much out-of-doors.

It combines with Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder, but also looks well with Rachel when the skin is olive in tone, and with White Pompeian Beauty Powder if the skin is very white.

Note—Do not try bizarre effects with your rouge. Make it look *natural*, use it discreetly, and use too little rather than too much.

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BLOOM (the rouge) 60c per box
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POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada



Pompeian Bloom (a rouge)

You Needn't Fear the July Sun

It is a very unwise woman who actually *courts* the rays of the mid-summer sun, for it has a searing effect that may prove seriously injurious to her skin. But, with care, you should be able to get out-of-doors all you want to without sacrificing the loveliness of your complexion.

The enemies of the skin that are active at this time are—the direct rays of the sun between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., and the reflected rays of sunlight from water. These rays seem to concentrate all the scorching power of the July sun and visit its heat unsparingly; then, the wind of July is hot and drying—even if it is an apparently calm day, dry air will be rushed over your skin when you are riding. And all these things tend to dry—yes, to *shrivel* your skin.

A panacea for these summer dangers is the generous and consistent use of Pompeian Night Cream. The minute you come into the house, if your skin feels the least bit scorched, you should use Pompeian Night Cream. Apply it over the sun-burned or wind-burned parts—its cool, white, softness will be as soothing as fresh water to a parched throat. Pompeian Night Cream contains oils that are healing and softening to a burned skin. If the burn is severe it is well to lay clean strips of gauze or cotton covered with Pompeian Night Cream over the burned parts till much of the feeling of heat has disappeared. Always keep your jar of Pompeian Night Cream in a convenient place because it is healing as well as beautifying!

All during the summer your Pompeian Night Cream will be “the best friend of your skin” if you will use it for cleansing, softening, healing. And, for a dry skin, it is the best possible powder base.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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with the Hinge-Cap that can't come off



We've scored again! Aqua Velva is the new product—scientific preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 67.

DOGNAPED

(Continued from page 92)

exactly how His Lordship Kilkenny Marston Conqueror I had scooted between his legs and gone out the door and gate before he could stop him. Only one being seemed not to care—a brown-and-white dog which had taken a position of invisibility in the shadows of the ice-wagon, and was busily rolling in the dust of the street, oblivious to commands, to calls, whistled signals and the general hubbub. The Shrimp knew what they all meant—that he had to go back into the house again. So he simply ignored them. After a time Tony, mourning in assorted English-Italian, climbed to his high seat and clucked to his horse. When the wagon moved, the Shrimp moved also, to travel along behind the horse's heels for a block or so, until the cry of the search was far away. Then he decided to cut out on his own.

The hue and cry grew more distant; Mr. Bainbridge had decided that the Shrimp naturally would head for the stables of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company, where he was wont to visit the circus Percherons of Eight-horse fame, and where the Shrimp would have gone had he thought about it. But His Majesty had too many things on his mind; he was a bit flustered by freedom, and he trotted about at random, once he had left the protection of Tony's wagon, in a sort of general inspection-tour which continued unabated for half an hour. Then he paused underneath a newly flickering street-light as an automobile came up the street from the general direction of the search, whizzed past, halted, then backed up. The door opened, and a man came forth, stood for a moment in surprised appraisal, then remarked to himself in a low voice:

"That's him—dollars to doughnuts!" Then to the dog: "Here, pups!"

The Shrimp wagged his stubby, crooked tail, more from politeness than anything else. The man tried again:

"Hey, Toodles!" he said. Then to himself: "That's what she calls 'im—Toodles. Here, Toodles! Nice little doggie! Here, Toodles!"

He snapped his fingers and bent low. The Shrimp cocked his head, minced forward a few steps, edged away, tried it once more in answer to the cajoling voice, looked at that automobile, moved uncertainly again, then at last trotted forward. After all, an automobile was an automobile. The man scooped him quickly into his arms and turned for the car, while the Shrimp, sighting a ride in the offing, licked at his ears.

A minute later the man had removed his belt and looped it through Toodles' harness and the robe-rod, and Toodles found himself wriggling about in the rear of a strange automobile, striving to divest himself of a robe that had been thrown over him.

He didn't know he was being dognaped. He didn't care. He was in an automobile, and the machine was moving swiftly, frantically, for the St. Louis road by means of the outskirts of Kenwood. His Majesty was a traveler; for weeks he had whined and fretted at the sound of every passing machine, a luxury long de-

sired, and now that a ride had come along unasked, unsought, it merely fitted into the joyous scheme of things attendant upon his escape. Twice the driver replaced the robe as the car shot up alleys and down side-streets; then he glanced for an instant over his shoulder as he turned into the St. Louis road and snapped on the bright lights as an aid to speed.

"All right, kid," he said. "Look out all you want to now. There's nobody on our trail!"

Which was correct. Everybody, including the town marshal, was rummaging about in the vicinity of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company and the stables which housed the eight Percheron horses. In vain—Toodles was not there. He was still missing, an hour afterward, when the search turned for the other part of town, and Margaret, hair flying, dress torn from contact with a barbed-wire fence, face streaked by recurrent bursts of tears, turned frantically to her equally perturbed fiancé.

"Theo!" she gasped. "What if we don't find him? What—"

"Now, there! There!" He put his arm about her in plain sight of the town marshal and the assembled volunteers. "We'll find him!"

"But if we don't! Oh, if we don't!" Theo raised his chin in a determined manner.

"We'll make out some way. Other people have lost houses and money before."

"Money? Houses! Theo! To talk about such things at a time like this! I'm thinking of Toodles!"

"So'm I," said young Mr. Bainbridge hopelessly, then was silent. Anything he could say would be wrong in a time like this.

BUT all seemed well to His Lordship Kilkenny Marston Conqueror I, his forefeet on the side of a speeding car, his hips tastefully decorated with the automobile robe which still clung there. He scrambled along the side of the car, dragging the robe with him; he whined and yawned and jumped with pleasure; nor did he cease until the machine had turned sharply to the right, almost at the edge of St. Louis, traveled for a full ten minutes upon a rutty side-road, then stopped. Here was something new. The Shrimp fidgeted to get out, and the dognaper obliged by taking him again in his arms and bearing him swiftly through a long yard to the door of a darkened house.

A fumbling at a lock, while the Shrimp wriggled and squirmed in perfectly friendly fashion. Then suddenly the dog stiffened. From within had come the sound of excited barking; a moment later the lights snapped on, and the Shrimp looked down from his exalted position in the man's arms, at the bounding form of another Boston, slightly smaller than he, which scampered excitedly about a half-furnished kitchen, yapping and barking, jumping high and landing lightly, only that he might jump again. The dognaper halted in appraisal.

"Now, no fighting, you two!" he ad-



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monished. Then to the squirming Shrimp: "You act decent, old kid, and I'll do the same thing. Here's a nice little pal for you—Danger Montmorency Jessup III. He's going to win your prize in the dog-show, and after that, you can go home again. In the meantime, he's your host—a nice fellow, well bred and better behaved. So make friends with him."

The Shrimp licked his captor's hand, and whined to be set down. Whereupon, reaching the floor, he traded greetings with Danger Montmorency Jessup III, wiggled his tail in friendly fashion, then bounded with delight as Sindler, the dog-stealer, went to a cracker-jar and tossed a tidbit out for each. There was to be no fighting.

Certainly not on the part of His Majesty. He was too pleased. This was far more than he had expected. A nice ride in an automobile, a new dog for a playmate, and a chance to walk on his hind legs for a cracker. The world could hold but little more. The Shrimp bounded and pranced, bending low on his front legs and barking excitedly, striving in dog language to announce the fact that he was exceedingly happy to meet Mr. Danger Montmorency Jessup III, and that he hoped they'd have a good time together.

TO which Mr. Montmorency responded as best he could. But there seemed to be something missing in the other dog's nature.

Evidently he had not played much—too often the fate of the show-dog, especially the Boston. The antics of the Shrimp seemed lost upon the host, staring pop-eyed as His Majesty bounded here and there in his attempts to start something—anything, from a game of tag to run-sheep-run; Danger Montmorency Jessup III was in the position of a Little Lord Fauntleroy trying to figure out the intents and purposes of a street gamin. After a time the Shrimp gave it up and, sleepy from his motor journey, flopped in a corner, while Montmorency went gingerly to his wicker basket. Sindler, the dognaper, rubbed his chin.

"They're going to get along all right," he mused. "That's good. Wont have to separate 'em when I go to town in the morning."

A view which strengthened with the arrival of day. There would be no fighting; of that, the dog-stealer was sure. Something had happened in the night. Either they had become a loving pair, or the Shrimp had tired of sleeping on the cold linoleum. At any rate, Danger Montmorency Jessup III was doing his best to hang on to the edge of the wicker basket, while His Majesty the Shrimp snuggled contentedly in its center. Nor did they quarrel during their brief and guarded airing, or at breakfast. The Sindler dog seemed to have recognized in the Shrimp a superior and more worldly personage, and deferred to him. Toward mid-morning the dognaper left them for town, cuddled together in the basket, snoring peacefully. An hour later—

The Shrimp rose and stretched himself and looked about the darkened room, the shades of which still were tight drawn. He yawned, and sat a moment in cogitation. Then he decided it was time for a bit of exercise. So he barked and

The Red Book Magazine

pranced, while the vapid Montmorency sat in his basket and stared pop-eyed in the half-light. Ten minutes later he was in the middle of the kitchen, tugging at the other end of a piece of linoleum which the Shrimp had pulled from a loose end of the floor covering, and with prancings and boundings had held under his nose until at last it had penetrated to his rather slow-working brain to seize the other end. Thus they passed a quarter of an hour, until the linoleum was in shreds. After that they played at rough and tumble for a while, and then the Shrimp hit upon the happy exercise of I-chase-you-and-you-chase-me.

It was a great game. For a time they confined themselves to the floor. Then the Shrimp discovered that leaping to a chair added a zest to things. Montmorency followed—it seemed Montmorency's nature to be of the trailing sort. Finally the excitement of the straight leap to a chair and down again palled—which, perhaps, was just as well, for it forced the Shrimp to look for new thrills, and he found them in a flying leap from the chair to the kitchen table, then to the floor again, making the circuit back of the stove, over the coal-scuttle, in and out of the pantry, then back to the chair and table again, while the sap-headed Montmorency scooted about and barked in vacant fashion, as if wondering what it was all about.

In vain the Shrimp jumped to the top of the table and barked for Little Lord Fauntleroy to follow him. He tried it again and again, without results. Then, in a wild effort to carry through the general scheme of things, he made the circuit of the kitchen several times at racetrack speed, swooped to the chair, swung high into the air in a grand finale upon the table, missed his footing, skidded with wide-flung feet, and then, before he could swerve, headed straight on into the drawn shade against the window. Whereupon three things happened: the window beyond the green covering crashed; the shade flew up; and the Shrimp scooted for a hiding-place behind the stove, where he remained until the empty-headed Montmorency should come sniffing to investigate.

At last, lured forth by light and quiet, the Shrimp came out again. Two minutes more, and he was standing on his hind feet by the window, sniffing the outdoor air and wondering what was beyond the window. There was only one way to learn. He went out. Then he turned and barked to the whining Lord Fauntleroy, who was fidgeting inside. After a long time, in which Danger Montmorency Jessup III got hung in the window, scratched himself on a piece of protruding glass and lit in a pile of rusty chicken-netting on the way out, the Shrimp cocked his ears and looked about. The world was his!

MEANWHILE, back in Kenwood, a new day's search was beginning, with everybody from the market boy to the mayor in the list of participants—a search led frantically by a frantic young woman with tear-reddened eyes, and a young man with a gaunt expression who ran his hands feverishly through his hair every time the trail led past the Morrell



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house. But they didn't mention that matter. Enough was enough.

The search traveled into the country, back again, to the stables of the Tri-State, away from the stables, east, west, north and south. But it availed nothing. No one had seen the Shrimp; he had vanished. Afternoon came, and with it young Mr. Bainbridge led Margaret up the steps of her house and helped her into a chair on the veranda. Then he tried to get out to the street before the Subject arose. But it was inevitable:

"Theodore!"

"Yes, dearest."

"What on earth are we going to do?"

"I—I don't know."

"Oh!"

Then silence, for a long time—followed by:

"You ought never have let me think of it, Theo! You just shouldn't!"

"Well, I tried not to. But you—now, there, I didn't mean that! We can borrow the money somewhere."

"Yes, and live on nothing for the rest of our lives to pay it off! Oh, Theo! What did you let me do it for! Theo!"

"Yes!"

"Promise me—promise me that you'll never let me get you into anything terrible like this again. Did you say you'd seen the Morrells?"

"Yes. They said—oh, never mind!" He stared tragically into the distance. Margaret sniffed again.

"I know what they'd say. The old—"

"Now, there!" He patted vaguely at her head and missed. "Business is business. Never mind. We'll see it through some way."

It was then that the handkerchief came into full action, and a muffled voice behind it:

"It—it wouldn't be so bad if it was just us. But him—out somewhere. Run over or something! Poor little Toodles!"

NOR could the weeping Margaret Lannington know anything of a wild-eyed man who was at that moment searching the outskirts of St. Louis, chewing at his nails, and speeding up his automobile every time he saw a dog—nor anything of the happiness of a dirt-smudged canine which, a full five miles from the place of its last night's captivity, led the way in ecstatic investigation, followed somewhat stoddily by what once had been a very aristocratic little contender for the Shrimp's honors as the best Boston in the St. Louis Dog-show.

Things seemed to have happened to Montmorency. When, under the direction of the toughened Shrimp, accustomed by nature and by many another runaway trip to the hardships of the open, they had procured their noonday meal by chasing down a rabbit, Montmorency had fallen into three ditches and run headlong into a stump. More than that, he wasn't accustomed to raw food, and now he trotted rather wearily in the rear, a bit ill, and thoroughly disheveled.

Often the Shrimp would be forced to wait in a bored manner, standing with one paw raised and his nose to the wind. Little Lord Fauntleroy had slowed up considerably, owing perhaps to the fact that he had failed to get out of the way quickly enough when they had barked at

that last cow, and the cow had kicked. After a long time of wanderings, of scrambling about in the mud of a perfectly lovely creek, and an exciting half-hour with a turtle, they heard something humming deep in the woods. The Shrimp investigated, then moved out. Little Lord Fauntleroy investigated also, but didn't move quickly enough. They went back to the mud after that. Rather, Lord Fauntleroy did, while the Shrimp took a snooze on the bank. But at the end of the bath, one eye of Danger Montmorency Jessup III still remained puffed and closed, and there were eighteen large welts along his ribs and back. Bumblebees are that way when disturbed.

Things moved more slowly after that. Now and then Danger Montmorency Jessup III sat down flat and whined. Then he got up again. The Shrimp was his only claim in the world against loneliness, and the Shrimp insisted on moving. When night came, they slept in a hollow log—that is, the Shrimp did. His rival for the championship honors of the St. Louis Dog-show stayed awake most of the time, shivering, or trying to lick the welts on his back, or whining. But at last he snored also, to awaken with gummy eyes and a dark brown taste, while the Shrimp scampered down the hill and barked at a squirrel. He'd had a night's rest, even if Montmorency and Margaret Lannington and young Mr. Bainbridge and a certain dog-stealer hadn't; and after all, to himself, he was the only one that counted. So after a time he led the way onward again.

THAT morning the St. Louis newspapers carried two advertisements of intense interest to dog-fanciers. One offered a hundred dollars reward for the return of Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I of Kenwood, Missouri, finders please notify owner or city marshal at Kenwood. Another offered a hundred dollars reward and no questions asked for the return of Danger Montmorency Jessup III, finders please telephone Kinloch 3124. Which again was nothing to the Shrimp! High in the mounds along a little stream, he sat barking at a bluejay, legs spraddled, eyes bright and manner joyous, while in the background, panting dolorously, fur awry and bumpy, one eye still half closed, one leg working only half-heartedly, feet sore and cracked, stood a sad imitation of what once had been a Little Lord Fauntleroy, licking his bumblebee stings. Turning, Montmorency toddled to a sunny spot and began to circle in sore fashion before settling there. The action was not fulfilled. Just then His Majesty saw a cat.

There was nothing to do but follow, and in laboring fashion Danger Montmorency Jessup III scrambled along, while far in the lead, his yapping high and excited, Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I took ditches on the fly, scurried under fences, evaded close brush as though by second nature and seemed literally to skim the ground. On—on—across a field, into a barnyard, where with chickens scattering, pigs grunting and a cow moving awkwardly out of the way, His Majesty circled the prey into a corner, and then, at a safe distance, back bristled, ears aloft, barked his joy, until

at last his floundering companion scrambled into the scene, became excited also, and simply because he didn't know any better, went straight onward. It was the cat's turn. The arched back went higher. Claw-fringed paws circled in quick thrusts. Then, while the Shrimp barked in the background, the fight was on.

Howls—hissing! Squawks of cat and yelps of dog—screeches of pain and yowls of triumph! Voices—a door slammed—a figure, running across the barnyard, then climbing the fence—commands:

"Hey, you! Quit thet—hear me—quit thet! Scat, you—sca-a-a-a-a-t! Now, you two dogs git out o' here! Git out, I tell you! Git—hey, come back here! Come—here, nice doggies, nice doggies!"

A thrill, as of the news of the death of a rich uncle, had shot up the farmer's back. Again he cajoled, and again, to a prancing, friendly, sleek little brown-and-white animal, full of enthusiasm and play, and to a disheveled, bumpy wreck of a Boston, now decorated with a dozen cat-scratches and with a second swollen eye rapidly joining the first. Once more the farmer pleaded in sweetened tones. Then, with a dog under each arm, one wriggling, one limp, he turned for the house.

"Lucy!" he shouted. "Get that mornin' paper an' look up them dog ads. I've found two hundred dollars!"

FOUR nights later, they presented Colonel Leffingwell's prize at the St. Louis Dog-show. Around the stall where a brown-and-white Boston sat bored and full of ennui upon his silken pillow, and where an excited young woman talked to an excited young man, there was a great crowd. Across the way was another stall, decorated with velvet and tinsel, but devoid of an occupant. It's of little use to attempt to show a dog with two swollen eyes, a dozen or so cat-scratches and a limp in his front leg—to say nothing of the remaining results of a bumblebee sortie. A gushing friend approached and edged through the throng.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she asked of Margaret Lannington. "Just to think that your dog should have won it! After all that worry to you! I'll bet that check looked big, all right!"

"Big?" Miss Margaret Lannington of Kenwood patted the head of Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I, again the grand champion of Missouri. Miss Margaret Lannington smiled, in ecstatic, dreamy fashion. "Big?" she asked. "Oh, I should say so. Didn't it, Theodore?"

The young man gulped, and blinked his eyes, like a man coming out of a dream. He rubbed at his Adam's apple, to eliminate the remainder of a constriction which even an hour of confidence had failed to remove.

"Just as big," he blurted, "just as—big as a house!"

Then he and Margaret smiled, as though there wasn't another person in the world—while on his silken pillow, His Majesty the Shrimp glanced again toward the staring throng, decided to ignore it entirely, turned his back and settled to sleep. But he reared again, quickly. A messenger boy, returning from a bribing process at the nearest restaurant, was unwrapping the wonders of a half-dollar soup-bone! The world was good.



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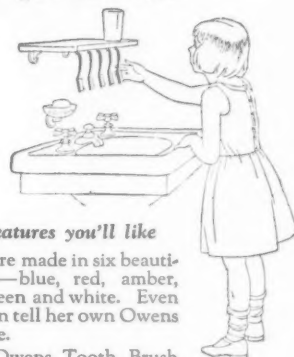
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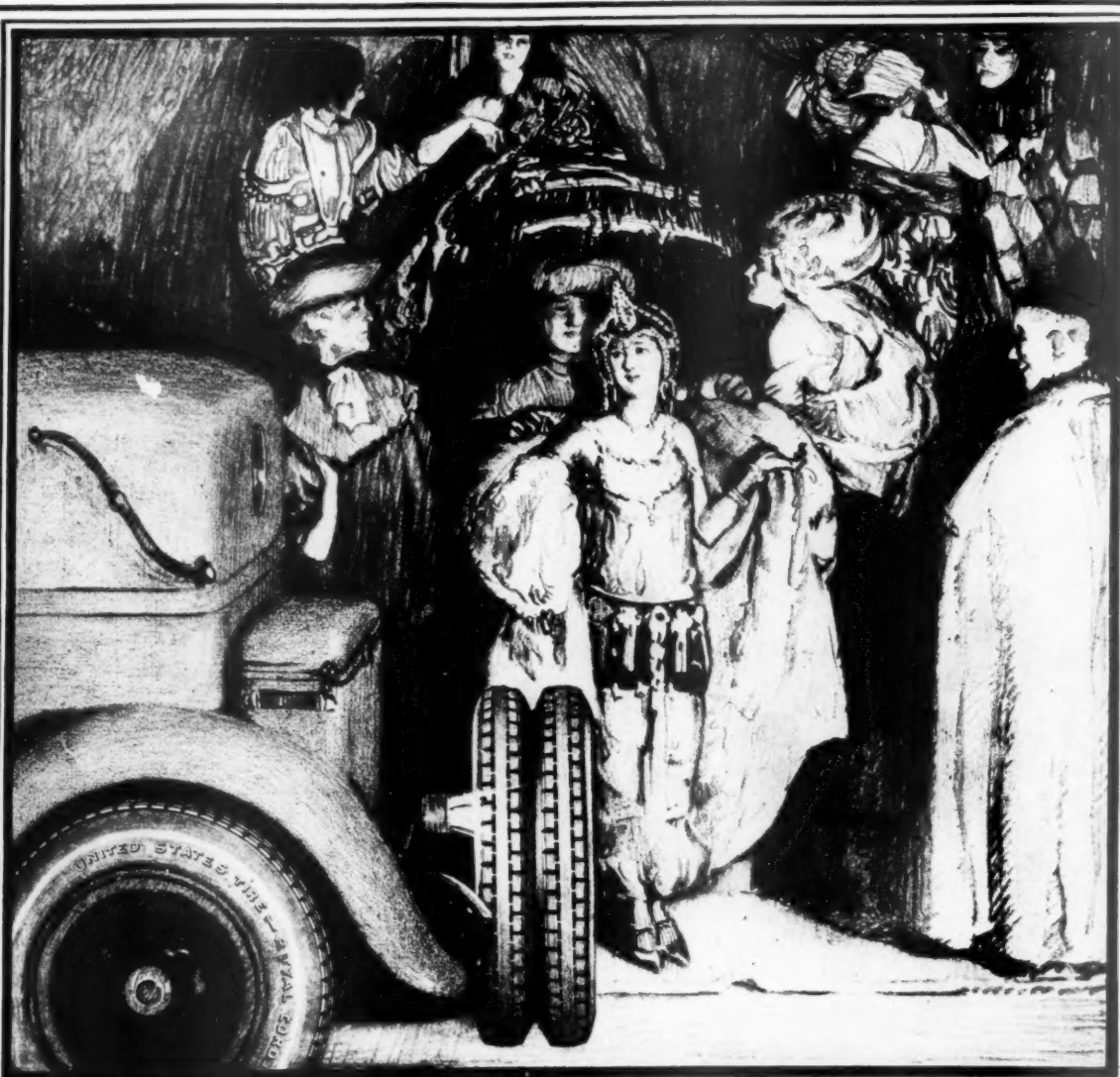
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OWENS

Staple-tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO



U.S. Royal Cords

IT wasn't so long ago that most men made quite a ceremony of buying a tire—and even then paid out their money with some doubts.

Today when a Royal Cord user wants a new tire, he buys another Royal because there is no other reasonable thing to do.

You don't find the Royal Cord user at all ready to carry on mileage experiments—at his own expense.

Each Royal Cord he buys does more than he would have asked of it. ~ ~ ~ ~



Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

U. S. Tires are the only tires in the world made of cords solutioned in raw rubber latex

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

THE JUSTICE OF THE WILD

(Continued from page 77)

although no shark had ever attacked him, the old ibis preferred to hold his head high so that he could keep an eye on this intruder.

Presently his opportunity came. The heavy curved bill, its mandibles closed, shot down into the water and instantly rose again. It was a lightning-like stroke, powerful enough to stagger a raccoon if it had landed between the eyes, and in a moment a six-inch mullet, insensible if not already dead, swirled to the surface of the little eddy at the edge of which the ibis stood.

Striding forward, he seized the fish, turned it deftly in his bill and swallowed it head foremost. Wading ashore, he took three quick steps over the hard, sun-baked mud between the water and the marsh; then, his long neck curving downward, his long legs dangling, he lifted himself with swift, strong wing-beats into the air.

AS he spiraled upward, he surveyed the green salt prairies spread beneath him—the wide sea-marshes stretching away northeastward and southeastward as far as his eye could see, bounded on one side by the forest of the distant Low Country mainland, and on the other by the semitropical woods on the long, narrow barrier islands beyond which lay the ocean. Above him, around him and below him he saw other ibises: some of them were fishing at the mouths of little gullies opening into the tidal creeks which wound everywhere through the marshes; some were sunning themselves in closely bunched flocks on shell-mounds or heaps of sedge piled up by the tides; others were winging their way lazily, with three or four wing-beats, then a long graceful sail, toward the barrier island jungle; still others soared beautifully on motionless pinions high in the upper air under the deep-blue June sky.

He saw also a pair of eagles soaring higher than the highest of the ibises, and an osprey poising and hovering over a marsh creek where it opened into a broad shallow sound; scores of herons—great blues, little blues and Louisianas—were passing back and forth beneath him with measured wing-beats, or fishing along the edges of the sinuous waterways; a squadron of brown pelicans floated on the surface of a wide creek near an inlet; a flock of more than fifty tall, glistening egrets completely covered, as though a shining white blanket were spread over it, the low, dense cassena thicket on a little hummock in the marsh. All these, and the long-winged royal terns and skimmers, the loquacious rails and willets, the handsome black and white red-billed oystercatchers, the graceful least terns, and the busy restless sandpiper regiments on the curving inlet shore, were familiar sights to the chief, and they interested him little. He had fed even more bounteously than usual. The languor of complete satiety was upon him. It was time for his midday siesta.

Some whim turned his bill toward the distant mainland woods instead of the barrier jungle where he generally took his noon nap. Perhaps it was the sight

of the egrets on the hummock far beneath him which put the notion into his head, for the place that he had in mind was a certain cypress-bordered freshwater lagoon where a great egret city was situated. Perhaps Fate had something to do with it—Fate which often, like an all-powerful, relentless genie or wizard of the wilderness, seems to arrange with the most minute care those tragic dramas of the woods which are none the less real because man so seldom witnesses them.

At any rate, when Attakullakulla, after mounting almost as high as the towering eagles, set out for the lonely lagoon of the egrets ten miles or more away, the little old man who lived in the white vine-covered cottage by the shore of the bay was sitting on an oak stump beside that lagoon, feasting his eyes on the beauty of the tall milk-white birds perching in scores and hundreds in the young, feathery-foliaged cypresses fringing the egret lake. And at that same moment Red Cam, his shotgun balanced in his right hand, his black mongrel Brutus following at his heels, was making his way through the mixed forest of pine, oak and hickory in the midst of which lay the secluded serpentine backwater where the plumed white birds had their town.

A definite purpose had brought Cam to those woods. An inveterate hunter, he spent most of his time roaming with his gun. Laws and seasons were nothing to him. At all seasons he killed whatever game crossed his path. On this June day he was hopeful that Lady Luck would show him a wild turkey, and he was working down through the woods toward the lagoon because a few days before, he had seen the sign of a big gobbler in a certain swale near the water's edge.

But John Marston had come to the lagoon by mere accident—or so he would have said if he had been asked about it, though it is possible that the woods genie, preparing the drama to be enacted there that day, was responsible for the chance which had turned him aside from his path. Tramping through the woods on his way to a certain lotus-pond where many purple gallinules nested and reared their young in a hidden paradise of golden blooms, he had seen a large flock of egrets pass over, high above the pines, flying eastward. They were bound, he knew, for the egret city, and reflecting that more than a week had passed since he had visited the place and that the young egrets would now be well grown, he had decided to let the gallinules wait for a day and had followed the big white birds.

FOR an hour Marston had been sitting on his oak stump beside the southern shore of the lagoon, an ideal post from which to watch the teeming life of the town. As always when he visited the egret metropolis, the wonder of it took possession of him. It was like a scene from another and more fantastic world, and the little old man, though skillful with words, had never been able to describe it.

To his right the tall, smooth, columnar

trunks of great cypresses towered above the still water, their branches clothed with a gray spectral witchery of tillandsia moss; but in front of him and to his left the cypress woods fell away, and he looked out upon an open sunny lake walled in by young, dark-green, full-foliaged trees. In these marginal cypress woods and in small cypress groves and willow clumps rising here and there from the surface of the lake, the egrets had their nests, nests which seemed innumerable—ten or twelve or even a score of them to each small tree. And everywhere—on the nests, in the trees and in the air—the great snowy birds, buoyant as air itself, graceful beyond description, adorned with long, delicate plumes which drooped beyond their tails, perched and circled and soared.

John Marston sat like one entranced. For ten years or more he had visited the egret city many times each spring and summer; yet its magic never grew stale. His gaze shifted from point to point of the bewildering, ever-changing panorama before him, now resting upon a lone pyramidal cypress near the center of the lake where more than a hundred egrets, young birds and adults, crowded together so closely as to hide almost entirely the lustrous foliage of the tree, now lingering upon a dead cypress-top across the lagoon where four big black snakebirds, or anhingas, grotesque reminders of the incredible bird-reptiles of an incredible past, stood with their long, somber wings half-opened to the sun, while all around them in the air white egrets and smaller blue herons, which shared the egret city, sailed and swerved—a kaleidoscopic aerial whirlpool of color and of life.

OFTEN the little old man's eyes, as if fascinated by the sight, returned to a spot near the middle of the lagoon where three great alligators lay between two lily-pad islands, their huge shapeless heads and jagged black backs showing above the surface. Even more potently than the snakebirds these long armored dragons of the waters carried his mind back to the fantastic ancient world—back and back, across ages and eons, to that remote and seemingly fabulous time when the giant reptiles of the dinosaur dynasty ruled the earth. For this reason, despite their hideousness, he found delight even in the alligators; and because those rugged, plated, sinister heads protruding from the dark water were an essential part of the outlandish magic of the lagoon, he looked for them always when he came to the egret town.

He was watching the motionless, seemingly lifeless gators when above them and farther to the left he saw the chief of the wood-ibis army sail into view over the tree-tops and come to rest on a dead cypress standing well out in the water. Marston recognized the big bird at once. He had known him too well and too long to make any mistake; and he wondered what obscure chance had caused him to return to the mainland for his midday siesta instead of resorting as usual to the barrier-island woods. He watched him dispose himself comfortably on a stout



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limb of the dead cypress, unmindful of the transitory excitement of the egrets and herons who had their homes near by; then Marston's gaze wandered off, to settle once more upon the three big reptilian masters of the lagoon.

He did not know that other eyes as keen and almost as practiced as his own had seen the ibis alight and had recognized the bird with equal certainty. Red Cam had been slowly making his way down through the woods on the opposite side of the lagoon. He had seen no sign of the gobbler for which he was looking, and presently he sat down to rest at the foot of a big sycamore a few yards from the edge of the water.

Munching a chunk of bread, washed down with copious drafts from his flask, he talked to the black mongrel Brutus, as was his habit, grumbling about his luck, which seemed to have deserted him. Again and again, as the liquor worked on him, his thoughts returned to Ellen and her grandfather; and these too he cursed, vehemently, laying his grievance before the dog as though the animal understood his words.

A swift shadow slid past him, and in the midst of a tirade Cam glanced up

quickly. It was not a turkey, as he had hoped, but a wood-ibis, and craning his neck to see beyond the willows fringing the lagoon, he watched the big bird alight on a dead limb far out over the water. A grin overspread his flushed face as he gazed. He rose hastily, reached for his gun, and bidding Brutus follow close at heel, slunk away amid the tree-trunks.

RED CAM moved swiftly with lynx-like liteness. The liquor which had heated his brain and loosened his tongue while he rested under the sycamore seemed not to impair in the slightest his accustomed skill in all the arts of the woods. He knew well the wariness of the old ibis, and he knew that his only chance of getting within range lay in crawling almost to the end of a low, narrow, reed-grown tongue of land, lined with willows and studded with upstanding cypress knees, extending well out into the lagoon. This would be no easy task; yet Cam felt that his luck had turned. Weeks or months might pass before he had another opportunity as good as this one to carry out the threat which was to be part of his revenge on the man he hated.

Attakullakulla stood on his cypress limb, languid, motionless, seemingly asleep. His long neck was drawn in between his hunched shoulders; his heavy bill rested on his chest. He looked a picture of drowsy contentment. Often his eyes remained closed for minutes at a time; yet though he seemed to doze, he was aware, by sight or sound, of nearly every unusual incident in the life of the lagoon around him.

Sometimes circling egrets passed so near him as almost to touch him with their snowy wings. A combative anhinga lit on the end of the cypress limb, stabbed at him with straight, sharp, javelin beak, and departed only when Attakullakulla's neck suddenly lengthened and his stout bill lunged viciously at the intruder. Through lids that seemed to be tightly closed, he saw a copper-backed, red-bellied snake draw its glittering length out of the water and glide silently along a half-submerged log sixty feet below him; and once, when he appeared to be sunk in slumber, he caught the faint sucking noise made by a prowling raccoon as it drew its foot out of the soft, clinging mud on the margin of the lagoon. But no sound came to him from the narrow willow-covered peninsula where Red Cam crawled slowly and laboriously through the muck, drawing nearer and nearer inch by inch, black Brutus crawling at his heels; and except when the light breeze stirred them, not a reed or a willow branch moved.

A HALF-HOUR passed. A thunderous crashing roar shook the air of the egret city. Up from the trees on every side rose the startled egrets and herons in white and blue-gray clouds, croaking their alarm; and down from his perch on the cypress limb pitched the old ibis chief, one great wing beating frantically—straight down into the waters of the lagoon close to the foot of the dead cypress.

John Marston, now standing tiptoe on his stump some seventy yards away on the other shore, saw Red Cam's burly brown-shirted figure rise among the willows on the tongue of land and heard his hoarse shout of triumph.

The little old man's sun-tanned face flamed with the fury that possessed him. His blue eyes narrowed and glittered like sword-points; his breath came short and fast.

Yet instantly he realized his helplessness. There was nothing that he could do. He had no weapon, and Cam had his shotgun. Later, he said to himself through clamped teeth, there would be a reckoning. For the present he stood still on his oak stump and watched. Unseen himself, he could see all that happened; and he saw that Attakullakulla had not been killed, but was swimming toward a little island in the lagoon formed by the reed-covered carcass of an ancient cypress which had fallen many years before.

Red Cam, thrusting the willow branches aside, peered out over the water to find his victim. He knew by the manner of the big bird's fall that its wing had been broken, and if this was the ibis' only injury, the bird might yet escape him. Without stopping to replace the spent



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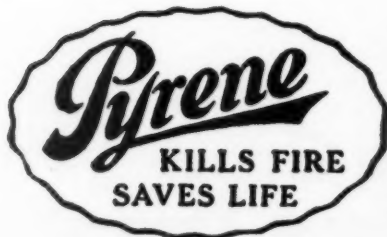
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cartridge, he leveled his gun for a shot with the other barrel. But when he tried to draw his bead, the swimming bird shimmered and danced before his eyes.

Cam swore, swaying on his feet as he strove to steady the gun. The liquor had him at last, taking possession of him suddenly, as it so often did—laying hold of him all at once when the mental tension which had held his nerves taut was abruptly ended by the successful shot which had brought the ibis down.

Yet he must shoot, and shoot quickly, for the crippled ibis had nearly reached the reedy island of the cypress log. Throwing the gun to his shoulder, he pulled trigger the moment the wavering muzzle covered the bird.

To the right of the ibis and behind him the water seethed and foamed where the scattering turkey-shot peppered it. The chief swam on. In another quarter-minute he had gained the half-submerged log and had clambered up its sloping side. There he stood, his bill gaping, his left wing drooping, his tall bulky white body overtopping the tallest of the reeds.

Red Cam, gripping a willow branch to hold himself steady, fumbled at his waist with the other hand. He could no longer trust his eye to measure distance accurately, but he believed that the ibis was still within long range. He would reload and shoot again and continue shooting until he hit the mark. But the hand that fumbled for the cartridge belt fumbled in vain; and Cam cursed again as he remembered that when he had sat down to rest under the sycamore, he had removed the belt because it chafed his side.

It would take ten minutes or more to get the belt and return, but there was nothing else to be done. Turning, he stumbled over Brutus, the lanky black mongrel, sitting just behind him, as always, eagerly awaiting his commands. An idea flashed into Cam's muddled brain. Stooping, he spoke to the dog, patting the animal's sleek head and pointing out over the lagoon.

BLACK BRUTUS knew instantly what was expected of him. And instantly he obeyed. The love that he bore this surly master of his was a strange thing, and not less strange was the boundless faith which now sent him unfaltering into waters where he would never have ventured of his own accord. A Low Country dog, whelped and reared in the Low Country, and all his life a rover of the Low Country woods, he knew the dangers which lurked for him and all his race in the dark wine-colored waters of the cypress lagoons. But his master had spoken—the master who was his only friend—who sometimes beat and kicked him, but who had never failed him in the woods; and he knew, as he plunged in and started swimming toward the log where the ibis stood, that this all-powerful master would watch over him from the bank and would hurl swift leaden death at any foe that attacked him on the way.

Marston, watching from his oak stump, saw it all and found in it confirmation of his suspicion that Cam was drunk. He glanced quickly toward the spot where, until that first shot rang out, the three great saurians had been basking at the

surface of the water. Two of them had vanished altogether; but close to the place where they had been lying he saw two dark knobs, which might have been the blunt ends of waterlogged sticks, projecting an inch or so above the water, and in front of them another knob. Presently all three of these knobs began to move, slowly at first, then faster, yet hardly fast enough to disturb the placid surface of the lagoon.

Red Cam could not see them from where he stood, for the 'gator was behind and beyond the point of the willow-bordered peninsula, moving in a direction which would enable him to cut off the dog's retreat. And for some minutes black Brutus did not see them, because they were approaching him from the flank and his eyes were fixed upon his goal. Then, at last, when he had covered nearly two-thirds of the distance to the cypress log, the dog, swerving aside to avoid a clump of lily-pads, awoke to his danger.

PANIC, born of instinct inherited from a long line of woods-ranging forbears, swept over the dog like a wave. Had he held his straight course, he might have gained the little island of the cypress log, but his one thought was to get back to his master. The little old man heard his mad yelps of terror and saw him turn and strike out for the willow dike. A gallant fight black Brutus made, swimming as he had never swum before, his jet head jerking convulsively as he cried out to the master who had never failed him.

But from the beginning the odds were heavily against him. Those periscope eyes with the larger protruding nostril-knob in front were now sliding through the water at a rate exceeding the speed of the dog; and whereas black Brutus was swimming around the arc of a wide half-circle, the 'gator was cutting straight across in a course which would intersect the arc and which was bringing him each moment yards nearer to his prey. And the dog could not maintain the heart-breaking pace which he had set. Always the 'gator's speed was increasing, while the dog's was diminishing. In his frenzy of terror black Brutus' strength seemed to have gone out of him—or else he was spending his strength with his breath in those shrill, pitiful cries for help which went ringing and echoing along the cypress-walled margins and the moss-hung colonnades of the lagoon.

Red Cam, his brain awl, his sight dimming as the liquor took firmer grip upon him, nevertheless heard and understood. In a moment Marston saw him staggering along the dike, breaking his way through the willows, shading his eyes with his hand as he peered out over the water. Drunk or sober, he could hardly fail to see the 'gator now, for not more than forty feet from the dog, the great saurian came surging straight through a little floating island of lily-pads in his path, his grim head and fully eight feet of his jagged twelve-foot length visible above the surface.

Fascinated, Marston watched the drama, wondering why Cam did not shoot. Amazed, he saw Cam drop his gun and make his way precariously along a huge

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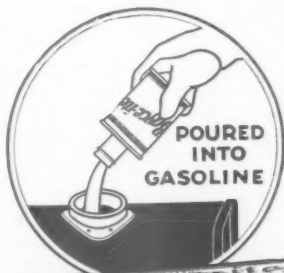
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floating pine log projecting at right angles to the bank. Clear to the end of the long log he staggered, keeping his body upright by some miracle, and there for a moment he stood, shouting and waving his arms. Then, writhing and twisting in a vain effort to regain his balance, he pitched headlong into the dark water.

When, after a space of minutes, the little old man looked again for the small jet head in the place where it had last appeared, it was not there.

JOHAN MARSTON had charged at Chancellorsville and had endured the horrors of the last days before Appomattox. Despite his poet's soul and his gentleness, there was steel and granite in him. He knew that Red Cam was dead. The coolest, clearest-headed man, enmeshed in the tough, clinging, tangled water-growths which spread their tentacles everywhere through the deep still water into which Cam had fallen, could hardly have saved himself. It was death sudden and horrible, but the little old man was sensible of no thrill of horror. This was the justice of the woods.

It would matter little to Cam Reppington if all that was mortal of him re-

mained where it was for the present. Later Marston would walk to the nearest plantation house and bring back some negroes to get the body out. Just now he had a more pressing task before him.

A quarter of a mile away, safely hidden amid the reeds in a sequestered cove of the lagoon, was a small flat-bottomed punt of which he made frequent use on his visits to the egret city. Presently he paddled in this punt close to the little island of the cypress log where the ibis chief, too wise to venture into those alligator-haunted waters, still waited, watching him suspiciously as he drew near.

"Well, old fellow," said the little old man, "you're coming to live with me for a while. Maybe you'll have to live with me always. Maybe I can fix that wing, and then I'll see you again in the mornings leading the flying host."

With a slow, soundless stroke of the paddle, he drove the punt a little nearer the log, ready to start in swift pursuit if the crippled bird took to the water.

"A close call, Attakullakulla," he muttered, "a close call. But I said it and I was right. Red Cam the Killer will never lift your scalp."

WHAT MORE DO WE KNOW?

(Continued from page 59)

were as shapeless as two voiceless, blind Portuguese men-of-war colliding softly on a night sea with only tentacles for communication. He dared not speak, and could find no words delicate enough of insinuation for his filmy thoughts. She dared not speak, for the only words she could possibly say would call on the other men thereabout for protection against outrage from a strange and unseen villain. And she could not believe him a villain nor his presumption outrage.

They were indeed two swimmers swept together by a tide-rip, and their emotions were caught in an undertow of ancient susceptibilities.

She made as much of a struggle as she could without alarming her neighbors, her very near neighbors. But Crombie was inspired to smother her fine little fingers in his big palms.

He drew her toward him in spite of her struggles. They were not fierce, and grew less and less fierce, but they were infinitely pathetic. She was like a bird that he had caught and held with wings shut in a hand that was cruel only because it loved.

As she struggled like a bird, her cloak slipped, and his cheek, which had been buried in the more than velvet softness of a sable collar, touched the warm satin of her bare shoulders. Instantly, without asking command or advice, his lips touched her with a devoutness that assured him to her as a man of gentle soul kindled by the eager romance of a knight errant.

She could not profane the temple of that lofty mood with anger. Indignation would have seemed a sacrilege.

THERE was a hubbub of wrathful voices at the door. Men yelled rough demands for gangway. Women made shrill outcries, denounced the management, the

electric companies, the city officials, the world in general. People who had lost each other in the cross-currents called each other's names, and the names were not beautiful. Hostility to anybody or anything sounded so ugly to Crombie just then that there seemed to be an exquisiteness in preferring even a little quiet sin to an obstreperous virtue. It was sweet to be demure in so blatant a place.

The two mysterious lovers would not trust themselves to so much as a murmur. They were in a magic world where there was neither sight nor sound. Not one of the senses except Touch was invoked or concerned, except for a very faint hint of the perfume with which she was graced, and that was hardly more than a fragrance of cleanliness.

A vast and spiritual longing impelled Crombie to a profounder embrace with this angel of the invisible. With the utmost gentleness he persuaded her round on the pivot of her heel without relinquishing his clasp, so that at last—in the language of usual experience—they faced each other. They had no faces, however; no eyes, no features, only warm cheeks that met like roses blown together by a midnight wind along a trellis.

He pressed her straitly to him, and she made only a pretty mimicry of resistance before her arms actually stole about him and she returned him clench for clench. He searched for her lips with his, but she shook her head—not angrily, only mournfully.

He wondered who and what she might be, and why she accepted what would have been insolences if she had not taken them for what he meant them to be, the pitiful, lonely, longing gestures of delight in companionship.

He wanted to question her, to make sure of finding her again. He set his lips close to her ear, but the questions would not come. It seemed to matter little who



The story of two men who started side by side

THEY CAME UP thru school together and started work in the same office at a few dollars a week. Those were joyous, care-free days. They lunched at cheap restaurants; they saved enough for a ball game Saturday afternoon or the theatre Saturday night. The years stretched out far ahead. Without thinking very definitely about the future, they knew that sometime "things would break" if only they did their work and kept their health.

So for three years they moved along evenly, receiving petty salary increases and enjoying the thrill of the new game. They met two young women and became engaged.

Then along in their fourth business year, there came a change. One said: "After all, this business game is pretty tough. It's a fight. I wonder what I can do about it."

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He found in the Alexander Hamilton Institute a definite plan of business reading which gave him a new impulse and new self-confidence. As an extra locomotive, hitched to a train, makes its power felt from the first moment, he was

conscious *immediately* that a new, fresh force was at work for his business and financial progress.

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So one man began to forge ahead

Ten years passed, and somewhat to their surprise they found themselves at the threshold of middle age. One of them has arrived. He has experienced the big satisfaction of succeeding while he is still young. The other still works and wonders, and does not quite understand.

Ten years look long, but they pass with almost unbelievable rapidity. Will you, in justice to yourself, spend fifteen minutes with the question: "Where will I be in business ten years from now?" May we send you a little book called "A

Definite Plan for Your Business Progress"—an interesting book of facts and letters?

This book is yours for the asking

When you have read it quietly, without pressure or haste, you may decide that the Institute has something of value to offer you. This may be true if you are president of a corporation (more than 27,000 presidents and business heads have followed the Course and are enthusiastic about it). It may be equally true if you are at the very beginning of your career, for among the 200,000 men enrolled are some whose business position and salary were precisely like yours.

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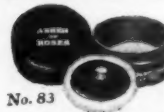
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OR go to another store. Substitution operates to rob established goods of the good-will and popularity they have earned by merit. Such goods have been built up by that element called *conscience in business*. When a clerk who is seemingly employed by the store, but in fact is *paid* by an unfair manufacturer, tells you to buy the brand he or she *secretly* represents, you should condemn this practice which legitimate manufacturers call the undermining work of the "hidden demonstrator."

The legitimate manufacturer speaks to you through his advertisements. He convinces you by the merit of his goods. And he ought to be permitted in all fairness to deliver his products to you through a retail store operated fairly toward *all* legitimate manufacturers. His sales should not be snatched from him by retail clerks, secretly in the service and the pay of an unfair competitor. Law and common sense have harsher definitions for this practice than we have employed.

Get what you ask for or get out

or what or whence or whither she was. His own identity meant nothing. They were two spirits, spirits met in space.

He kissed the ear he would have questioned, then her cheek, then her mouth. Her lips tightened and refused themselves a moment; then as a timid bud becomes a rose, they bloomed for him.

He and she clung together as twin stars in an ocean of midnight. He whispered: "I love you!"

He felt her heart shake her side a little under his taut arm. She turned her cheek until her lips were at his ear, and she whispered:

"And I you."

But whispers all sound alike. There was nothing to remember in a whisper. His heart began to race as he made ready to tell her who he was and beg her to tell him who she was, so that they might renew their divine companionship.

But there came sudden lunges of the crowd. It was like a river when the ice breaks and goes. Jostling bodies hurtled against them; they were torn asunder. He clutched for her and seized a hand that was not hers, for it was gloved. He touched fur, but it was a mink tipset with teeth in the head. He could not find a sable collar. He wanted to cry out for her to come back, but how should he call her, and what?

There was a racing panic toward the door. The police had arrived and cleared a way outside. The theater emptied with a rush of hilarious extrusion. Crombie was swept along spinning into the lobby. He was in the street. The lights dazzled him and people darkled. He looked everywhere but could find no trace of anyone who looked like the woman who had looked like nothing at all. He saw four sable collars at once. Each of the wearers was clinging to a man. His mystic sweetheart of a moment had perhaps regained a husband. She may have been as married as Crombie was, and have remembered it with as reluctant a remorse.

HE went slowly home, sad, forlorn, unutterably dismal. How could he ever find that soul again? He had never really seen her, or known her, and yet he had never known anyone better.

He must have companionship, sympathy, some one to cling to in the welter of time and space and the black vanity of existence—but not only a soul for his soul to embrace; his hands wanted hands in them. His fingers ached to be interlaced with a woman's fingers.

His wife was waiting for him. She would be lonely too, perhaps. She seemed already a little less unreasonable in her quarrel. Perhaps she had been tormented in ways he had not understood. Perhaps she too was suffering from loneliness and emptiness of hands.

Quietly, he tried to recall just how she looked, to wonder if she were as pretty as he once thought her, or as ugly as she looked when she berated him and wept her hateful brine. Were her lips as sweet as once they seemed, or as bitter as they looked when they thinned and denounced him or grew flabby and odious when she cried?

He was baffled to find that he could not describe a feature of hers to his own mind in words, or in wordable thoughts.

Face to face with an old friend

*Does he find you as charming—
as young—as inspiring as ever?*

FACE to face with an old friend . . . dim, latent memories . . . calling to mind the gaiety and laughter of days long past.

Do his eyes light up in pleasure at your youth? Can he truthfully say: "Well, well, you don't look one day older?"

Keeping young! That is an art that women, particularly in America, are learning more and more effectively.

**How women keep
young and charming**

THEIR secret of retaining youthfulness lies in preventing the sicknesses to which women especially are so susceptible. Every attack leaves its imprint—listlessness, tell-tale little lines and shadows.

Regular exercise, correct diet, proper rest and relaxation are essential in maintaining the physical well-being upon which women's charm and poise depend. But these alone are not enough. Personal antiseptic cleanliness—*feminine hygiene*—is a vital factor in preserving youth and health.

A vital health measure

LEADING gynecologists now advise regular feminine hygiene as a pro-

tektive measure of the utmost importance for women. The antiseptic recommended for this purpose is "Lysol" Disinfectant. Physicians prefer "Lysol" because of its proven effectiveness in preventing bacterial infections, to which most illnesses are due.

"Lysol" is also preferred because of its non-irritability to sensitive tissues. It is neutral. It contains no free alkali nor free acid. Diluted in correct proportions, it is non-caustic. No antiseptic could be safer for the delicate membranes.

And "Lysol" is economical; one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water is all that is required to make the proper antiseptic solution for feminine hygiene.

Send for this booklet

CORRECT, vital facts about feminine hygiene are included in our booklet, "A Personal Antiseptic for Women." You will appreciate the complete information and directions which it gives for the many personal and household uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant. Simply mail the coupon.



*"It's been years . . . but you
don't look one day older!"*

Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution
One-half teaspoonful to one quart water
For feminine hygiene
When baby comes
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COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 3-ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travelers (50 cents). Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant. Sold by all drug stores.



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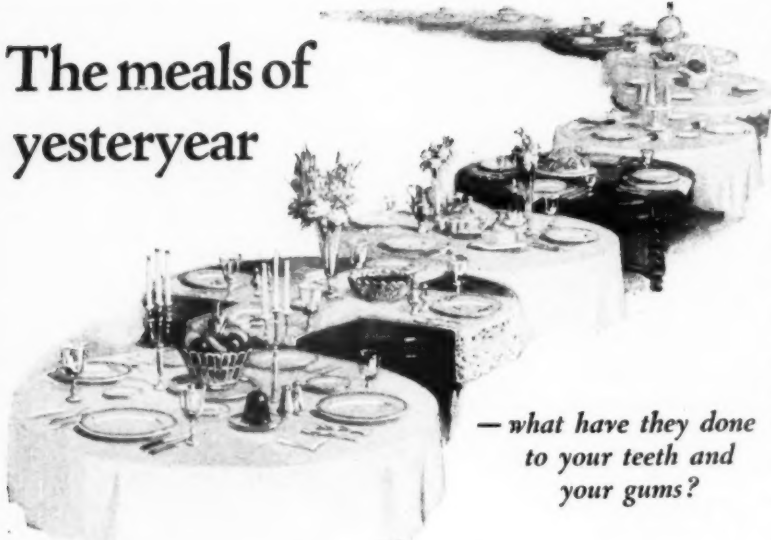
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Mail me, without charge, your booklet, "A Personal Antiseptic for Women," which gives complete information about the use of "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

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The meals of yesteryear



— what have they done to your teeth and your gums?

THE FOOD we eat has a great effect upon the condition of our teeth. But it is even more definitely responsible for the trouble that some of us have with our gums.

For this soft, creamy food of civilization, eaten over a long period of time, and eaten too often in haste, has robbed the gums of the stimulation, of the work and massage, which coarse food and slow mastication should give.

As a result, we are experiencing trouble with our gums. Even teeth

which have been well preserved by good care and frequent cleaning are not immune from troubles due to a weakened gum structure.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Many people find that their gums are tender. They report to their dentists that their gums have a tendency to bleed. And the dentist will tell them that this appearance of "pink toothbrush" is a sign that their gums need stimulation and exercise.

How Ipana Tooth Paste stimulates your gums

More than three thousand dentists, in cases of this kind, now recommend Ipana Tooth Paste and prescribe it to their patients. In stubborn cases of bleeding gums, many dentists direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with the brush.

For one of the important ingredients of Ipana is ziratol—an anti-septic and hemostatic well known to the profession the country over. It is used to allay the bleeding of the wound after extraction, and to help

restore to the gums their normal tonicity. The presence of ziratol gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing of bleeding gums, and to help to build firm, sound, healthy gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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What more did he know of Dora than of the nameless one in the theater? Dora might have been that very woman, for all he could have told. It would not have been unlike her, in one of her gusts of repentance, to hurry after him, enter the theater and stumble down the aisle to take her place in the empty seat at his side.

If she had been caught by the abrupt darkness, she might have indeed been the very soul he encountered. Her coat had a sable collar. He knew that well enough, from the row he raised when she paid more for it than he thought he could afford.

He was not very proud of himself just now. A sable collar on a strange woman was a beautiful, a holy thing, but on his own wife it was a selfish extravagance. Perhaps that other woman had been rebuked by her own husband. Perhaps she had come to the theater after a dreary quarrel and had accepted Crombie's embrace simply because her wounded soul was in desperate need of soothing.

If Dora had actually been the woman, would she have accepted the embrace of a stranger? Green fury stirred in him at the mere thought. And yet he wondered. What did he know of her thoughts, or of her true character? She was so hidden—always in ambush, never quite in the clear. She complained that he too was in hiding. She accused him of secrets, of reticences, of evasions, of downright lies. She simply would not understand his true feelings toward Grace—or any other woman. Or was it that she would not—or that she could not?

HE walked the street in a frenzy of debate, like an ambulant coagress in a wrangle.

Fierce suspicions of his wife set him on fire. He abhorred her as if she were indeed guilty of letting a strange man hug and kiss her in a dark crowd. Strange how ugly the words were—hug and kiss. Bah! Blah!

And yet there was something angelic, ambrosial, sanctified about that strange woman. He had not hugged and kissed her; he had taken her in a mystic embrace and touched her spiritual lips with his.

And yet what would her husband have said,—if she had a husband,—and if she could have been capable of telling him? He would have loathed her and longed to take Crombie's life, as Crombie would have lusted for the destruction of a man who might have thus embraced his wife.

Crombie was sure that this woman—who would ever after be only She—would never tell her husband. The secret was sacred. Then all secrets were a little sacred.

Then his own wife had a right to her secrets. His own wife had a divine right to embrace and exchange angelic salutes with any strange lonely man she met, and to keep the encounter locked away from her husband.

But that way lay madness, anarchy, unspeakable corruption.

And now he was at home. He looked up to his windows. They were dark. That scared him. His wife had gone out, then! Where, whither, with whom, on what secret enterprise?

He made haste to his apartment door, opened it on a dimly lighted hall with a dark living-room beyond. His heart was tortured with fear and rage.

As he groped for the electric light button in the living-room, there was a gasp, a rush, the touch of a warm hand, fingers thrusting themselves among his fingers. Arms crept about him; lips found his, lips with tears on them that could be tasted. His arms, without command or advice, responded. A whisper came from the dark:

"I was so lonely. I didn't expect you for hours."

He supposed it was his wife. But all whispers sound alike. It might be She, that other woman, for all he could tell. He held her fast, saying:

"I'll find the light."

She whispered:

"Don't! I look better in the dark. I've been crying. I'm so sorry. Forgive me! You didn't go to the theater after all. I'm so glad. You wouldn't have been home for so long that I think I should have died. Oh, but I love you! Let's sit in the dark awhile."

THEY drifted through a crowd of ghosts, old sweethearts, flirtations, fiancés and fiancées, friends, families, strangers. They found a chair and he sank into it and she coiled herself up in his lap.

He tried to speak, but she put her finger on his lips, or stifled them with her own, then with her cheek, as she murmured

"Let's not talk. Talk doesn't mean anything but trouble and misunderstanding. Silence is for love—silence and the dark."

So they sat intricately involved, their souls moored alongside at one anchorage.

He thought of Dora and of the other woman who might have been Dora but was not, yet was somebody's Dora.

After all, he knew her almost as well as he knew Dora, whom he had known just a little too well, a little more than is becoming to any soul.

What did he really know of Dora, or of anyone? The forever unknowable She had brought him back to his wife, and would never know it, as the inescapable Grace had parted him from his wife and would never know it.

For we can never know the mighty things we do when and where we are absent. Our selves rove the world and stay at home the while, and know next to nothing of what they do.

"Know thyself!" said the philosopher. As if one could! How, then, could we know each other?

Our lifelong acquaintances, the casual passengers through our souls, our parents, children, loves and hates—what are they to us but blind, mute strangers that we clash against for a little moment in the brief panic of this ill-lighted, bewildered playhouse of the world?

There is too much jostling, cursing, tearing of hands away, trampling upon hearts that cry out in vain. Fortunate it is, if haply when we meet another in the dark, we grope together with kindness, if we find a trace of beauty or of tenderness there, and if we leave or carry away a memory, not too harsh, of an embrace, a kiss, a yearning to meet again, an immortal, ineffable gratitude.

This test is
FREE



How Men Win

A significant Shaving Cream story

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

Here for 60 years we have studied soap. Some of the greatest soaps in existence are of our creation. Our Palmolive Soap is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Our problem was to create a Shaving Cream so superior that every man who tried it would adopt it.

We brought to our laboratory every other shaving cream. We put them all to scientific tests. Then we studied to excel them in every quality desired.

We made 130 shaving creams, each better than the others. And we at last arrived at what we deem the utmost in a shaving cream.

Millions of men have adopted it. Tens of millions more will when they know.

Just watch it act

Don't buy it—just ask for a ten-shave test. Compare Palmolive Shaving Cream with the soap you are using now.

If we have done what you desire, adopt it. If not, return to the old. We ask no favors.

But we do ask the courtesy of a test. Concede us that test. You owe it to yourself and to us.

5 BETTER RESULTS

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave.

It acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

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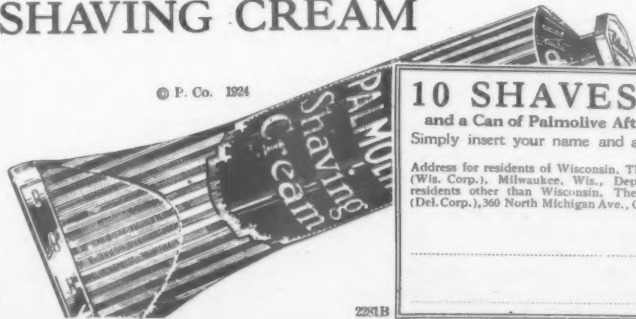
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The super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. That's the major purpose in a shaving soap.

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THE TROUPERS

(Continued from page 56)



slighted!

The Penalty of Bromidrosis
(Fetid Perspiration)

As she sits at the side of the man she adores she is the picture of charm and beauty. And yet, deep in her heart she suffers because he gives his attention to another. If she only knew that he would care for her were it not for the offense of perspiration.

How easily we detect this annoyance on others and how seldom we consider our own shortcomings. With **AB-SCENT** you can be sure of yourself, for it not only remedies excessive perspiration, but destroys odors harmlessly.

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Note—To Art and Engraving Firms: Secure practical artists among our graduates. Write us.

with wet sacks, cursing the idiots who had thrown blazing torches down close to inflammable sets. Confusion, irresponsibility, care-free abandon, children turned out of school at recess!

The two old troupers sat on the doorstep of what was supposed to be a wine-shop. They munched philosophically on some sandwiches.

"Half that mob," said Molly, "is composed of experienced people working under other names. Marsh really did offer me a job, but I didn't have the clothes, and it would cost too much to rent them. I don't mind being an extra. But Hall, I can't bear to think of you—"

"Nonsense!" he soothed. "Mere temporary condition. Good experience for both of us. We'll be all set when Clyde returns. Meanwhile, Molly, we'll just amuse ourselves together."

BUT Clyde Kerrick was detained longer than he anticipated—so much longer that his parents were able to work out gradually from the mass of mere "extras" into the field of the legitimate trouper. They were given character "bits"—a few days in one studio, a few days in another. Hall made an excellent figure in the uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police, the sort of rôle in which a veteran officer of the law lays a paternal hand on the shoulder of a repentant youth, and whispers brokenly: "My boy, I once knew your mother!"

Likewise, Molly, supplied with glycerine-drops, smiled through her tears as her long-lost son, returned from the West to pry the scrubbing-brush from her tired hands, smear the make-up on her pallid cheeks and lead her gently out of range of the camera, while a consumptive girl with red hair sang through a megaphone:

Mammy—oh, mammy of mine!

It was a hard life, full of petty jealousies, vain promises and empty dreams, but the Kerricks were reasonably content. They trouped off the screen as well as on, exaggerating the importance of everything they did, and talking in the most extravagant terms of the ever-increasing demand for their services. Of one thing they were sublimely certain. When Clyde returned from Europe, the gateway to stardom would be opened wide.

Meanwhile the motion-picture industry suffered an attack of acute indigestion, and almost overnight, production was curtailed and many studios closed their doors. It was purely a temporary setback, but it drove thousands from the field, and made things increasingly difficult for those who remained.

Molly and her husband found themselves not infrequently sitting outside a casting director's office pretending to be deeply interested in the latest magazines, while they wondered secretly how they were going to pay for their next meal. They were not alone in this predicament. The waiting-room was always filled with people, who glared at each other resentfully and quarreled with the old Cerberus who guarded the executive offices. Directors and production managers always pro-

tect themselves with a grumpy individual whose vocabulary consists of two phrases: "Aint in," and "Don't know."

THIS was the situation when Clyde Kerrick, without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, returned from Europe to discover his father and mother waiting in a line of extras outside the casting office of his own studio!

Before going any farther, it is well that you know just what sort of a chap young Kerrick was.

There are all kinds of directors, just as there are all types of actors. Those who handle the megaphone are specialists, not because they so desire, but because the penalty of success in their profession is inevitable. The man who makes a successful "thrill" picture is condemned by the public and the producers to go on making thrill pictures for the rest of his natural life. Plead as he may, his field is established. The ambulances will always be parked outside the lot where he is working; stunt men will be braving the perils of land, water and air; and eventually his tired brain will fall back on the old expedient of offering a thousand dollars for a new idea.

The same thing holds true of the comedy director, the heart-interest director, the genius who deals with crook plays and the man who specializes in costumes and pageantry. Every director gets desperately tired of his own field, and believes that he would be infinitely more successful in another. But he never gets the opportunity to try out his theories; wherefore he becomes petulant and cynical, obsessed with the idea that life at its best is a very disgusting sort of thing.

Young Kerrick didn't believe in "human interest." He contended that sickening sentimentality was the curse of the movies. His pictures were amazingly clever, cruelly realistic, ruthlessly true to life. They violated all the accepted traditions of the screen, and blazed a trail that few dared follow. There were never any white-haired mothers and tottering old fathers waiting by picket fences when he was working. No! Clyde dealt with ultra-modern phases of sex and scandal, backbiting and bitterness, jazz and jealousy, hypocrisy and hatred. There was no redeeming feature, no concession to popular taste, never a happy ending—merely a terrific indictment of modern civilization, done so cleverly as to compel box-office patronage.

"Dot boy," said old Julius Steinberg, head of Continental, "puts money in the pockets, but to my head he gives nothing but pains. Understand me, he is a chenius! Always does he know vot the public is suffering mit. Und the damn fools pay goot money while he put 'em in easy-chairs und shows 'em on a film what he says must come out because it is rotten. *Gott im Himmel!* He has the temperament of a dentist."

But that, of course, was merely one man's opinion. Clyde had never had a home in his life, never had experienced the normal joys of childhood, nor the blessings of parental intimacy. He was merely following out the lines of his first

accidental success. Underneath it all he had some very human traits. For one thing, he had never been cynical on the subject of his parents. He had always referred to them in terms of highest respect, attributing his own talents to a mere matter of inheritance.

"My father," he had said, "played with the great Cyril Manning and with Keith Warren. He was a star in the days when it meant something. And don't talk to me about your screen actresses! Why, my mother played with the original Hawleys. More talent in her little finger than in all your namby-pamby idiots put together. My parents have been on the legitimate stage for forty years. Think I could coax them into this game? I should say not! They're artists!"

This was the young man who sauntered out of a conference-room one afternoon and found himself gazing with amazement at a pair of old troupers who rose from their seats in the lobby.

"Clyde!" they called to him. "Dear son, we're so glad!"

"Why, Mother!" he exclaimed. "Dad, old boy! Thought you were in New York! Tickled to death to see you! But what on earth—" And then he got it—read the truth in their faces, saw where they had been sitting with a crowd of extras outside the casting director's door.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, and no old trouper could have matched that gesture and expression. Molly hastened to soothe him, but her hurried explanations only made matters worse. It was far from a cynical young man who raved and ranted about before the parental foot-lights.

"My father and mother waiting outside a director's office! Why, you don't have to wait for anybody! A man who played with Manning! A woman who's been a recognized artist for forty years! Don't these dishwashers and sewer-rats know who you are? Well, by God, they'll find out! I'll star you in a picture! That'll be the first thing I do! Why—why—why—" He gagged and spluttered, until his parents, deliciously atremble with pride and satisfaction, managed to get him off-stage without damage to the furniture.

For a week Clyde was with his parents night and day. No son could have done any more, and the Kerricks were very happy. It was settled that they would have their big chance in the pictures.

"Leave it all to me," said Clyde. "If we can't find the right sort of story, I'll have one written. We'll show these people who you are!"

IT was not for them to recognize that Clyde had inherited an instinct for trouping, that he was merely reacting now to a theatrical situation. Nor did the cynical young Mr. Kerrick himself realize that he was strutting headlong into the oldest of human-interest plots. He was genuinely fond and proud of his parents and he eagerly sought to entertain them. Hidden springs in young Kerrick's nature welled to the surface. For the first time in his life, he began to appreciate the merits of a "happy ending." He saw his parents through discerning eyes, recognized them for what they were—



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old troupers who had seen their best days. Something within him revolted when he saw his mother smearing grease-paint on her face, when he saw his father donning theatrical harness for a test picture. A pair of old thoroughbreds, still eager for the call to post, but deserving of green pasturage and a pension.

Later he sat alone in the darkness of a projection-room, slumped in a chair, his feet on a desk, staring soberly at the silver shadows of the parents who bore him. They laughed, sobbed, ran the gamut of emotions. Good types and good troupers! They knew their business.

But the cynical Mr. Kerrick, long after the test film had been run off, continued to sit there in the darkness, toying with a bunch of keys, and staring moodily at a blank screen. Here was material ripe for his direction; here was a heart-interest situation that called for a big scene with a *punch!* He smote fist and palm thoughtfully together, a trick that characterized him in moments of directorial meditation.

Finally, the inspiration came! A master-stroke—an original conception—a heart-smashing knockout! The more he visioned its possibilities, the more he marveled at his own genius. Chuckling like a boy, this most original of young directors fell back upon the oldest, most time-worn theme in the litany of movie concepts. To him it seemed like fire stolen from the gods. He could already feel the tears welling into his eyes, a lump rising in his throat. He could vision the big scene, tender and beautifully human, with his parents co-starring under his artistic direction. So vividly did he picture the supreme moment, that he found himself leaning forward eagerly, as he whispered in the darkness with none to hear: "Lights—music—camera! Hold it a moment! Hold it! All right, Bill—fade out!"

HALL KERRICK and Molly Powers concealed their impatience as best they could while they waited for Clyde to disclose his plans. But the young director was behaving very mysteriously. He hadn't signed them to a contract, hadn't introduced them to a producer or a single noted personage in the entire movie colony. Why, he hadn't even broached the subject of their first appearance under his direction! Yet he was spending a lot of time in their company, taking them out for a drive each afternoon, pointing out the choice residential districts, and watching his parents with affectionate, dutiful eyes. In vain they hinted that they did not wish to trespass on his hospitality or his time.

"Understand, son," Hall told him, "your mother and I fully appreciate the many angles to this profession. You mustn't involve yourself too deeply on our account. Perhaps you'd like to see us do some character bits, so that you could judge better—"

Clyde interrupted him gently. "No, Dad, I've got something in mind that ought to just suit you and Ma. Fact is, we're all fixed and going on location tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yep! I'll call for you after lunch. You can bring along the old make-up

boxes. Costumes and everything else will be waiting for you on the set."

"Why, Clyde!" They regarded him with delighted astonishment. "You never said a word."

"Well," he explained, "lot of studio spies around, and we directors have to be careful. This is my own idea, Dad—human-interest stuff, and I'm hoping it will go big. My notion of how you folks should be cast. Don't mind working under my direction, do you?"

Molly Powers put her arms about his neck. "You dear boy, of course not!"

"Pleasure and a privilege," assured his father. "Give you the best work of my life."

Clyde's eyes twinkled. "Fine! See you tomorrow."

TEN minutes before the appointed hour they were standing on the curb outside their apartment house, make-up boxes under their arms. Hurrying pedestrians saw no hint of drama—merely two old extras, waiting, like scores of others, for some one to give them a lift out to the "lot."

Clyde showed up in a sedan. "Hop in!" he invited. A moment later they were spinning north along Cahuenga Boulevard in a stream of movie traffic. But instead of continuing on toward the Continental Studios, the young director took a right-hand turn at the first crossing, and sent the car gliding into a neighborhood of quiet residences.

They stopped in front of a comfortable, homey sort of place with a wide porch overhung by pink roses. A lazy, good-natured dog waddled to meet them.

"We're going to shoot most of the picture around here," said Clyde, climbing from under the steering-wheel. "Come inside, and I'll talk to you about contracts."

He produced a key, opened the front door, led the way toward a living-room and waved his parents to easy-chairs. "Make yourselves at home. Excuse me a moment; I'll be right back." He vanished through the heavy portières, muttering unintelligible things about "camera-men—property trucks—electricians—idiotic assistants who are always late."

Hall Kerrick, holding his make-up box, stood by an open window through which came the breath of garden flowers and the drone of bees. Hall wouldn't sit down. He was eager to begin work, nervously anxious to get started. He felt that he had been loafing too long. The fires of ambition still blazed fiercely in his bosom; the love of acting was still the ruling passion of his life.

Molly Powers had seated herself in a rocker, and womanlike, was taking in every detail of her surroundings, appraising the furnishings, and wondering what sort of people the owners were. She decided that it must be the home of some old couple from New England. Pleasant old souls, probably. Not a care to worry them. The mottoes on the wall, the quaint clock ticking on the mantel, the family album and the Bible, the easy-chairs with their worn cushions, the low reading-lamps—all spoke of solid comfort, security, settled respectability. Somewhere in the back of the house a canary was chirping happily. Molly

Powers smiled. How often she had seen just such a stage setting! All she needed was the glycerine-drops and an atmospheric orchestra.

"Hall," she laughed, "I should have brought my knitting-needles and spectacles, and there should be a cat curled at my feet. Oh, good Lord, there is one!"

Sure enough, a white-whiskered Maltese that had been asleep under the lounge crawled out at this moment, stretched itself lazily, and then approached Molly with the very evident intention of jumping into her lap.

"Get away!" she protested. "I won't hold any cat unless the script calls for it."

A half-hour dragged by, and Clyde did not return. The Kerricks grew uneasy. Hall went to the front window and looked out.

"Molly, the car's gone! I believe that boy has deserted us. He's taken the car and gone. We're alone in this house. Something funny about this whole affair. Now, what do you suppose that damn young fool is up to? Molly, if this is his idea of a joke, I'll break his neck."

"Clyde wouldn't fool us," his mother assured. "Let's look around a bit. There may be some one in the kitchen."

BUT they were quite alone in the house, though every room looked as though the proper occupant must be close at hand. The bedroom doors were open, revealing closets filled with garments, bureaux adorned with intimate trinkets. Half-finished needlework in a sewing basket, an open book lying face down on the bed.

In the kitchen a kettle simmered on the stove. A wicker cage suspended at the window held the joyous canary. Half-peeled potatoes and a paring-knife were on the drain-board.

Molly laughed and looked at her husband.

"Well, it beats me! We might as well go back to the living-room and wait a little longer. If Clyde doesn't show up, we'll simply have to call it another day wasted."

"Confound the boy!" complained Hall. "You know, Molly, if he had stayed in Europe, we would probably have landed by now with Marshall Kessig. He was becoming very interested in my work. Told me so himself."

Molly nodded. "I could have gone on location this week with Sommerstrom in a Western picture. Probably six weeks' work."

She didn't add that the "location" was in Death Valley with the temperature 118. Molly always tried to make the best of everything. It was not in her nature to complain.

In a blue bowl on the living-room table they discovered something which had escaped their attention. It was a long envelope, sealed and bulky, and bearing in Clyde's handwriting the inscription: "To my beloved parents."

Hall Kerrick noticed it first, and for a moment he stood there, contemplating those four words, as Belshazzar might have stared at the handwriting on the wall. Here was the secret of Clyde's absence. Molly tiptoed to his side.

"Probably the contracts, Hall. Open it."



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DENTAL science has discovered a new method of teeth cleaning. In millions of homes it has displaced the methods which were wrong.

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For Sale by all Drug and Department Stores

His fingers ripped open the envelope. The first inclosure was in the shape of a display ad and it read as follows:

HALL KERRICK AND MOLLY POWERS
 co-starring in their
 farewell scene

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

Written, directed, and presented
 BY THEIR LOVING SON.

The envelope contained deeds that established them as the owners of the property on which they stood, together with all contents and appurtenances. There was a note attached:

Dear Folks:

Hope you like the location, because it's permanent, and as true to type as the best technical men in Hollywood could make it. Chuck the old make-up boxes in the ash-can, and I'll be home in a little while.

The papers fluttered from Hall Kerrick's fingers. He stared helplessly at his wife. Molly Powers looked at her husband. Retirement was the last thing in the world they anticipated or desired. To have the curtain lowered on them by their son! To be withdrawn forever from the painted, pitiless world which had not yet given them their big scene!

"Why, the brainless puppy!" exploded Clyde's father. "He wants to shelve us! He thinks we're *through*. He's written a play and cast himself for the star rôle! I suppose he expects us to weep on his shoulder and pat him on the back! We don't want his idiotic location! I'll take him over my knee and spank him!"

MOLLY POWERS, however, her eyes filled with tears, sat rocking silently for several minutes. She looked out the window at the pleasant garden, and then up at the tired face of her husband. Her own features were soft with a light that her husband had never seen before.

"Hall, old pal, Clyde's right. He's cast us for our big scene, the one we ought to play for his sake as well as ours. It's *Baucis and Philemon*, my dear, with only our boy for an audience. To tell the truth, Hall, it's been what I've wanted. I'm so sick of hotels and restaurants and trains! I'm so utterly tired of electricians and stage carpenters and canvas trees and fake flowers. I want a home with my boy!"

"Now, see here, Molly, you're troup- ing!"

"Am I?" She smiled faintly. "Perhaps so, Hall, but I'm really a mother, you know! And it's sweet to feel that your boy wants you to play that rôle. Do you realize, my dear, that we've never had a tax-receipt in our lives, never owned a stick of furniture! We've played a thousand rôles, but we've never yet impersonated *ourselves*. Always we were some one else, and no matter how it looked to the public, we knew there was no ceiling over our heads and nothing but drafty wings on either side."

Kerrick's eyes softened. "You never took that view before. Of course, Molly, if this would really make you happy—"

"We owe it to Clyde," she interrupted. "Think of the trouble and expense he's gone to in order to please us."

"Please *himself*, you mean! He's stag-

ing it! He's thinking of the thrill he'll get out of it!"

"Well, Hall, he's our boy, and why not give him what he wants? Let's troupe it, dear! He'll be coming back any moment, and it's the last bit of acting we may ever do together."

Kerrick looked at his wife, and what he read in her face enabled him to stifle his own emotions and accept her suggestion with a boyish grin.

"All right, Molly! If we can't put over this sort of stuff, we're no good at all. Lord knows, we've done it before! Move that chair a little more toward the window and sit there with your knitting. I'll keep an eye out for Clyde, and when he's ready for his entrance, I'll slip you the cue."

BUT it was dusk before they heard the whir of a car outside. They moved the easy-chair toward the table and the lamp. "Mother" was waiting expectantly for her boy. "Father" had on his slippers and was reading the afternoon paper. They waited for Clyde's footsteps on the porch outside, but there was some delay. Molly thought of the explanation.

"He's peeping at us through the window," she whispered, and then aloud: "Hall, dear, isn't it too wonderful for words! After all these years, to feel that at last we have a beautiful home in our old age—"

Her husband laid down his paper and crossed to her side. "Molly, our boy has turned up trumps! All our dreams are realized—everything that we could wish! Why, Molly, just think what it means—"

They were trouping now with a vengeance, extemporizing for the benefit of a cynical young man who stood on the front porch, peeping through the window and listening with eager ears to theatrical platitudes that thrilled him through and through.

Was it the training of forty years that enabled them to slip so easily into the rôles assigned them? Was it the knowledge that this was their last and greatest scene? Or had reality replaced acting, and the theme run away with the actors? None but the Great Dramatist will ever know.

Tears ran down the cheeks of Molly Powers, and they were not induced by glycerine. She drew her husband's head down to her bosom and put her arms around his shoulders. Sobs shook her tired frame.

"Hall," she whispered, "it's our last appearance, just as you always said. Two old troupers with their arms entwined! It's a fade-out, dear, so hold it a moment. He's watching us."

Kerrick's back was turned to the window through which Clyde was observing them. The old trouper struggled instinctively to turn around, to keep his face toward the audience of one. But his wife held him, and he guessed the reason.

"Molly," he pleaded, "not so close! Don't hold me like that! Let him see my face too! Dammit, my dear, you're stealing our big scene!"

"The Money Rider," another of Gerald Beaumont's true-to-folks stories, will appear in the next, the August, issue.



It set him thinking

HERE, right in the prime of his business career, he had fumbled the biggest deal he ever had undertaken. It was the great disappointment of his life. And now he was putting himself through a rigorous self-examination, trying to fathom the reason for his failure.

Just then he stumbled across a peculiarly frank magazine advertisement that seemed to hint at the possible reason. It made him do some hard thinking.

* * * *

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The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street New York City

NATALIE COMES THROUGH

(Continued from page 70)

proceeded to a downtown club where he had a locker.

Henry Tibbetson went to bed around five o'clock, happily enough, and thinking rather excitedly of many things, from silver saxophones and "The Blue Danube" to hothouse narcissi in glazed bowls.

NATALIE explained to Henry often, during the days that followed, that the North Beach had the best dance music in town. She fenced irritably sometimes with her mother over her late hours. Her mother sighed and decided not to say anything at present to Natalie's father, who since the war had rather too much cotton on his mind.

Harvey Hammer asked his friend why he didn't live at the hotel. "Listen, Hen, those two lovely dolls are playing you! Listen, I was born in this town, and I know its ways. Shake loose!"

Henry Tibbetson laughed. "You know a lot, Harve; but there are things you don't know—and maybe never will."

There was one gay midnight when Ina, at the wheel of Perchy's car, with Henry Tibbetson beside her and the other two behind, wound in and around the monuments of Lincoln Park so fast that another car, whose driver was not looking in the right direction, collided with them. No bones were broken. But there was a repair bill that Ina insolently proposed Henry should pay, since Perchy was sulky over the sum, and muttered that he didn't keep up insurance for other folks' benefit.

There was another night, with a moon riding high, when the four drove to Chicago's smartest suburb, and Ina dared Natalie to climb a hedge and pick some white lilacs for the crowd. Natalie accepted the dare, and eventually a watchman, finding the white spoil in Natalie's hands, threatened the police until Henry and Perchy placated him with twenty-five dollars.

As time went on, Natalie came to wear a beautifully bland expression when with Ina. With rather a grave, ecstatic expression, Henry was evidently conscious of Natalie's presence most of the time. There was another motor collision one night, and again miraculously, with no damage to the four. A North Side officer was rather sarcastic when Natalie whimpered that she didn't want her name in the papers.

"Be at home in bed around this time, my worried young woman, and you won't be in the papers!" was the wise rejoinder of the officer. "Scoot home, all of you."

A week later, behind a tub of North Beach palms, while the lake sang its first song of June, Natalie leaned across a table toward Henry. Ina was near enough.

"Do you really like me pretty well?"

Ina, a slim, annoyed picture of youth and mauve satin, walked off deliberately. Natalie smiled, waiting for the answer.

"Pretty well?" said Henry Tibbetson gravely, juggling a straw in his tall orange-colored glass. "I guess so. In the past eight weeks I've spent eighteen hundred dollars that I'd no right to spend—because of you."

"You've what?"

The smile on Natalie's face was replaced by an expression of stark horror. The tall lemon-colored glass at her soft left elbow toppled at her jerking movement. Iced sweetness ran across a mottled-marble table and dripped into her *ciel-tulle* lap.

Henry Tibbetson turned his yellow head and pretended to watch something across the room. "Oh—forget that; it slipped."

Natalie rose from her chair.

"I'm going home!" she announced.

"Natalie, let me explain—"

"Don't talk to me!"

Henry followed quickly.

In the rotunda, beyond the supper-and-dance room, a clerk was changing the hour's bulletin of world news just received by radio. Natalie, who in her impetuous flight had taken the wrong direction, wheeled and fairly flew to the right, where her wraps were checked.

Henry met her as she emerged. "You needn't worry! You mustn't think you're going to get any publicity because of any mess of mine! Let me explain—"

"I want to go home! No—I'll call a taxicab myself." Toward the bulletin-board she sent a shivering glance.

NATALIE BALLY reached home. Sobbed a small prayer of thanks that hall and living-room were dark, implying that her parents were in bed and therefore unable to take note of her mien and manner, and proceeded to lay her slim self in bed. There she burrowed her face in a pillow and put her forefingers into her ears. Headlines hung before her in the dark—newspaper headlines! Black, bulky, ugly!

Her turmoiled mind cleared presently and contemplated what was likely to happen; and when it had thus contemplated, it promptly and hysterically went back into turmoil!

One can, at nineteen, take varieties of black trouble to one's parents—the theft of a wrist-watch, or a case of ptomaine poisoning. But one cannot go and easily mention embezzlement! Deeper into her pillow Natalie burrowed her face. Her bedroom looked through swaying blue silk curtains on the lake. The lake now was becoming dawn-tinged. The curtains swayed to admit long, lovely streaks of gray mingled with pink, an orchard pink. Lake Michigan has a fine talent for dawns. Embezzlement! A word to darken all dawns! Even reckless nineteen knows that. Lately, in her father's office, there had been a case, sternly and quickly dealt with. And the newspapers keep the word standing like—like—she stuttered hysterically to herself—like—"Death Notices."

And after a while other words galloped after that one. Natalie recalled that once or twice Henry had been rather sober when the other three had been hilarious with laughter. She saw him, grave-eyed, wretched-eyed, in a courtroom, and his yellow head—

She had never been in a courtroom in her life. So, as the dawn came across the lake, the pink streaking farther and farther until the full riotous color gave way at

last to the white of day itself, something of youth went from Natalie Bally, never to return. Something of beauty, too, and of grace.

SHE shudderingly averted her eyes from the morning newspaper lying on a chair in the dining-room where her father had flung it and the maid had not yet removed it. Newspapers—ugh! And in diabolic train of thought came newspapers' new half-sister, the radio. Suppose this very afternoon the magnaphone at the North Beach should drone for the alert ears of dancers, of diners, of waiters, of saxophonists: "Another Embezzlement Case in City—" She went white, and pushed away her grapefruit.

From a door her mother said keenly: "You're going to pay for your hours, Natalie! Eleanor says you're about ready to lose your really good color—" "It's this egg!"

"It looks like a perfectly good egg to me," criticized her mother. "But I'll tell Nora to bring another."

Natalie was greatly relieved when presently her mother left home for the morning. Even as the family car rolled away from the curb below, she was at work, emptying out the contents of bureau and chiffonier, desk and closet, sorting, appraising, hunting pencil and paper.

Jewelry first: Eight pairs of earrings, ranging in original cost from one dollar and seventy-five cents to sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents. The first were imitation jet; the last were jade mounted in platinum. Bracelets: beginning with her beloved platinum-and-brilliant watch on its black ribbon, and ending with the plain gold band she had received on her twelfth birthday, nine in all. For the sapphire and white gold she had saved pin-money; it cost forty-five dollars. A platinum pendant on a thin chain, two combs set with semi-precious stones, a jade-handled parasol, three metallic filigrees for the hair, a silver and green-stoned girdle—h'm, not worth much. Four rings, besides a gilded box of childish circlets. Well, one stone was nearly a carat. It had a flaw, though. "You'll have to take quality or quantity," her father had quizzically warned her that Christmas.

In a sudden gust of impatience she swept the heap into a box, and dragged out her dresses, furs, coats and shoes. Pretty things, but not very pawnable. With a curiously forlorn face she separated a summer neckpiece of tawny fur from the heap, and then, eyes lighting darkly, started. She had recently put her squirrel coat into storage. Well, it was not a fortunate time of the year for disposing of a secondhand fur coat—but it was the only time of the year at her command!

FOUR hours later Natalie Bally's face still had no appreciable color, except where the rouge stood out sharply. Pawn-brokers were a cold-blooded tribe, and one or two had demanded proof of ownership. But dropping into her father's office, she secured twenty-five dollars from a busy and preoccupied parent. She felt that in the future she would never feel so sisterly toward her married sister Eleanor as she had felt, at times, in the past. Eleanor said coldly that she had no

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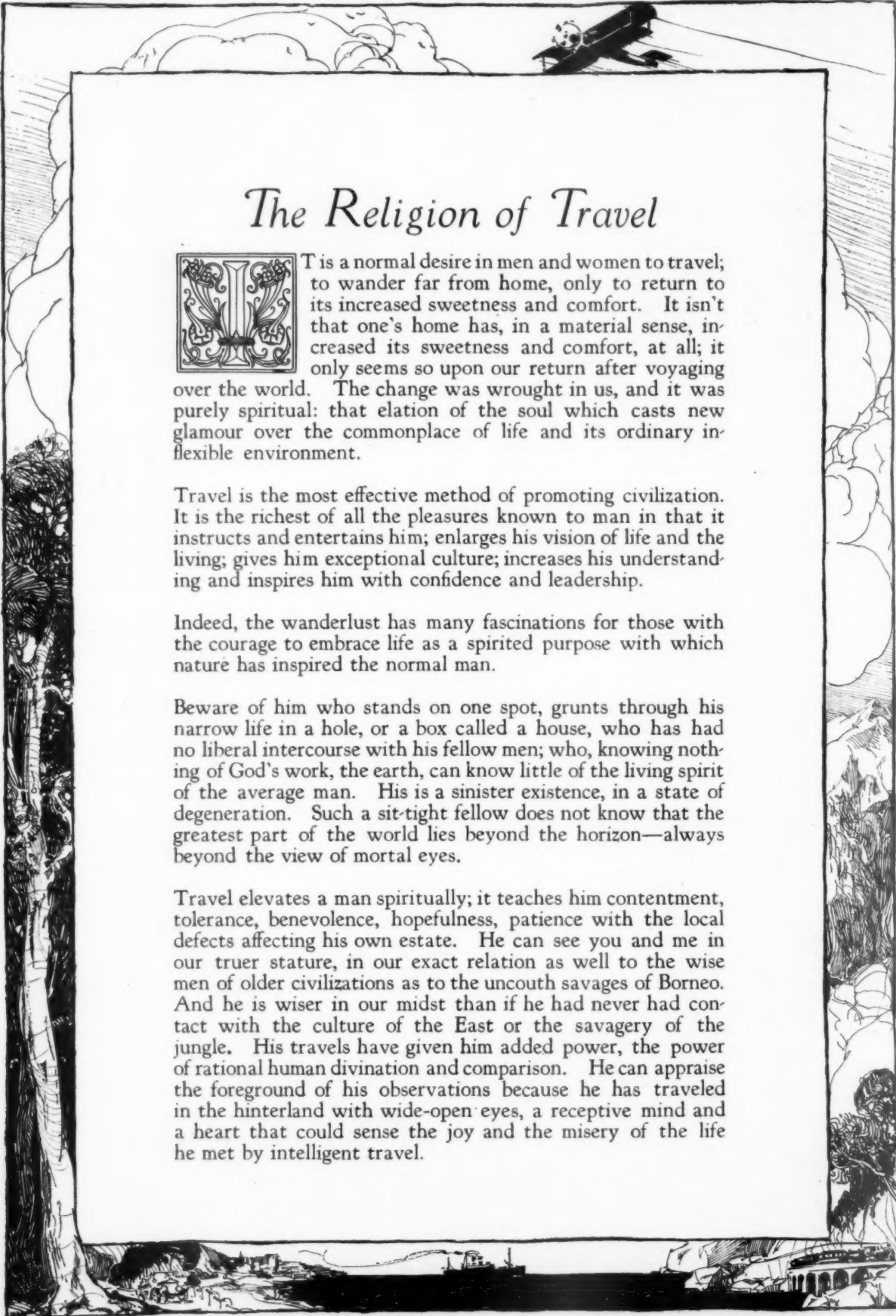
It is a normal desire in men and women to travel; to wander far from home, only to return to its increased sweetness and comfort. It isn't that one's home has, in a material sense, increased its sweetness and comfort, at all; it only seems so upon our return after voyaging over the world. The change was wrought in us, and it was purely spiritual: that elation of the soul which casts new glamour over the commonplace of life and its ordinary inflexible environment.

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Beware of him who stands on one spot, grunts through his narrow life in a hole, or a box called a house, who has had no liberal intercourse with his fellow men; who, knowing nothing of God's work, the earth, can know little of the living spirit of the average man. His is a sinister existence, in a state of degeneration. Such a sit-tight fellow does not know that the greatest part of the world lies beyond the horizon—always beyond the view of mortal eyes.

Travel elevates a man spiritually; it teaches him contentment, tolerance, benevolence, hopefulness, patience with the local defects affecting his own estate. He can see you and me in our truer stature, in our exact relation as well to the wise men of older civilizations as to the uncouth savages of Borneo. And he is wiser in our midst than if he had never had contact with the culture of the East or the savagery of the jungle. His travels have given him added power, the power of rational human divination and comparison. He can appraise the foreground of his observations because he has traveled in the hinterland with wide-open eyes, a receptive mind and a heart that could sense the joy and the misery of the life he met by intelligent travel.



money to lend—no, not even one dollar! Did Natalie think two children cost nothing? And anyhow, Mother had dropped in that morning and said Natalie was spending too much money and too much time. In both items Eleanor had been more restricted!

Necessity drives. Natalie sat for an hour in a taxicab in forced mental activity. Two hours later, and by this time afternoon had spilled most of its gaudy largess over the city and was due to depart with empty pockets, she was on South Clark Street, in a dingy, dusky block where instead of saxophones sounding silvery, elevator-cables creak commandingly. She sought a sixth floor whose multiple doors bore the sign "Jameson J. Marner Map and Blackboard Company."

IN a rear room, from a busy desk, Henry raised a quick yellow head. Tubby Mintway was the only other occupant of the room.

"Go out, Tubby," requested Henry, "and close the door behind yourself."

"Sure," said Tubby, gathering up four ledgers.

"Thank you," said Natalie mechanically, taking the offered chair.

She waited till the door closed; then she rose swiftly from her chair and with excited eyes and an abrupt opening of her vanity-bag dumped a heap of bills and silver onto the desk before an astounded young man.

"There's sixteen hundred and forty-two dollars—and I haven't got a pair of buckles left for my feet! Pawnbrokers are thieves, and my Cousin Lois already has telephoned to my mother because I sneaked this afternoon to the woman who was going to buy her sable neckpiece and persuaded her to take mine instead at forty dollars less. I borrowed five hundred dollars from our maid Nora. She wouldn't take it out of savings till I agreed to give her eight hundred dollars back within two years."

She sat down, white-faced and numb. And when, silent, with grave, wondering eyes, he continued to stare at the money and at her, she broke out reproachfully, in a voice that quavered:

"If you think I want anybody embezzling for me—"

"Were you horribly afraid your name would be in the newspapers?"

"I got only twelve dollars for my pearls," she retorted, coldly and irrelevantly. "I'd about as soon be dead as not to have a string of pearls—they cost a hundred and seventy dollars and they looked exactly like real!"

"Your name wouldn't have been in the papers."

"Even if that old Jameson Marner finds out, wont he be decent enough not to arrest you, if everything is paid back right away?"

Whereat Henry Tibbetson laid his yellow head back against the wall—the sub-office was so small that nearly all the chairs and the desk and the revolving sample-case of maps touched the walls—and grinned.

"I don't know what he'd be likely to do in such a case. You see, he's a very thoughtful man. One could hardly get at his safe daytimes, because it's right in his private office, where a good many peo-

ple hang about; and at night he hires watchmen. And besides, he doesn't keep much cash in it—just contracts and warranty deeds and perhaps a few checks that come in with the afternoon mails. I didn't embezzle any money, Natalie." He pushed the heap into her hands. "You wouldn't let me explain."

Natalie's mouth opened, but no sound issued.

"I wish I'd kept my fool mouth shut. But you see—everybody who comes from a small town isn't necessarily penniless. My father's quite a well-to-do lawyer, and rather broad-minded. He seemed to think I might run short of funds here. At the same time, he thought it was just as well to make my own way without help. He deposited five thousand dollars to my credit in a bank here—and put it up to me to leave it alone except in case of dire necessity."

And then he cleared his throat uncomfortably. "Thank you, Natalie, for what you've done. It was dear of you, but—"

"But what?"

He reddened and was helplessly silent. "And you wouldn't steal for me or anybody else?" she supplied, in a high, sharp voice, mechanically stuffing the money into her bag.

"I—I don't think I would," he admitted wretchedly.

"Oh!"

"You're the darlinest thing I ever saw, Natalie," he went on, still wretchedly. "And everything money can buy belongs by rights to you—and some day I hope to have enough to buy you a string of real pearls; but—"

Natalie snapped her bag shut—and then stooped thriftily to pick up a dime which had slipped to the floor.

"Are you proposing to me or just paying compliments?"

"Both!" he declared. "You know well enough I'm doing both!"

"Well," she said, as if somewhat annoyed after all at an anticlimax, "I may as well tell you that at first I thought of my name in the newspapers—and then just yours."

Henry was out of his chair—

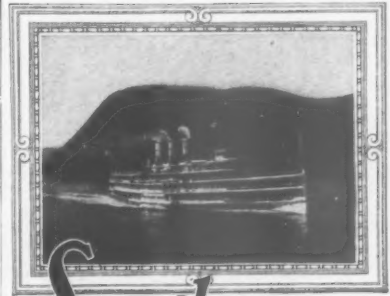
A CHUNKY form darkened the frosted upper half of the door.

Henry sat back ruefully. "Oh, Lord, I nearly forgot. With the lights on, these places are surrounded by frosted glass and eyes. "Natalie, it sounds banal, but I'll love, honor and endow—"

"Well, I think," she sighed, "you'd better get ready for your life-work right away. I'm rather friendless just now. After what I phoned Ina Birke, and my sister Eleanor, and the row there'll be over Cousin Lois' unsold sable neckpiece— Will you give me my own way most of the time, Henry? Something rather stubborn about the yellow color of your hair warns me— Most of the time?"

"All the time! Oh—darn glass doors!" She glanced around the small office.

"Don't forget," she said. "And by the way, as soon as I get my stuff out of hock, and the row over the sable with Cousin Lois blows over, and Dad has got Cousin Oswald off his mind and into some kind of a place, I think he could get you into his cotton business. He's awfully



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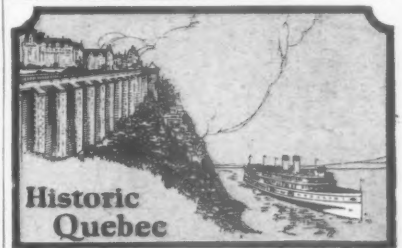
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well-liked, and he got Eleanor's husband—"

He sat up instantly and stiffly. Something hard and unforgiving glinted in the black-gray depths of his young eyes, dispelling a little the ardor which lay in them.

"See here, Natalie! I'm on my own feet now—and I stay on 'em. Not on my wife's family's."

"You said you worked for a *Scrooge*—"

"And when I don't want to work for him any longer, I'll do my own picking of another employer. And at that, Marner isn't so bad; he gives you a sales commission as soon as you've earned it."

A SON OF JEZEBEL

(Continued from page 97)

"Something else?" he inquired.

Sophie's glance turned from him to the traffic in the street, below. "Something that's got to be talked out, Joe."

He had never seen Sophie quite like this before. It was as though intuition controlled him. Before Sophie spoke again he knew—he *knew*.

"Hennissy was here this morning," she said.

Joe moistened lips suddenly gone dry. There was always possible trouble of a grim order for one who played stud as he played it, professionally. But that wasn't his fear now.

"Hennissy? Well? He's a good skate."

"Joe, Hennissy isn't a good skate, and you know it."

"He's on the level with me," Joe replied.

"He may be, but he thought—he thought I knew more than I do."

The little clock on the mantel ticked for a seeming eternity.

"You mean—you mean he talked?" In that moment murder was not far removed from his soul.

"He didn't say much," Sophie went on. "Joe, Joe, you know I love you. I believe I love you more, because of this, than I ever *have* loved you. Maybe it's because I feel you have to be protected from something—from yourself, I guess.

Joe, dear, remember that what I'm going to say hurts me a thousand times more than it hurts you. Maybe a woman's love is different. You never will know what you are to me—you're sun, moon, stars and all the lot put together. But," —tears were running down her cheeks now,— "but we're not going to live together any more, you and I, until you've promised me you'll never—never—I can't even say it, Joe. But you know what I mean."

"Not—going—to—live—together—any—more!" The words came from him slowly. "Not going—but that *can't* be, Sophie. I—I couldn't go on. And I don't believe you could. Besides, now there's—"

Sophie nodded. "That's partly why," she said. "Can't you see, Joe, you've only got to promise. Say you'll run dead straight, and if you once say that, I'll *know*."

"Why—why—" he began, and stared dully at the wall.

"Joe, if you'd won a million dollars

"Oh—I see." With pursed lips, Natalie whistled inaudibly; with perfectly level eyebrows she regarded the young man whose firm gaze was on her. "Always, except when in your judgment—" She sighed in content. "I think you'll be an awfully satisfactory person to squabble with—all my life."

"Here are your gloves—you dropped them," he said. "Come along—it's nearly quitting-time; we'll gather up your stuff wherever you've left it. Give me the pawn-tickets. I'll pay all charges. But I think in the future, Natalie, you'd do better to consult me in all matters relating to finance."

and said it was all right, I'd have believed you. I'd have been *safe* to believe it. But, see: you don't say even now that it was all on the level—so it wasn't. And—you've got to choose between that and me—*us*."

JOE was dazed. He would give his chance of entering heaven not to part with Sophie, but it was a tremendous thing she was asking. His word to Sophie was a concrete thing, enduring as the granite hills. And on it rested all their future, all their hopes of earthly glory. The only thing was, he'd never take another human being into his confidence. He'd like to beat up Hennissy, but that wouldn't do. No, in future he would play a lone hand.

"Honey," he said in a low voice, "you know I'd go through hell for you. But honest, I don't believe you got the right dope on this. It's a business—see?—same's any other business. I *know* something in my business; that's all. I know *how to do it*. An' that's every bit there is to it, same's if I was a tooth-puller or a lawyer. At poker the other feller'd put it across me if he could. Sophie, be reasonable."

There was a sternness, a hardness in his wife's face that was entirely new to him. She answered:

"I mean just—exactly—what—I—said—Joe. It, or me and—you know."

This wasn't the Sophie he had known.

"I tell you," he replied slowly, "I got to weigh this thing up, Sophie. It's more than any man can decide right away. It'd be easy for me to make a promise just to keep you quiet. But I couldn't do *that*, and you know it. Let me think it over this week. There's always a way out if you get time to think."

Sophie's mouth quivered. Dear God, would she have courage to go through with it? There must be no "way out," save the way that she had pointed. Somehow, *somehow*, he must be made to realize that.

"If you want this week to think about it, Joe, I'll leave you till Saturday. But I'm going—going now. And as I told you, I'll never come back till you've given me your promise."

Even then he didn't credit it. And Sophie saw into his heart. For her it was a form of self-crucifixion, but it had to be. Three minutes later she actually had gone.

JOE looked around their little living-room—six hours later. Exactly what, he didn't know, but something must be done. He couldn't have her breaking her heart. He might promise only to play once every so often, or something like that.

Ten o'clock—eleven—twelve.

And Sophie did not return.

That was on Tuesday. Before Saturday, four whole days away, he'd go clean off his head if he didn't see Sophie. He lay awake half the night, alternating one decision, one compromise, with another. She had gone to her mother's home; first thing in the morning, he would beat it around there and fix it as best he could. But with morning came renewed hope that she would return. By his own suffering he judged how Sophie must be feeling; he hated the necessity for inflicting pain, but he knew his position would be the stronger if he waited till she came to him.

He left the restaurant early: nightfall arrived, and no sign of his wife. At nine o'clock he took a street-car to the house where she was staying and walked past it. For hours he hid in a doorway, watching, hoping. Near midnight he went back dejectedly to his own home. On Thursday his spirits had fallen to zero; on Friday the thing had become a nightmare. Somehow the idea began to dominate him that Sophie meant literally what she said. He was due for a game on Friday night, but at the hour when he, Hennessy and three others less sophisticated were to have sat down, he stood pale and intent before Sophie at her mother's home.

"I couldn't wait any longer, honey," he began. "We got to fix this some way."

"There is only one way to fix it, Joe."

"But I can make fifteen, twenty thousand bones a year my way. You couldn't expect me to give that up. I'll agree to everything you like in reason, Sophie. But you got to give me a chance."

"Joe, boy, do you think I haven't looked at it from every side? Do you think I want you to grind out chicken-feed if you could make wads of it honestly? Do you think I've forgotten the misery of working hard for a bare living? If you like, I'll find some sort of a job—for a while, at least—till we're a little better off. But I want you to get this straight: I'm not returning till you've given me your word that you'll never play cards for money again."

"But Sophie, I've only got three thousand—"

"I couldn't even let you keep that, Joe," she interrupted.

"But for the love of mud, Sophie, you wouldn't want me to burn it!"

"I'd want you to give it to some hospital, and start straight."

Joe collapsed onto a settee and stared at his wife. For an instant he doubted her sanity.

"You'd want me to do that?"

"Just that."

"And you've nothing else to say?"

"If you mean, can I alter, there isn't any more to say, is there?"

MECHANICALLY he reached for his hat and rose to his feet. In his face Sophie read the decision he had made. She

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ached to rush at him, to find surcease somehow from this misery, but by a miracle she held on.

"You'll kiss me good-by?" came from her husband jerkily.

She drew toward him, and as their lips met, something snapped within Joe.

"Sophie, I can't go through with it." His arms tightened about her like steel bands. "It's no use, honey. There aint any world left when you're not there. If you say it's got to be, that goes. I'll promise—" He paused, and the woman's heart fluttered, for she imagined she sensed hesitation, even as he held her at arm's-length. "Why, of course I couldn't give you up, not for all America. Yes, I'll promise, honey. From this minute I've cut it right out of my life, and tomorrow you can doll yourself up and walk around to St. Joseph's and tell 'em you're the Queen of Sheba chucking thousands about for the fun of it. It's a kids' hospital, Sophie. I'd like it that way best, somehow, just now. Say, there's one condition I got to make, though: I've given my promise with both hands and both feet. In return I want to know that you'll never for one second doubt that I could go back on that."

"Why, Joe, it'd never enter my head that you could go back on a promise to me."

THE first loving caress of spring filled the earth with promise once more.

Joe was beginning to take a real interest in his father's business, though he knew now that it was in a rocky condition financially. The old man, struggling on willingly but without any real business sense, had given mortgages to meet the drain of his son's needs, which left him clutching at the edge of nothing. But the business was being worked at a profit, and Joe saw that with care he could, in a few years, pull it out of the mess. He and Sophie were spending very little now. Apart from everything else, they wanted a nest-egg of a large and useful size.

And then a bomb fell in his camp. It came in the form of a day letter to Joe from his mother.

Please come to me. Need you desperately. Telegraph time of your arrival. Cannot explain till you get here.

Joe Hawkins stared beyond the slip of paper, beyond the four walls, across a continent, to the woman who was calling him. He must go, of course. The summons couldn't have come at a worse time. He couldn't bear the thought of leaving Sophie now; and moreover, the round trip would absorb every cent of their savings. That was awkward, because he didn't know any way of raising more funds, even temporarily. The utmost penny had already been borrowed on the restaurant. Still, he must go. Perhaps his mother would be able to loan him a few hundred for a while.

Seven days later a rare light kindled in the eyes of Sarah Bessom Hawkins as they fell on her son.

"I knew you'd come," she said. "And yet in a way I wish now that I hadn't asked you."

Joe frowned.

"Why?" he inquired simply.

The woman looked away. Her gaze wandered to the distant hills. There are penalties infinitely greater than physical pain, and after all these years of vain pleasure-hunting, it was she, now, who was in the position of the moose in the pitfall. She could stay there and drain her cup of agony to the last drop, but then her son, the only thing living that she venerated, would eventually suffer more.

"Six months from now I shall be dead, anyway," she began.

"Six months!" He was silent a few moments. He did not display emotion easily to this woman who had borne him. "Why, that's—bad."

She shook her head indifferently. "No, Joe. It will be best. I don't mind dying. It would be better if—if it happened tonight. If I could pass out now, I'd do it gladly. But I can't—can't do it voluntarily. I've thought about that, but I daren't do it. Joe, I've fought my way to the last fence, and I'm in a bad fix." Again she looked out on the far hills. This was much harder than she had expected.

"What's wrong, Mother?" Joe sensed something which he could not define. There was a hunted air about the woman. It had nothing to do with impending death: of that he was convinced. "Money?" he hazarded.

"Yes. I must have three thousand dollars within a month."

JOE sat very still. Never in all the years Sarah Bessom had lived apart from her husband had she accepted anything from the ex-ship's-cook. She had scorned him and the pittance he would have scraped together for her. Joe opened his lips to speak, closed them, and remained silent for a moment. Then:

"I can't do it," he said with evident finality. "I'm sorry, but—"

"Listen, Joe," she went on. "I know it's a big request that I'm making. But I've never asked you to do anything for me before. I couldn't. And I'll never ask you to do anything again. Somehow or other, though, you must raise three thousand dollars for me within a month."

"What's it for?"
"You mustn't ask me that."
"Well, I can't do it."

"Joe, you must. It you don't, I'm afraid you'll be sorry—afterward."

"Tell me what it's for, and if I can think of any possible way, I'll do all I can."

"I can't tell you."
"Then my answer is final. It isn't that I just won't help you. I'm broke, and so is Dad."

Sarah Bessom's last hope was smashed. Her worst punishment was now at hand. She had lived for a week on the thought that he would spare her this.

"There's blood in you and in me, Joe, that's no good," she went on after a while. "I've been fighting it all my life. But it's stronger in me than it is in you. Maybe you'll win out. I didn't ever want to tell you this, but now I've got to, and maybe it'll help—help you, I mean. The men in my family weren't workers. They used their wits. Never mind what became of them. It didn't

pan out in the long run with any of them; it never does. I'm not blaming my ancestors for what I've done; that's no kind of argument. I'm going to make one last appeal to you. Wont you find that money, Joe? It's worse than death to tell the truth to you."

"You got to tell me," said Joe doggedly. "I can't do a thing unless you do."

She watched him tensely; he meant it. "Joe, I wanted money badly, and I committed forgery. I wouldn't have done it, but I had my back to the wall. At first I thought I'd gotten away with it, but the man whose name I forged found out, and he's given me four weeks to come across. If I can't, I'll go to prison and die there. I wouldn't have minded that—very much—for myself; but you'd have found out in time. And it wouldn't have helped you afterward to know your mother had died in prison. I know that: I know it."

Joe's face grew gray and pinched. He paced the room like a caged tiger. It never occurred to him to rebuke the woman who sat there, unconsciously thrusting her son down toward hell. Partly it was their code, and partly he knew how one might do what she had done. She spoke to him, once, twice, but he did not hear. If only he *didn't* know a way out. Blind fury tore at his heart. Presently he turned to the door and stumbled into the street. Somewhere he stopped, like a somnambulist.

"Honey!" he muttered into the far distance. "Good God!" Then he stumbled on again.

It was nearly three weeks later when Joe left for the East. In his pocket he held a receipt which insured the freedom of Sarah Bessom Hawkins—in his heart a secret which burned and seared. He wondered when he would be able to tell Sophie what he had done. Some day, of course, he *must* tell her—some day, down the years, when he had shown her that the blood of the Bessoms within him was *beaten*.

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That night the woman stroked her man's hair proudly. They had, a moment before, peeped in to see little Joe asleep.

"That kid's going to be a marvel," said his father. And the mother, who was sure of it, nodded happily.

The man went over to a desk, fished for a check-book, wrote with grim satisfaction for a while, addressed an envelope to a hospital for children, inclosed a check for three thousand dollars, and sealed it up. To do this gave him peculiar gratification. He felt wonderfully cleaner after it. He would have liked to send it to the man in Frisco who



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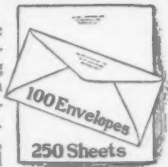
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hadn't held three aces one night several years ago, but Joe didn't know where he lived.

"Yes, a marvel," he added, turning in his chair. "And straight as a gun-barrel. He's got your eyes exactly, Sophie. Funny how thoughts will hit a person at the wrong time. Just as I was going on the stage this afternoon, the queerest idea came into my head. Suppose—now, don't laugh—just suppose when that boy had grown up, you'd done something wrong. Committed forgery, for instance!

And Joe knew that by cheating at cards he could save you from going to prison. And suppose, too, that he'd given his promise never to play cards for money. How would he get out of the difficulty?"

"I'd rather go to prison than let him do it," Sophie made answer without hesitation.

"So would I," replied her husband. "So would I, naturally. But, as I tell you, that silly problem hit me right between the eyes as I was walking out on the stage this afternoon."

THE VALLEY OF VOICES

(Continued from page 65)

pany. But the girl who was ready to sacrifice herself for her father's welfare, would never desert him out of hand, now when she had just engaged herself to the Inspector. No, he had been blind—and lost.

"We must wait, Charlotte. She won't go now," he said, as the loyal creature, perplexed, disgusted with the big American who would not take a woman by force or guile if he wanted her, shuffled out of the room. "What you tell me—about Mademoiselle—I—did not—know. But don't lose heart."

He carried his bag to Michel's shack and announced to the surprised owner that he would eat and sleep there; then, while in search of David, he ran into St. Onge.

"Monsieur Steele." The old soldier gripped his guest's hand and vigorously shook it. "You have my extreme admiration—and gratitude. *Mon Dieu*, but you were magnificent! To see you, my friend and guest, insulted before my eyes—and how you made him ridiculous!"

Steele's face hardened. "But your daughter—what of her?" he demanded, almost fiercely, of the man whose eyes wavered before his.

"You have seen her?"

"Yes, she has told me. She's ruined herself—thrown away her happiness—her life."

St. Onge glared into Steele's immobile face. "She will never marry that *canaille*, Monsieur Steele," he said pointedly.

The two were interrupted by the appearance of Lascelles crossing the clearing; and Steele, in no mood to meet the subject of the conversation, left the excited factor awaiting the approach of the man who was exulting in his hard-won victory. As he turned away, he said: "I have moved my stuff to Michel's shack. It is needless for me to tell you how much I appreciate your hospitality and that of your daughter. You understand of course that I could not stay."

"Yes, monsieur, it would only be embarrassing to you and to me; but I regret deeply to have you go."

Chapter Fifteen

THE following morning the people of Wailing River were at the river shore, where three men stood beside a loaded Peterboro canoe near which rested a company birch-bark.

"What's the matter with St. Onge?" Steele asked Michel. "He and Lascelles

have been in the trade-house a half-hour. It's late."

"W'en I leev'e de trade-store, M'sieur Lascelles say to heem, he t'ink he not go up riviere."

Steele's lip curled. Evidently the Inspector had suddenly lost interest in the Windigo's work at Stopping River. Doubtless he preferred to make the most of his absence from Albany by spending the two days the trip would have consumed in the company of his fiancée. . . . Then, approaching from the factor's house, appeared the figure of Denise St. Onge.

He had seen her for a moment that morning, for his contemplated journey to the Feather Lakes and the autumn camps of the Ojibways, interrupted by their discovery of the day before, might admit of no return to the post before starting south. It all depended how early the winter broke. So he had called at the factor's to say good-by until the sled-trails were hard in November.

STEELE was keenly curious as to Denise's motive in coming to the beach when he had already bidden her good-by that morning at the house. True, to the man whose one purpose in life had now become the extrication of this sorely harassed girl from the net of circumstances which enmeshed her, the farewell had been painful. Perhaps—

Brent Steele watched the approaching girl with high hope. What had so broken the dignity of Mademoiselle St. Onge as to hurry her suddenly to the river shore in the sight of the post people—where, also, her fiancé Lascelles was momentarily expected by his waiting canoe men?

"I could not have you go, Monsieur Steele," she said in her low, throaty voice, "without wishing you *bon voyage*." In her haste, a vagrant lock of her hair had loosed itself, and she caught it up with her left hand as she extended her right to Steele.

To her embarrassment, he held the hand overlong in his as his eyes questioned hers.

"You asked me to make you a promise, monsieur," she continued in a voice barely audible, looking from him to the hills to the south. "Well, I've come to say *au revoir*. You have—my promise." And she swiftly disengaged her hand and had reached the clearing before Steele sensed to the full what her words had meant.

In that *au revoir* she had asked him to come back—had promised to hold off

Lascalles until the spring, had gallantly laid bare her heart and shown him what might have been his now had he not been so blind—so weak. There, on the trail back from the hilltop, when her hair had brushed her face, she had reached out to him in despair, but he had not been man enough to see—had feared the dignity of her, the mystery, when the woman in her was calling to him. Well—he would come back; and if worse came to worst, as Michel had predicted, blood might redden the long snows in the valley of the Wailing.

ST. ONGE and Lascalles now appeared from the trade-house and approached the waiting canoes.

"Good morning, gentlemen; you are late," greeted Steele, still in the clouds with the thought and picture of the girl who had but that moment entered her house.

"Good morning, monsieur," returned St. Onge. "Monsieur Lascalles has decided that he will not have time at present to go upriver."

Steele smiled at his rival. The temptation to turn the tables was overpowering.

"Possibly Monsieur Lascalles has too tender a heart to desire to look at a dead man—or is it his nose?"

Lascalles' face went purple. He choked, made an impulsive movement toward Steele, who stood grinning, then gulped down his anger as David laughed outright in his face, while Michel turned his back. Too clever to make a scene in which he was bound to appear at a disadvantage, the Inspector, now in control of himself, proceeded to take his revenge by saying: "No, monsieur; but a soldier and gentleman always gives precedence to the ladies. I have but a few days to stay here, and I have decided to spend them all in the company of my fiancée, Made-moiselle St. Onge."

It was Lascalles' turn to laugh, for his words stung Steele like the lash of a whip. "Then of course, Colonel," he countered savagely, "you cannot go. You French are such careful chaperons."

Lascalles openly scowled his disappointment as St. Onge interposed:

"Oh, naturally, I shall stay; so I shall wish you *bon voyage* and all success, Monsieur Steele." He shook his guest's hand. "We shall expect you again before you start south."

"Good-by, sir, and my deepest thanks for your hospitality. I am taking all my stuff to cache upriver and pick up later on the chance we do not return. But if the winter holds off, you will see us. You will send a canoe, anyway, in two weeks to meet Michel at the Feather Lakes?"

"Yes; *au revoir!*"

Ignoring Lascalles, Steele stepped into the Peterboro, launched by Michel and David; then, as if it was an afterthought, he called banteringly to the Inspector: "And to you, sir, a pleasant stay at Wailing River, and safe run to Albany; for I very much wish to meet you again."

With the lunge of three narrow blades, the canoe leaped upstream, leaving two men on the shore—one with frank approval in the tired eyes which watched the broad back of Brent Steele as he followed the vicious stroke of the Iroquois in the bow, the other nervously stroking

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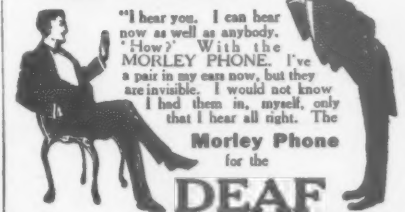
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a black mustache which adorned features on which perplexity and hate were written large.

THREE days later, when Steele's canoe was far on its way to the Feather Lakes, Denise St. Onge sat in her living-room with the man who controlled her father's future. For two days, all that subtlety and a plea of illness could avail to avoid being alone with him, she had made use of; but now that he was returning to Fort Albany, he would not be denied his hour.

“Mademoiselle,” he was saying, “when a man travels as far as I have to visit his fiancée, is he not entitled to a somewhat warmer welcome—to a more frequent opportunity to enjoy her society than you have accorded me? Your enchanting playing I have enjoyed the last two evenings, but it has given me little chance to talk to you. Is it fair?”

“Monsieur Lascelles,” replied the girl, “I wrote you accepting the offer which you have made me many times in the last three years. In consideration that you kept my father in charge of a first-class post, I agreed to marry you within a year. It was a contract of business, monsieur. The day of your arrival here you agreed to my terms.”

Lascelles fidgeted under the calm, impersonal gaze of the girl's black eyes.

“It is true, true, mademoiselle.” He twisted his mustache in his chagrin. “But I am deeply in love with you, and it is most unusual, is it not, to be ignored—avoided? I have some rights.”

“I have not promised to love you, monsieur, if that is what you mean,” was her quiet answer.

“No!” The blood suddenly flushed his face. “But I have reason to believe that you have an interest in this American, Steele. Why has he stayed here two weeks? Why, except for the fact that Mademoiselle St. Onge is pretty and charming, eh?”

Denise St. Onge smiled wearily.

“Possibly, monsieur. It is not unlikely you will think so, anyway. You are the type of man who always insists on the woman motif.”

“Woman motif? Why not? In this case it is clear,” he burst out, walking the floor, mad with jealousy, and helpless before the indifference of the woman whom he had traveled three hundred miles to see.

“Pardon me, but as a matter of fact, you are wrong. Monsieur Steele is an ethnologist and is deeply interested in this mystery which you make light of.”

Lascelles snapped his fingers viciously. “You believe in this Windigo myth too? Your father is imbecile about it.”

The dark face of the girl flamed with anger at the reference to her father. “You laugh at what has ruined your post, monsieur, because it suited your plan. Is it not so? If you do not believe that the Indians have reason to be terror-stricken, why did you not go to Stooping River and see that body?”

He turned on her with a snarl. “Evidently you are as superstitious as the Indians.”

“Possibly I am. I don't know what to believe,” she said, calmly. “I only know what I heard that terrible night—what

the Indians believe; and where is the fur canoe? Where are your furs? Where are your men? Is that of no consequence?”

It was to the credit of the infatuated Lascelles, as he said good-by to the woman who had promised to marry him, that what was his of right he did not demand when he entered his canoe at the foot of the carry.

“Au revoir!” he said, taking her hand and kissing it. “You will write by the Christmas mail?” And the man who had journeyed up the Albany and the Wailing, exulting in his bargain with a desperate girl, returned now, beaten, mystified and consumed with jealousy.

Chapter Sixteen

DRIVEN by three iron-hard backs and pairs of arms, Steele's canoe nosed a wide ripple on the smoldering surface of Big Feather Lake, which opened out before them in mile upon mile of sleeping water. Spruce ridges splashed with the yellow and gold of birch and poplar and balm-of-gilead rolled away from shore to skyline. Alone of the three, Steele reacted to the beauty of the frost-painted hills; for to the woods Indian, autumn carries the eternal threat of the bitter days that will follow hard upon its heels—days when men and dogs battle with the withering barrage of the blizzard over drifted trails, when women and little children, with pinched faces, huddle over the fires of lonely tepees, and moan for the food the hunters seek. But to the white man, September was a month of pure enchantment, when the air off the gilded ridges struck sweet in the hot face of the voyageur, and the crisp nights were bright with stars.

“Kekway!” called the bow-man. “Smoke!” And Michel pointed a bony finger at a wisp of white hanging over the distant shore.

“Smoke? Then they're over their Windigo scare and are back fishing.”

“Mebbe!” was the noncommittal reply.

A group of women, children and dogs awaited the landing of the canoe at the fishing camp of the Ojibways.

“Bonjour—bonjour!” Michel, kicking his way through the snarling huskies, shook hands with the surprised women, curious to learn what had brought the head-man at Wailing River to the Feather Lakes in September.

“So the Windigo cries no longer at night on the burned ridge?” he began in Ojibway.

To his surprise, the women stared at him in amazement, which changed to fear at the thought of the possibility of the presence of a demon so dreaded in the Feather Lake country.

“No Windigo has cried here,” replied an old woman excitedly. “We would not stay! Our men are away in the muskogs, hunting caribou. They would not leave us here to be eaten by a Windigo.”

Michel looked at Steele. “She say no Windigo been here. Why did Pierre lie to us?”

“Quer for him to bring that tale to Wailing River,” muttered Steele.

“Pierre, who left you to trade at Ogoké last spring,” continued Michel. “Has he camped here this summer?”

"No, we have not seen his family since the moon of flowers. They went to Ogoke."

Michel nodded, as if satisfied.

What motive Pierre could have had in the tale of the Windigo at Feather Lake, other than the needless agitation of the post Indians, was an enigma to Steele; but it was evident that Michel had an idea of its nature which he would divulge only when ready to talk. So, as the Indian women had no further information, Steele gave them some sugar and tea, and crossing to an island to avoid the night-foraging dogs, made camp.

"Michel," he asked as the three men sat by their fire smoking after-supper pipes, while the September dusk settled on hills and forest and lake, "what's in the back of your head regarding this Pierre? You think he knew of the dead Indian at Stopping River when he came to the post, yet made no mention of that, but told this wild tale of the Feather Lake Windigo scare. Why should he lie about the one, and conceal the other?"

The Iroquois slowly exhaled a column of smoke before replying.

"Dees Pierre I know for long tam. He always mak' trouble. Wen I see heem, he tell me somet'ing, or he nevaire mak' more trouble on dees riviere," was the unresponsive answer.

"But what is he driving at? Why shouldn't he report the killing of that Indian at Stopping River as well as the Windigo scare at Feather Lake?"

Michel shook his head. "Eet ees queer t'ing, for sure," was the laconic reply.

Steele's eyes sought David's impassive face, but the Ojibway seemed deep in a problem of his own.

"How many Indians trap the Portage Lake country?" Steele asked.

"Good mane hunt dat valley, good mane ovaire on de Little Current."

"We'll start tomorrow. It looks as if Monsieur Windigo was not going to pay this country—"

FROM the ridges of the mainland the moaning bellow of a cow moose slowly rose and died on the frosty air.

"Dat cow holler ver' storge," said David as the three sat with tilted heads and straining ears.

Again out across the still lake drifted the mating call.

"Huh!" muttered Michel. "Dat Injun poor caller."

Rigid, the three listened to the voice in the night, and in the mind of each slowly took shape the same surmise.

Then from the burned ridge of the opposite shore lifted a low wall, gathering in volume until it climaxed in a scream.

"De Windigo!" With a leap, Michel had his rifle and was sliding the canoe into the water.

"Come on," cried Steele. "We'll separate and stalk that ridge from three directions.

Kneeling, the excited paddlers lifted the Peterboro with every stroke, its nose breaking the star-studded surface of the lake in a deep ripple.

They were halfway to the shore when the voice burst out anew in sobs and maudlin mewling; and Steele pitied the terrified women and children of the fish-

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ing camp, facing the horror alone, with their men far in the caribou barrens.

Landing on the beach under the ridge, Steele left the others with the warning: "No wild firing, now! Remember the whistle! We'll meet here on this sand-beach."

The canoe vanished in the shadows, and the American started his stalk. In a half-mile he left the gloom of the spruce to begin the slow climb through the starlit waste of down timber up to the bald shoulder of the ridge. Twice he stopped for a space to study the caterwauling on the brow beyond him. Blood-chilling, unearthly, the voice filled the calm night. Feline it was; no bear possessed the vocal cords for such raving; yet the tracks back at Stopping River were strangely like a bear's. After all, the Windigo had come to Big Feather.

HE listened with nerves taut with excitement. If this night-prowler was a bear, frenzied by an attack of rabies, the report of its puzzling behavior and wanderings, with its subsequent capture and death, would indeed electrify zoological circles; for rabies, while common among coyotes and the plains wolves, was unknown in the North; and no wolf, nor wolverine nor lynx, made those tracks in the mud of Wailing River. That was the trail of a bear with misshapen feet; but this orgy of screams and mewling from the ridge above him belonged to the tribe of cats, the felines.

Painfully, in the half-light, he worked his way up through the network of charred timber and strewn boulders stripped of soil by the fire, gripping his rifle as he recalled the fendish mutilation of the Indian at Stopping River—stopping often to listen—turning repeatedly to watch his back tracks.

At last, with skin and clothes torn by the brittle twigs of the dead spruce, he reached the flat shoulder of the ridge. For some time the night had brooded, unmarred by the voice. He wondered if he had made noise enough in the down timber to put the creature on its guard—if it waited for him in the litter of boulders and tree-trunks just ahead. Cocking his rifle, he crept forward, searching the area of skeleton trees, ghostly in the pale light of the stars, for some movement. He was puzzled at the failure of the Indians, whose pace should have been faster than his, to reach the brow of the ridge. If they had, perhaps even now the roving eye of Michel already marked him out—was sighting down a rifle-barrel, his crooked finger on the trigger, waiting to be sure of his target before he fired. At the thought, Steele flattened out and whistled.

But the hoo-hoo of a gray owl, patrolling the green timber of the lake shore below, was his answer. So he kept on. He had not gone far when, from the tangled tree trunks a hundred yards in front, the scream of lynx stiffened him in his tracks. He raised his rifle, but saw no target. The scream died, and far on the sleeping lake a loon laughed in mockery. Again the night was hushed.

To move in the direction of the beast would mean the unavoidable snapping of brittle spruce—noise; so the hunter swung himself up on a fallen trunk and waited—rifle ready. In the doubtful

light, the Indians might see him and fire, but they had their orders.

Minutes, which seemed interminable to the watcher, passed. The burned ridge was blanketed by silence. Although there was no air stirring, the beast must have scented them and gone. The man on the tree ground his teeth in disappointment. Where were the Indians?

Then to his surprise an unspeakable mewling defiled the night. In vain he strove to locate the position of the beast. But as the mewling merged into the shrieks of a woman, the flash and report, flash and report, of two rifles cut it short. Something thrashed through the timber out in front.

He swung his rifle in the direction of the sound, his eyes straining for a target. The starlight gave him a fleeting glimpse of a dark object crossing the bole of a skeleton spruce, and he fired twice. Then leaping down, he plunged through the tangle of dead spruce in the wake of David and Michel, who had stalked their quarry, but evidently in the uncertain light had missed.

Down over the treacherous going of the slope of the ridge the sure-footed Indians hunted the thing their rifle shots had stampeded. Tripping, falling, to rise and stumble on through the network of trunks and limbs, Steele struggled to keep at the heels of his men. But gradually the noise of the pursuit drew away from the white man, no match for those who, from childhood, had traveled the forests at night. So, reluctantly, he turned back to the lake shore and found the canoe, where he washed the blood and the smut of charcoal from his battered legs and arms, listening for the shots which might mean the end of the Windigo terror on the Wailing.

BUT the shots were never fired. In an hour two grimy, tattered half-breeds, bleeding from contact with the timber, appeared on the beach.

"Well, it fooled us again," said Steele ruefully. "Did you see it?"

"We nevaire see heem," muttered the disheartened Michel, squatting on his heels at the water's edge to bathe his face and his shoulders, from which the woolen shirt hung in ribbons.

"You did not see him when you fired?" demanded the surprised Steele. "I got a look at him for a second."

David grinned at his chief. "Dat was me you shoot at. De bullet seeng close, too. Good shot!"

"What, you were out in front of me! Why didn't you whistle?" protested the chagrined Steele. "I didn't know, until you fired, that you two had got up there."

"We were too close to the Windigo to whistle. It scare heem."

"And you never saw it? But you heard him running?"

"Michel and me, we fin' each odder an' leesten togudder. We fire at the place w'ere he seeng. W'en he run, we run; but he was too queek. We lose heem een de green bush. Dat ees damn smart Windigo."

"From the sound, what did he travel like, Michel?"

The half-breed lifted a grave face. "He travel lak a seek bear; but no bear holler lak a lynx."

"What is it, then?" Steele ventured, hoping to obtain an inkling of what was in the back of Michel's hard head.

The taciturn head-man deliberately splashed his heavily veined arms with the cold water, then turned to his questioner and grunted: "De Windigo!"

"So Tête-Boule is right?" ventured Steele.

"Oua, dere ees much devil een dees countree," was the dark reply.

"Is this the same one we heard at Wailing River?"

"Mebbe. Mebbe 'noddor one. 'Jibway say plenty of dem een valley of de Wailing."

"But what do you think, Michel?" demanded Steele hotly. "Here I am, with David, giving up my time to help you run this thing down, and if possible save the post for St. Onge; and you don't trust me. Why don't you open your heart to me?"

Michel straightened, and going to the small fire David had built on the beach, calmly examined his tattered shirt and trousers, as he dried out.

Steele waited, knowing that the Indian was wrestling with some problem. The firelight fell on the knotted features of David, deep in thought, who avoided his chief's eyes. What was it they were keeping from him—and why? David, his friend of years, was in this secret. Of that Steele was convinced. But why should they exclude him, when he had agreed to come back on the snow and hunt down this mystery?

Then Michel broke his silence. "You are good man, M'sieur Steele. Daveed tell me, but I have de eye to see. Wen you come back on de snow, I tell you somet'ing."

That was all, and Steele understood. It was evident that Michel had bound himself to secrecy. But why had he told David?

"In the morning we must hunt for a trail," Steele said, philosophically bowing to the inevitable. "There's not much chance of picking up anything in the dry leaves, but he might have crossed some springy place and left something in the mud which we can compare with the tracks we've seen. Now we'll have to do what we can to quiet those poor squaws."

AS the canoe landed on the beach below the silent tepees, one by one, dark shapes of Indian dogs slunk from the adjacent scrub, tails between legs, to whimper at the feet of the men.

"Scared stiff," said Steele. "And from the sound, the squaws are worse."

Low wailing, broken by the sobs of children, marked the tepee where the huddled women of the camp awaited a nameless death from the flesh-eating monster whose cries from the ridge had waked them to hours of horror.

"Go and talk to them, Michel. Tell them it was a mad wolverine or lynx, and we've hunted it out of the country. I'll get a fire going while David brings some tea from the island. It will cheer them up."

But both his patience, and his knowledge of the woods Indian's belief in the supernatural, were taxed to the uttermost before Michel succeeded in convincing the women that the Windigo they had

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heard on the ridge was not now luring them to their doom with the assumed voice of the head-man of Wailing River.

In the end they crept from the tepee to the friendly light of the fire, horror in their shifting eyes, gray-faced children clutching their skirts. There, comforted by the tea, and heartened by the presence of the three men, who kept a huge fire going, the circle of stricken women passed the night. But constantly, as they whispered through the slow hours, shawled heads turned from the fire while eyes haunted with fear peered furtively into the shadows.

TO Steele, who kept vigil with his pipe, beside the snoring David and Michel, rolled in their blankets, the coming of the beast to Big Feather before the freeze-up was the gravest menace which the fortunes of Wailing River post, and of the girl who had given him until spring to accomplish the impossible, had yet encountered. For as a forest fire runs in dry timber, so rumors of the howling of the Windigo at Big Feather would travel from hunter to hunter through the upper valley of the Wailing. Over the divide, to Portage Lake, the Little Current and the Drowning, the tidings would drift from camp to camp. Across the muskegs and caribou barrens to Woman River and the Medicine Hills, even to the Phantom Lakes and the great Albany, the tale would spread, gathering horror as it went, as a snowslide gathers momentum, until in time the whole region learned that a Windigo was loose in the valley of the Wailing—a fiend fierce beyond belief and hungry for the flesh of the Ojibway. Then would follow, unless the beast was killed and the terror ended, swift exodus from the valley of the families still trading at the post, the resurrection and revival of the ghastly traditions surrounding the rapids and the river below—the end of the St. Onges and the post at Wailing River.

Steele's teeth bit savagely into the stem of his pipe. This might happen before the freeze-up; and until the snow made it possible to follow a trail, there was small chance of solving the mystery of the night wailing.

But Brent Steele had been born with a stout heart. From boyhood, up through his college days, a quality of dogged tenacity, of stamina in seeing through whatever he had started, regardless of circumstances, had marked him among his friends. It was this characteristic in his make-up which had been responsible for his turning a deaf ear to his father's offer of a desk in the office, on his graduation. Instead, following his natural tastes, fostered in college, he had joined the field staff of the American Museum.

And now, his professional pride harassed by a zoölogical riddle, his heart wrung with love and pity for the gallant girl at Wailing River, he did not consider the possibility of failure as he made his plans.

In the morning Michel would go in search of the caribou hunters, for after that night the women would not remain alone at Big Feather. David would cross to Portage Lake to learn if the Windigo had been heard on the Little Current. He himself would cover the country back of

the ridge for a trail which he had little hope of picking up, and endeavor to hold the women at their camp until their men returned. On the return of David, they would at once start for Nepigon, leaving Michel to meet the canoe St. Onge was to send.

With Michel would go two letters explaining his change of plans. Tempted as he was to go to Denise St. Onge before heading south, to live near her for a day, to seek again the mist which veiled her eyes when she left him on the beach, Steele also shrank from the pain which would couple itself with the joy of seeing her—the ever-present specter of what the months might bring to her and Wailing River. Moreover, he was too much of a man of action to risk being frozen in and delayed, possibly weeks, when his plan for her aid called for his return from the States and presence at Nepigon the day the trails opened to sled-travel, and the river ice would hold a dog-team. The sole hope of holding the Indians now was in scotching the Windigo terror early in the winter by tracking down the beast on the first snow; and so, strongly as his heart drew him toward the post, he made his decision.

Chapter Seventeen

FOR three days Steele searched the ridge and back-country for tracks, but without success. In the meantime the women had removed their camp to an island, the absence of their men and the presence of Steele, supplemented by a large fire at night, alone holding them at the lake until the arrival of the hunters with Michel on the third night.

A day later David returned from Portage Lake with the good news that the fishing camps were taking large catches of pike and whitefish, and there was no Windigo gossip. So, in spite of the shrill protests and indignant refutation of their squaws, Steele, corroborated by his men, assured the Ojibways that what the women had heard on the burned ridge was the caterwauling of a lynx, and at once started with David for Ogoké Lake and the Nepigon.

"Michel, David and I will meet you at the post with a team of fast dogs, ten days after the rivers close," Steele said in parting to the tall Iroquois, whose black eyes gravely questioned the American's. "Have your team in shape for some rough going. If we have the luck to run into him again, we'll stick to his trail until we come up with him—then there'll be a dead Windigo on the Wailing."

"You come back, m'sieur, an' we ketch heem on de snow. He leave good trail den."

"We'll start as soon as a sled can travel."

The muscles of the half-breed's lean face knotted. To Steele, who watched him, curious of what was coming, Michel appeared to be in the throes of a mental struggle. He started to speak, then with evident effort checked himself, and finally said: "You weel come for sure? You weel not forget us—she?"

Touched by the staunch loyalty and the anxiety for the future of Denise St. Onge



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evidenced by the question, Steele's fingers tightened around the Indian's. Forget her? The possibility drew a smile from the man whose thoughts she had dominated. Then he grew grave.

"You take good care of Mademoiselle while we are away. You and Charlotte! David and I will come on the November snow. Good-by, Michel!" And Steele joined David at the Peterboro and started for Ogoké and Nepigon.

IT was on a windless day in the heart of the Northern Indian summer when the southbound canoe approached the islands guarding the east end of Ogoké. Like silhouettes of anchored battle-fleets they rode the sleeping lake, their fighting tops and stacks of black spruce, their armored hulls of age-worn rocks.

"Where is the post, David?" asked Steele, when an hour of rhythmic dip and swing, dip and swing, of dripping blades had put the sentinel islands behind them—an hour in which his arms had mechanically followed the beat of the bow-man's stroke, while his thoughts were at Wailing River.

"Four—five hour paddle, yet. Eet lie on long spruce point. You see eet today ver' far off?"

"Who ran the post when you were here last?"

"Eet was a free trader—MacLauren; he sell to Lafamme."

"It was ten years ago that you came through here?"

"Yes."
"Where was Lafamme then?"

For a space the half-breed's paddle dug viciously into the ripple following the bow; then he answered:

"He trade on Lost Lake."
"You realize that you can't start anything at Lafamme's place now, don't you? We've given Michel our word to meet him, you know."

Repeatedly, David's square shoulders leaned to the stroke, as his arms swept the blade through, before he turned his black head to his chief.

"Daveed has waited ten year; he can wait leetle tam longer. We got plenty trouble dees long snow on de Wailing."
Steele nodded in approval.

"I'm glad you realize what trouble here would mean to our plans. As much as you'd like to get this Lafamme into those bear paws of yours, you'll have to wait. If he's selling whisky to the Indians, we'll put a crimp into him next summer."

"Daveed weel wait; you not worry for heem."

"I knew you wouldn't do anything when we have this work down-river ahead of us; but I realize that it will be hard, if we stay a day or two, for you to keep your hands off of him. His gang would get you, anyway, if you did square it with Lafamme, and that would put me in a hole as well."

THE reticent David had never divulged even to Steele the cause of the ancient grudge he bore the free trader. He had said simply that he wished to meet him—had twice journeyed far for that purpose, once missing him, the second time finding him camped with his four canoes. As David had no quarrel with

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MISCELLANEOUS-CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

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Lafamme's men, who would have come promptly to the aid of their chief, he had bided his time. In some way, years before, Lafamme had injured the Ojibway. That was the extent of Steele's knowledge.

The haze-hung October sun swung through a cloudless sky as the canoe covered the tranquil miles of lake. At noon the men went ashore and "boiled her," then pushed on until the long spruce point they sought slowly lifted in the distance from the flat lake.

Gradually, as they approached, the clearing opened up and the buildings of the fur-post took shape. So keen was his curiosity that Steele ceased paddling to examine them through his binoculars. Here lived the man who was waiting until the snow flew for St. Onge's answer to his offer of a partnership in the trade for the price of Denise, who was luring the Ojibways for hundreds of miles with his whiskeys. No ordinary rum-runner was this Lafamme, but, from his reputation, a bold, unscrupulous soldier of fortune—a trader who, through the influence of his secret partners at Ottawa, had for some years carried on his debauchery of the Indians unchecked by the Government. But his star was setting. Only that spring Steele had been told that the Hudson's Bay people had been assured that Government police would investigate the illegal traffic in whisky at Ogoké that summer. And Steele wondered if, as yet, they had appeared to get their evidence.

BARRING Moose Factory and Fort Albany on the Bay, and Chipewyan on far Athabasca Lake, the buildings of Lafamme were the most pretentious he had seen in the North. Although the freeze-up was little more than a fortnight away, tepees squatted, here and there, on the post clearing. This, of itself, meant but one thing to the man who held the glasses—whisky. For throughout the wide North, September finds the hunters on their winter trapping grounds, preparing for the coming of the long snows.

"Wal, w'at you t'ink of dat place?" asked David as Steele put his glasses in their case.

"He must have a lot of people there—big buildings too."

"Yes, eet ees beeg place."

"There are a number of tepees on the clearing. Poor devils probably traded their fur for rum and can't get a 'debt' to take their families back to the bush."

"Ah-hah! But I t'ink he fin' somet'ing for dem to do dees summer."

"What do you mean?"

"Wal, one of dose tepees maybe belong to dat Pierre we see at Wailing Riviere."

"You think Lafamme sent Pierre downriver to stir up the Indians over this Windigo scare?"

"Mebbe so!"

"Hm! You may be right." Steele's mouth tightened as he recalled Michel's allusions to the purpose of Pierre's visit to the post. "How would Lafamme hear so soon of the loss of St. Onge's fur canoe?" he added.

David stopped paddling and turned on Steele a face wrinkled with amusement.

"Well, what's the joke?" snapped the white man. "You and Michel have been playing this game pretty close, David.

You've held me at arm's-length—haven't trusted me, for some reason. I know you two have a lot up your sleeves."

The Ojibway's face sobered. "Lafamme know everyt'ing dat happen in dees cuntry," he said quietly. "David got no secret from you, boss; eet ees de secret of Michel. W'en you come on de snow, he tell you."

"Why does he wait? Can't he trust me?"

"He had fear to tell you at Big Feather." David turned and dug his narrow paddle deep into the lake. Knowing David, Steele followed his stroke in silence.

IT was exasperating in the extreme to be kept thus in the dark, but without doubt Michel had a good reason for swearing David to secrecy, and Steele was forced to swallow his irritation and curiosity.

As they approached the long point, Steele was surprised at the number of people moving about the buildings. On the beach the post dogs already awaited the strange craft, while a group of post people formed behind them. The canoe was close in shore when two men left the massive trade-house and drifted to the log landing-stage, off which a York boat rode at its mooring.

"It looks as if the whole outfit is out to meet us."

David turned a grim face to his chief. "Somet'ing strange here!"

That the approach of a lone canoe should draw the population of Lafamme's post to the shore was indeed strange. True, the bold lines of the Peterboro marked it as the craft of a white man, and the water-trails to the great bay ran far from Ogoké; yet the interest exhibited in the strange canoe was unusual.

"They may think we're a police canoe," suggested Steele.

"Ah-hah!"

"Will Lafamme be apt to remember you?"

"He nevaire know I hunted heem."

"Is that Lafamme talking to the big fellow at the landing?"

"Ah-hah! He don' talk lak dead man." So low were the sinister words spoken that Steele, in doubt, asked:

"What's that?"

The Ojibway turned to his chief a face twisted with hate. The thick forearm which held his trailing paddle knotted with the grip of his nervous fingers; under the choked emotions, the cords of his neck bulged like the bared roots of a young spruce, as he said:

"He don' know—he ees—dead man!"

"Some day you can settle with him—but not now, not now! We have a job on the Wailing—you and Michel and I," hastily objected Steele, fearing this meeting with the man he hated had jarred David off his mental balance.

The set features of the Ojibway relaxed. His narrow eyes glowed as he reassured the man who trusted him. "Daveed promise to meet Michel on de November snow. We have beeg job—you an' Michel and Daveed; I mak' no trouble here, boss."

The next chapters of this fine novel of the North possess an even greater interest. Be sure to read them in our forthcoming August issue.

F I F T Y
(Continued from page 73)

He did. He remembered more clearly, however, a picture of himself taken about that time. He hoped he'd improved somewhat in appearance since that time.

"Are you living in Chicago?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, no. New York. I'm just passing through." Her white hands emerged from her gloves, tapped the table. There were many rings upon them; he couldn't quite see if there was a wedding-ring there too.

"Ray died," she confided brightly. "We moved to St. Louis, you know. Then I married Mr. Bronson." He noticed her casualness in ticking them off. With her graduation from St. Louis to New York, the status of husbands seemed to change. "And now," she went on, "I'm a widow again."

He was glad he had worn the bow tie. The waiter returned, and presently they were eating lobster thermidor. Christine gave him bits of information that revealed the interesting pattern of her life. He'd always wanted to go to Paris. He wished mightily now that he had. It would have been pleasant to be able to say with her, "Oh, do you remember so and so?" when she remarked: "I love the Bois at twilight."

When they rose to go, he followed in her train, conscious of the glances that accompanied them; and as he put her into her cab, he saw his Cousin Merta, halted on the sidewalk and gazing at him in rapt astonishment.

Merta hastened on and disappeared as if she did not want to be spoken to. But Otho had a dim premonition she was seeking a telephone. In any event she would be taking the three-ten and would see Rosalie a full hour before he reached home.

BACK at the office again, time crawled, and though by now the spirit of festivity was rather low, Otho still clung to the idea that this was a special day. He would like to walk out and never come back. At fifty there was no time to lose. He remembered having read that a famous novelist had laid down his pencil in his small manufacturing plant one day and calmly gone out and never returned. Well, an author might do that. But a man like him simply couldn't. Folks'd say he was crazy. Otho sighed.

He went out on the four-forty. Merta had beaten him. "And who was the beau-ti-ful lady?" Merta drawled. —"My dear," she added to Rosalie, "you should have seen her. And the way she gazed at Otho."

Rosalie smiled. "Who was she, dear?" she asked blandly.

Why need Rosalie take it so blamed calmly? He wasn't so used to having luncheon with women that it needn't have caused her some surprise! He thought for a second it would have been pleasanter if she had clawed his face in jealous fury.

"Little Christine Oliver," he told her. "You remember her? We happened to meet as I was sitting down to lunch, and she had a bite with me." It wasn't as

if Rosalie cared! If she had only been even a little ruffled! But she wasn't. Still, you can't blame a woman for not being jealous when one's done nothing in twenty-five years to make her so.

"Jack and Junie will be here in a little while," Rosalie said, as Otho started upstairs to get rid of some of the city that still clung to him.

IN the tiled bath, the guest-towels hung in inviting array. He had always wanted to use one, but he never had. They looked especially soft today, and fresh, and the monograms actually invited crumpling. He reached a dripping hand for one—hesitated. Rosalie would have a fit! He used his own rough towel drooping from his special hook behind the door.

He put on the fresh collar and the new birthday tie. Rosalie would expect him to. It was too long, and tied in too large a loop. He was trying to pinch it shorter as he heard Jack and Junie come in downstairs.

Of a sudden he was flooded with self-pity. He could slip out of the world, would in a little while now, and everything would go on just the same. Even his own immediate little world would remain as smooth and serene as it always had been. The thousand things in life he had meant to do, forgotten things he had longed for, popped up like the crocuses out there in the lawn that stretched beneath the bedroom window. Why, even they had a chance to flower again each spring! But at fifty there was no new flowering for a man.

Cutting through the gray of the thoughts which surrounded him, came Jack's voice. There was the swift rush of Jack's feet up the stairs and down the hall.

"May I come in, Dad?" His boy stood before him.

Otho's mind focused quickly on this young duplicate of himself. In a flash he wondered what his boy really thought of him. Then he perceived something strange in the young face. "What is it, son?" he asked.

"It's about Junie," said Jack. "She's—we're going to have a baby, Dad. You're going to be a grandfather."

A grandfather? He? Why—a little rush of living fire spread over him. He sank on the edge of the bed. "Have you told your mother?" he asked, with pauses between the words.

"Junie's telling her now. I wanted to tell you, myself. And—oh, I'm glad of course, Dad. And proud! But I'm worried—a little—too. It's happened so quick, you see. I could have taken care of the two of us all right. But this will mean a good deal more expense—and I'm hardly able—"

The boy stopped, flushed. Otho rose and laid his hand on his shoulder. "What do you think your dad's for, except to help you, son?" he asked.

Jack gulped. "You're—you're pretty fine, Dad."

"I'm pretty happy, son. In fact," he added, as he settled his tie, "this is just about the happiest day of my life."



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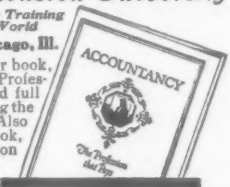
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A GRAND PASSION

(Continued from page 87)

"We've got to get out to the club, Charley," Wallace declared, "and take a lot of notes on locker-room stuff. That scene is going to be a scream."

"As far as I can see, it's going to be a free ad for men's underwear and bath-towels, but it doesn't give me much scope," Laura complained.

"I've got it!" cried Charley, causing the diners at the next table to jump. "You come into it via the telephone. You call up your husband when he's in the shower, see? And he has to come out in a towel, and all you want to know is whether he wound the banjo clock in the sitting-room—"

"Goodness, do I have a sitting-room?"

"Sure you do. This is a real play, for the entire U. S. A., not just Forty-second Street. It's going to last three years on the road. And as soon as you get west of Hoboken and north of Yonkers, folks have sitting-rooms," Charley declared.

"But of course I didn't really care about the banjo clock—I wanted to remind my husband of my continued existence," Laura smiled.

"You've got it, exactly!" both the men cried. And they continued to set forth their ideas for the comedy. They bubbled like hot springs, but it was apparent to the smiling Miss LeGalliard that they did actually have hold of the germ of a satiric comedy, and that it would certainly be packed with close observation of real people and with amusing talk, especially for the character she was to play.

"Well, boys," she said at last, "I think you've got something. Get it into a scenario as soon as you can, and I'll show it to Friedman. He'll be wanting to plan for next season pretty quick now. But if I'm going to understand this play, I suppose I ought to see a golf-game for myself. Will you take me to your club sometime?"

"Will we!" they cried in unison. "When will you come?"

"I'll let you know," she laughed. "But don't stop working."

THEY didn't stop working. They had felt the spur at last, and settled down to the job in earnest. Their cherished ambition seemed destined to be realized. They would become playwrights, real playwrights! After their great success with this drama (which would run, at the very least, not less than two years, bringing them in at the very least, not less than five hundred dollars a week in royalties), they could quit the grind of newspaper reporting.

But at this point Charley would remind Wallace that maybe it was better not to count the royalties before the audiences were hatched, and they would both grin sheepishly, and get to work on the play again. So earnestly did they work, in fact, that they neglected golf entirely.

Week after week, for more than a month, they devoted their entire day off to toil on "The Golf Widow." And looking back now upon the whole affair, it is clear that this was a mistake. It would have been far better if they had

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played frequently, even if they had to pretend sickness to do it.

For at the end of five weeks, when it was well into June, and Nature was at her lushest, quite according to the poet Lowell, Laura, after reading their completed first act, and their half-completed second act, and their full scenario for the rest of the play, declared that she was ready to go to Wikanoy with them and see for herself what golf and golfers are like, while Friedman, her manager, read the manuscript. Of course, her part needed building up here and there, and maybe there was a bit too much of the locker-room scene—in which, you will recall, she did not appear. But all that could be settled later. They were dear boys, and she was going with them to see, at last, a real golf-game, and get the authentic atmosphere.

The enraptured reporters (or should we now call them dramatists?) were of two minds whether they should rent a motor to take her out to the club in. An investigation of their joint finances, however, decided them against such a course.

"After all, it will be October before we begin to draw royalties," they cautioned themselves.

So they compromised on a cab to the Grand Central the following Sunday, and a motorbus to the clubhouse from the suburban station. It was a hot day, and growing steadily hotter. Laura, like all players, was accustomed to sleep till noon. But they, impatient, had routed her out at nine A. M. on the plea that it was in the morning that the club was liveliest and she could best get the atmosphere desired. She was something less than her usual sprightly and charming self when they embarked on the expedition. In fact, they noted a distinct waning in her enthusiasm both for them and their play. However, they wisely attributed this to the early hour, and trusted all would be set right by the glorious day in the country.

When they reached Wikanoy, the links were already crowded, and more people were coming.

"Now, you wait here on the veranda where it's cool," the young dramatists said to their guest, "and we'll hurry right into our togs. We've got to get started quick, or we'll never get around before lunch."

"Around where?" Laura demanded. "Do you mean all around *there*?" And she swept her hand with a dramatic gesture to include the full scope of the Wikanoy course, visible from the clubhouse, which crowned a knoll in the center.

"Certainly," they said.

"Am I going to get around there before lunch?"

"Surely, but you'll only follow us—you don't have to play," said they. "You just watch us to see what it's like."

"My God, what a treat!" cried Laura, applying an already limp handkerchief to her brow.

WALLACE and Charley scrambled excitedly into their knickerbockers and shed their coats with a sigh of relief. As they came out on the terrace, and looked on that distant green, they were no longer conscious that a distinguished

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young actress was their guest; they were no longer conscious that they were ambitious playwrights. They were two men starved for weeks, about to taste food; they were Israelites who had wandered long in the desert and at last looked upon the green and promised land; in short, they were golfers on the first tee who hadn't swung a club for a month. Charley began to take practice swings, Wallace patted down a tee and addressed his ball.

"What were you swiping at so wildly?" Laura asked Charley.

"Sh!" Charley cautioned, pointing to Wallace.

"Yes, I see him. He looks funny," said Laura, just as Wallace swung.

Of course, he topped his drive, and he turned upon her and glared—before he realized.

"Well—I must say—" she began.

"I beg your pardon—I forgot you didn't know the etiquette of the game," said he. "You must never speak or move when anybody is making a shot."

"You see," Charley added, "the problem of coordination in golf is so complicated and delicate that the least thing disturbs it."

"So I observe," Laura replied.

Charley teed his ball.

"I bet I win this hole yet," cried Wallace.

"You're on."

Charley tore off a screamer of two hundred and thirty yards.

"Now have you got to walk all the way to where that lands?" Laura demanded.

"Sure—and I'm sorry it isn't farther," he laughed.

"But you don't have to walk nearly so far before *you* get another try," said she to Wallace, with innocent sweetness.

Wallace, however, was debating whether to use a brassie for his second, and didn't reply. He hurried down the steep bank with his caddy. And Charley, too, was halfway down before he noticed that Laura, in her high-heeled shoes, and with feet unaccustomed to slippery grass, was

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having a hard time. He ran back to assist her, and was rewarded by a, "Well, it's about time!"

After Wallace had played his second, she wanted to know what he was aiming at.

"That little red flag you see way down there." He pointed.

"How far is it?"

"The hole is four hundred and forty yards."

"No doubt, but how *far* is it?"

"Well, four hundred and forty yards is exactly a quarter of a mile."

"And how many of these holes are there?"

"Eighteen, of course," said Wallace.

"But good Lord, that's more than four miles!" she cried.

"Yes, with the walks between holes—five, I guess. That's why golf is such fine exercise."

Laura made no reply.

THE two men, intent on their contest, paid no further immediate attention to her. Wallace had recovered beautifully, and would be on with his next shot, for a possible four, and a fairly certain five. Charley, to win, would have to hold the green with a two-hundred-and-ten-yard approach. He used a spoon, developed the least hint of a slice, and caught a trap to the right. Laura watched him select a niblick and send up a spout of sand, from which the ball emerged and popped onto the green.

"I like that—it's real pretty. Do it again!" she exclaimed. "Is that why they have the little sand-piles? Or do the children play here?"

But both men were too intent on their putts to answer. They both missed the long ones, and halved in six.

"Who won?" she demanded.

"Halved hole," said they.

"What do you do—play it again?"

"No, we play the next one. We climb up these steps."

"Oh, do we? How nice!" And Laura panted up a long flight of steps to a tee on a high ridge above an old gravel-bed which made a vast natural bunker in front, with punishing rough far out on either side. The caddies walked around to one side, and stood out beyond the hazard.

"Why didn't they climb up here, too?" Laura demanded. "They are getting paid, and I'm not."

"They have to stay out there and watch the balls," Wallace explained patiently. "Fore!"

"Why does he say 'four'—I only see two," the girl whispered to Charley.

"Sh!" said Charley.

WALLACE cleared the pit, but this time it was Charley who got a bad one, a hook out into the rough. They scrambled down the path from the tee, into the gravel, which of course was difficult for Laura to walk in, with her high heels and thin soles. Once she half turned her ankle, and gave a little cry. But both men had their eyes fixed in a glassy stare on the spot where Charley's ball had disappeared, and paid her no attention. They hadn't even heard her! She bit her lip with vexation, as well as pain.

The ball was elusive. The two men

and the two caddies hunted, and hunted. Laura stood in the blazing sun, which down here in the gravel-bed was pitiless, and watched them.

"Why in heaven's name don't you put down another ball and go on with the game?" she asked finally.

"I'd lose two strokes and the hole," said Charley.

"And the ball," said a caddy.

"My boy, you are destined for an intellectual career," Laura retorted, and looked despairingly around for some spot of shade.

But there was no shade in sight, and none appeared for several holes more. Charley and Wallace were getting into their stride. The sun was baking out their long cramped and disused muscles. The sweat felt good as the wind evaporated it on their foreheads. The spring of the turf under their feet, after weeks of pavement, set them to striding along at a tremendous pace, much faster than Laura had ever walked in her life. Their match, too, was close. They were, in short, having a superb time. To be sure, they observed that Laura wasn't saying much, and that she looked pretty hot, but under the spell of their own bliss it was inconceivable to them that she was not enjoying herself.

"Getting on to the game at all?" they asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm getting on to it, all right," she answered. But even then they scented not the danger in her tone.

Near the eighth tee there was shade—several large willow trees overhanging a boglike pond, part of which served as a water hazard.

"I'm hot, and I'm tired, and I'm going to sit down in the shade," she announced. "Fine!" said they. "We come back this way after two or three holes, and we'll pick you up."

"Maybe," said she, glaring at them in amazement.

"I guess she is a bit hot," Charley mused.

"I s'pose so. She don't seem much on the outdoor stuff. Well, it's your honor. An extra ball on the first nine?"

"You're on."

They disappeared. Laura, who had never been abandoned by one man, let alone two, since she was five years old, sat weary, hot, messy, bored and indignant almost to tears, under the willows. But she was suddenly aware that she was far from alone. She was surrounded by a visible swarm of mosquitoes. The Wikanoy Club had talked for years of oiling that pond, but they hadn't got around to it. Laura had more than the normal aversion to mosquitoes. They not only annoyed her—they caused her face and hands and arms to swell where bitten, and seriously marred that beauty which was, to her, a most valuable asset. She slapped once; she slapped twice; she lit a cigarette to see if that would do any good. But a mosquito lit on her lip as she puffed. She threw the cigarette hissing into the dark, stagnant water. She rose with a face ominous with anger, and she strode back to the clubhouse. There her anger was not in the least appeased when she learned that she couldn't get a train back to town for two hours.

Meanwhile Wallace and Charley ended

the first nine holes all square, both getting a birdie on the ninth, and came racing back to the tenth. They looked for Laura. She was gone.

"Gosh, I'll bet the mosquitoes are out already," said Charley. "Too bad. She must have beat it back to the clubhouse."

"Do you s'pose we ought to go back and see if she's O. K.?" Wallace asked.

"She'll be all right—old Joe will fix her any drink she wants. We've only got eight more holes to play, anyhow."

"Sure, and she can be observing club veranda life," Wallace agreed.

They went on with their game.

It took them some time to play those eight holes, however, for they had caught up with the congestion. When they finished, it was one-thirty, and they hurried guiltily to the veranda to find their guest and tell her they would soon be ready for lunch.

THEY saw her from afar. She was seated at one of those green iron tables affected by country clubs. A man was seated opposite her. Another was bending over her. Even as Wallace and Charley approached, she rose, smiling sweetly upon the man who had been seated with her, and turning toward the other as though to depart with him. The two dramatists hastened up, hot and perspiring, and beginning to stammer their apologies as they came. But Laura, looking now her cool and perfectly groomed self again, cut them off with a gesture.

"Lacking your attention, and finding the mosquitoes insufficient solace," she said, "I came back to the clubhouse, where I met a friend. He has kindly offered to run me back to New York in his car."

"But, I say, we'll have lunch ordered here in half a minute!" Wallace exclaimed. "You're our guest, you know."

"I *did* think so," Laura replied sweetly. "But Mr. Cromwell has promised me lunch in town."

"And we were going to talk about the third act this afternoon," cried Charley.

"Dear me, I really couldn't stand the excitement of any more golf today. I'm not sure I *ever* can—even in a play."

Cromwell, whom Charley recognized as a somewhat well-known lawyer in town, and a better-known frequenter of first nights, stood aside, waiting, with a quizzical smile on his face. Laura bowed low and mockingly—and departed at his side. They saw him put her into a long, much benicked runabout, and start down the drive.

"Damn his cynical mug!" Charley muttered.

"Well, what do you know about that!" gasped Wallace. "And she *asked* to see what a game of golf is like!"

"She evidently thinks she's found out. I guess it's up to little Wallie to go square us tomorrow—not that we've done a darn thing, but women are women. And we've got to sell that play."

"Anyhow," Wallace muttered, "I trimmed you one up, and you owe me five dollars."

"Yea—and maybe you lost five hundred dollars a week, old dear."

"Gosh—she's not that foolish!"

The next night Wallace was at the stage



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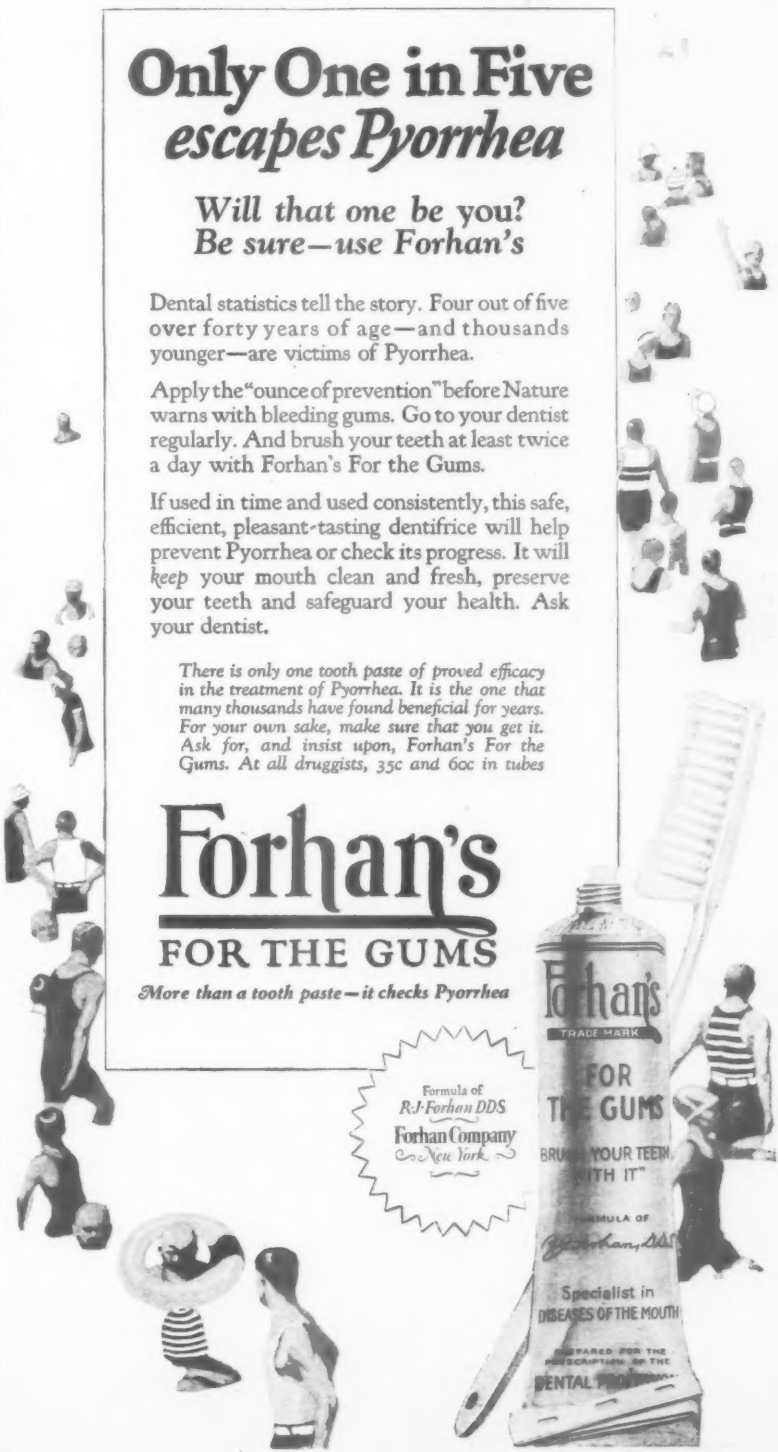
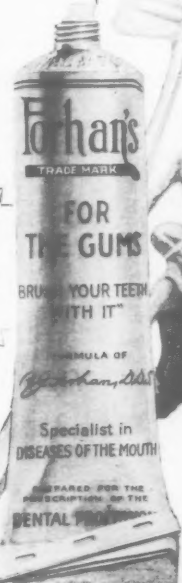
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door at eleven-five. The door-man returned from Laura's dressing-room with the report that Miss LeGalliard was sorry, but she was too tired to see anybody.

Wallace, his heart sinking, gave her a day, and then called at her apartment. Her maid said she had a headache.

So Wallace wrote. "You wanted to see a golf-game," he said. "Well, golf is like that—just like that. You can see how it makes widows. Don't you think it needs some satire? Take it out on us all you want to—we deserve it—but don't crab your own play, please. Be a sport. Be a Christian. Be your own sweet self."

The answer was prompt. The quill pen

had been borne down heavily on the paper. "My self isn't sweet. I'm not a Christian; I have only one cheek. That is still swollen from a slap—and a mosquito bite. Friedman has decided to take our present show on tour in the fall. Try Mrs. Fiske or Belasco."

The spur was removed from their sides. Wallace and Charley laid the half-born comedy away in a drawer, till they could plan how to place it elsewhere. Probably it is there yet. Anyhow, Charley is still covering criminal courts; and Wallace, too, is still reporting. But he has given up theatrical interviews, and now does extra work for the book-page instead. He says it is easier and more dignified.

But neither of them has given up golf.

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET

(Continued from page 83)

Joan's confidence had not been a mistake.

Edwards' sudden departure from Atlantic City could of course be easily explained by some urgency of unfinished business on Capitol Hill. That, of course, was a very obvious excuse—one that under ordinary conditions would have seemed valid to her and to Joan. But the conditions were not ordinary. He had gone to Atlantic City to take a woman's heart by storm, and had fled in the face of her cordiality. At least, so it seemed to Beatrice from Joan's letter.

She picked up the letter again and read it as far as the paragraph about Polly. There was in the paragraph no great enthusiasm from Joan concerning Polly's return. Joan had only performed a perfunctory duty in recording an item of information. Beatrice had often questioned Joan about Polly, for the three girls had grown up together in New York, but Joan had always been reticent in her replies, conveying an impression of indifference as to her sister's affairs. And Beatrice, who remembered Joan's early devotion to the interests of her pretty, spoiled younger sister, had assumed that some business dispute had risen to separate them—or at least that the selfish Polly had at last exhausted Joan's patience and affection.

All of these things Beatrice remembered as she reread the paragraph in Joan's letter, wondering whether the return of Polly might mean some new sacrifice on Joan's part. Polly would be a storm-center. Such creatures always are. And Joan, poor dear, with her abnormal sense of duty, might easily prove to be the victim of her old affection.

This was, of course, none of Beatrice's affair, but one upon which she could not undertake to advise Joan, in whom her affection had already prompted an interest already too insistent. If Joan needed her advice, she would probably ask for it. In the meanwhile Beatrice intended to see Mr. Edwards and learn, if possible, if there were any reasons, beyond the given one, for his sudden desertion of the field of battle in the face of so gentle an enemy.

When she had reached the House, early, and settled herself comfortably in the gallery, Beatrice glanced at her watch. The hour set for the consideration of

the Verde River Bill had come. Then suddenly a man seated below the Speaker rose and called the number of a bill which he read. Beatrice leaned forward eagerly, searching the seats below for Edwards, but she could not see him. There was a commotion behind her as some people entered. She turned and recognized Mr. and Mrs. Sam Curtis and Mrs. Newett. She had known Georgia Curtis for many years, but had not called at Sheridan Circle; Georgia's unnecessary cruelty in reviving the story about Joan had made Beatrice righteously indignant, and the new and still more cruel stories connecting the names of Joan and Stephen, from the same source, had given her partisanship a definite motive for antagonism.

She had told Stephen Edwards that she hoped to trace the slanderous stories that had been circulated about Joan and himself to their source. She had done so. It had not been as difficult as it had seemed, for when she put the matter before Mrs. Jacquette, the latter had agreed to help her. It was Mrs. Newett who had told the story to Mrs. Doremus, giving as her authority not Georgia Curtis but Mr. Samuel Curtis himself. The information was too definite to be doubted. Joan's enemies sat behind her. Beatrice flushed with the discomfort of their nearness, aware that they had come to make a Roman holiday of the passage of the bill. But she gave the visitors no notice and bent forward, apparently deeply absorbed in the proceedings upon the floor.

AT the conclusion of the reading of the bill, Congressman Newett was recognized. He walked quickly down to the open space before the Speaker's desk and began speaking. He used the arguments that had been advanced by Mr. Benham in the Committee hearing, slightly colored to suit his audience. He spoke of the development of Alaska in the hands of private individuals. He dwelt upon the tremendous expense involved in the development of the property, the risk in the venture, and the advantages that would accrue to the region and the State of Colorado in the building of the necessary lines of communication and in the employment at good wages of thousands of men.

During the course of his remarks he

was not interrupted or questioned, and it was only when he returned to his seat that Edwards rose. In his voice he had some advantage, Beatrice was sure, over the thin, nasal tones of the New Yorker. He was quite at his ease, she was relieved to discover, and almost at once told a story, humorous in character, containing the pith of his argument and serving a secondary purpose of putting his listeners in a pleasant state of mind.

IT was a story of a good-natured grizzly bear that stumbled upon a New York sportsman who had pitched his hunting-camp near its favorite water-hole. When the bear arrived he saw upon a rock a man putting on his clothes. The bear had never seen a man putting on his clothes before, and so he stood watching. They were very beautiful clothes, leather breeches, puttees, a brown hunting-shirt, a red cravat and an Alpine hat with a feather in it. Each new article that the man put on exercised a separate fascination. Hereditary instincts in the sentimental bear suggested attack, immediate and violent. But he did not move a muscle. His gaze was fixed upon the beautiful visitor, who was like nothing that he had ever seen before. His eyes, which should have been glistening with rage, softened and grew moist. It couldn't be done. It was not within him to destroy so perfect a thing. So he only sauntered forward to get a close view of the perfect object.

It was not until then that the beautiful man saw the good-natured bear. He was frightened—but he was a good shot, so he slew the bear, without finding out how good-natured he was. And the beautiful New Yorker skinned the bear and put the skin on the floor of his smoking-room.

It was not much of a story, but he told it with a quaint Western drawl, and it had a human interest which captured the attention of his listeners. One man, who represented New Jersey, had suffered from the perfections of New York, and laughed aloud. It was an infectious laugh, and a ripple of amusement went over the House. Edwards at once applied the story to the bill under consideration. The good-natured grizzly bear was the Government of the United States; the sartorial New Yorker was the Verde River Syndicate, who hoped to hypnotize the House by their dazzling perfections. He repainted, in a vigorous figure of speech which turned the tables neatly, Newett's reference to Alaska; he gave, as a citizen of Colorado, instances of valuable Government lands which should have gone into the National Park System, but which were in the possession of private owners who had made great sums of money from a very small investment, instead of paying, as they should have been forced to do, a royalty on their takings.

Then the member from Colorado produced figures and reports, all summarized into the briefest form, to refute the claims of Mr. Newett that the amount of money for the purchase of the land was adequate in view of the risks involved. He proved by the testimony of experts what had been proven to the Committee, that the timber and water-



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rights alone were worth more than the amount named in the bill, and that with the proposed railroad, the minerals alone would be worth millions.

AS Joan had said, the House will listen to sincerity. Edwards had, as they saw, no ax to grind and was, in opposing such powerful influences, putting his political future in jeopardy. But they liked his courage, his plain speaking and his convictions. They liked him, moreover, because he had created by hard work an opportunity and then capably filled it. It was the best effort by a new member during the session. As he finished, he was generously applauded by both sides of the House.

In the gallery, Beatrice de Selignac spoiled a new pair of gloves, welcoming the opportunity to indicate to Georgia Curtis in which direction her sympathies lay. She was proud of Stephen Edwards, so proud that she was almost ready to forgive him deficiencies of quite another sort.

Then followed a debate in which other men took part. She did not know them. She was not interested in them. After such a speech their remarks seemed unnecessary, and she had high hopes of Stephen Edwards' success. He had dominated her by the force of his arguments and personality, and she felt certain that among the men below there must be many who shared her enthusiasm and her hope.

Time was flying. At the call for the "previous question" the Speaker rose, his gavel pounding. The question was ordered. More men came into the chamber. The question was then put, the vote taken. The Verde River Bill was defeated by a vote of two hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty-three.

As the vote progressed, Beatrice heard a gasp of dismay behind her, and Mrs. Newett's thin voice exclaiming: "Outrage!"

At this Beatrice took a diabolic delight in turning in her seat and grinning full in the face of Mr. Curtis, who sat, his chin upon his stick, in stony silence. Then she turned to Georgia as she rose as though recognizing her for the first time.

"Oh, Georgia! How do! Isn't it splendid!"

But Mrs. Curtis merely gave a sickly smile and turned away.

From the doorway of the gallery, as Beatrice went out, she saw on the floor below, the members of his party around Edwards offering congratulations.

She felt that she must see him at once to tell him all the pleasant things that she had been thinking. She sent in her card and waited. At last the messenger returned with word that Mr. Edwards would come out in a moment.

His appearance as he emerged from the shadows into the corridor was not that of a man in the flush of a difficult victory. He looked very tired and worn, she thought, but he gave her his slow smile in greeting, and a warm handshake.

"I come with congratulations, and a greeting from Joan."

"Oh, thanks—"

"A letter from her this morning wishing you all success! And that's the same as congratulations, now, isn't it? It was

splendid. I've never had such a thrill since I was born."

"Well, we beat them. That's the main thing."

She told him of her parting thrust at the Curtis crowd, and he grinned more cheerfully.

"And now," she concluded gayly, "there are other things that I must talk to you about—even more personal. I came down here to kidnap you and take you home to tea. My car is in the Plaza—"

"But I—I can't go just now," he said. "I've a lot of important things to do."

"Then I'll wait until you've finished," she replied.

He looked at her dubiously, his lips twisting slowly.

"I'll have no refusal," she went on. "You look tired to death. A cup of tea, some information that I know will please you—"

She knew by his quick glance that she had tempted him.

"I have to see Ransom first. But if you'll wait a few minutes—"

"I'll wait for an hour."

He turned, then stopped. She saw his face harden as he looked down the corridor. Sam Curtis was approaching alone. She awaited with some anxiety the results of her revelation. Curtis did not see either of them until within a few paces. Then Edwards strode forward and faced him.

She heard Curtis speak Edwards' name and saw him extend a hand in greeting. It was well meant, perhaps—perhaps merely the reflex of a difficult moment. She saw Edwards put his hands behind him, while he spoke briskly. She could not hear what he said, but she saw the color go from Curtis' face as Edwards' brief phrases struck him. Curtis glanced quickly around him, then straightened, shrugged carelessly and went on his way.

Edwards turned, followed him with his look until he had disappeared, then turned toward Beatrice. There was a grim humor in his eyes when he spoke.

"I reckon you were right, ma'am," he said. "I just thought I'd take a chance."

"I—I couldn't hear what you said," she pleaded.

"Well—that needn't matter," he said with a laugh. "I guess I said enough."

He went to find Mr. Ransom, and Beatrice found a place in a window embrasure where she relaxed in silent jubilation.

IN the car, on the way uptown, he spoke little, preferring to listen to her amusing comment on the proceedings of the House. But in spite of the humor with which she chose to beguile him, she could not deny the recurring idea that something had happened to Stephen Edwards since she had last seen him, which had nothing whatever to do with his work at the Capitol or the efforts that he had made in the defeat of the Curtis lobby. Worry wore, but it did not sear like this. His face was haggard as though from lack of sleep, and he had a defeated look. His smile was mechanical, his gestures automatic, and his eyes, deeper under his thick brows, stared wearily as if too exhausted for their simplest functions.

She could not understand, of course, and she was too clever to question him. Instead, she gave him the deep armchair

by the hearth, packed a pillow behind his back and then carefully made his tea. The wood fire crackled merrily. He could not resist the sense of sanctuary and the kindness of this woman. She was his friend—and Joan's: enough of a link to endear her to him. As she made the tea and ordered things for his comfort, she did not speak to him. She seemed to feel that the moments of silence and relaxation were what he needed most.

"You shall drink your tea, and then if you like, have a nap," she said after a while.

"I don't feel like napping."

"Then you shall just sit, warm your toes and meditate upon your sins."

The tea was excellent; the sandwiches were not so good as Joan's. He had not had time for lunch, and ate them eagerly.

"I didn't know how hungry I was," he said.

She was assured that the haggard look in his eyes had not been the result of his work, but of some inner canker born perhaps of difficulty between himself and Joan. And yet, what difficulty that could be explained after Joan's letter, which to Beatrice's woman's eyes breathed between its lines a fervent passion? Did he intend to renounce her? Why? Had some barrier arisen between them? What? Thus her mind argued logically from effect to cause, instinct reasonably prompting her. A renunciation—but not a voluntary one. Her mind whirled with theories, ceaselessly, during the silence. And then a thought evolved and flew off at a tangent, where it remained separated from the others, and possibly significant. A woman? That might be worth thinking of. But then, that theory at once presented negations, for if there had been another woman in his life when he had come away from Atlantic City, she must also have been in it when he had gone there. Another woman, possibly, but—

EDWARDS was speaking again. Her silence had served a purpose.

"I think maybe it might be better if you didn't write anything about me to Mrs. Freeman," he said. "I have decided—I mean—I think it would be better, after she—she refused me—for me not to thrust my—my attentions upon her any more."

Beatrice glanced at him in astonishment.

"I am amazed," she gasped, putting words to the thought that came most easily. "You surely don't mean that, Mr. Edwards."

"Yes ma'am, I do, especially as it seemed to me Mrs. Freeman—was—was not very glad to see me."

He was lying now, a gentleman's lie perhaps, but with a purpose to deceive her. She knew that it was a lie, because she had Joan's letter to prove the fact. Beatrice was provoked that he should lie to her, because she was proud and had hoped still further to be proud of his confidences. So she made a shrug and laughed lightly.

"That's all very curious," she said, "when I've just had a letter from Joan telling me how happy it had made her to see you."

He turned toward her in his chair, the first sign of alertness since he had sat down.

"She wrote—she said *that*?"

"She did—with many other things about you." And then: "But of course since you no longer care—"

"I didn't say that." He rose quickly, his eyes lighting, and faced her. "I *do* care. I just said that I—I'd decided not to bother her any more."

"Oh! And in the face of her cordiality? Really, I don't understand. Unless—"

"Unless, ma'am?"

She weighed her reply with deliberate cruelty.

"Unless slanderous tongues have at last gotten the better of your idealism."

He started back as if from a blow, his face blanching.

"You can't—can't think that!"

She turned away slowly, her fingers among the flowers on the table.

"I don't want to think it. I'm rather disturbed. I don't know what to think."

"Well, it isn't that," he muttered.

"You ought to know it isn't that."

IT was another moment for silence. She knew that he was watching her curiously, but she gave him no encouragement. The heaven was working. He took a few paces upon the hearth, then stopped at the mantel staring at the fire. The pink enamel clock made a sonorous ticking for so small an object. The log sputtered. The dusk of the winter day closed them in. She bent forward toward the lamp, and a golden glow painted the napery of the table. It was time for light between them. The moment seemed significant of a change in their relationship.

"I can't have you thinking about me like that," he mumbled. "It's not true. There's another reason. Perhaps you ought to know. It has nothing to do with Mrs. Freeman."

Still she was silent.

"Something has happened," he went on very slowly, "something out—out of the past that makes my hopes for myself—for Mrs. Freeman—impossible."

Her head twisted toward him quickly.

"Oh! A woman!" she said.

But he only stared at her uncertainly.

She sat thoughtfully for a moment.

Her instinct had been correct, then. As a thought came to her, she smiled a little.

"Women come into every man's life, but—"

"Please!" he protested. "I would rather we didn't discuss it."

She nodded. "Very well, we won't. Shall I give you another cup of tea?"

He shook his head.

"Was there anything else that you wanted to say to me about Mrs. Freeman?" he asked.

"No. Not now," she said with a shrug. "What would be the use?"

He frowned, and turned toward the door. "Yes. That's true," he muttered.

Since he would say no more, she was willing to have him go now. She wanted to think over what he *had* said. As he thanked her and made his excuses, she rose and gave him her hand. But it was like a parting of friends, one of whom is going upon a long journey.

Some of the most dramatic episodes in this fine novel are described in the next installment—to appear in our forthcoming August issue.



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THE SHOE TREE

(Continued from page 45)

Hubert still was somewhat dizzy, but he managed to bow. As he stood up, his profile showed against the distant ocean blue. The girl noticed it—she must have noticed it, especially the nose. . . .

She turned and went up the beach. Hubert retired to his bathroom to dress. It was all very well to conquer the elements, but once a day was enough.

That evening, Wednesday, the usual mid-week dance was held at the Sea View. There was an orchestra of five persons, including one of the bellboys, who doubled in brass. Hubert put on his dinner-coat and watched the proceedings from a vantage-point on the veranda.

The ancients were animated. As Miss Gibbs had said, they danced. Mrs. Hackengloss' switch bobbed, and all was gayety. Finally a band of young people came in; among them Hubert saw the dark-haired girl. She wore a dress the color of orange-peel, and in her hair, piled high, was a strange, orange-colored Chinese-looking ornament. She was as vivid as a movie-star in one of those Oriental love-stories that seem to come out of California along with protests against Oriental immigration.

She was dancing with the fat youth, confound him. Hubert's heart throbbed with admiration and envy. No doubt the fat youth was as rich as cream, the bozo! Lord, if he couldn't dance any better than that, why didn't he stay home and get his exercise falling downstairs? Why didn't he dance with Mrs. Hackengloss?

During the intermission Hubert stood by a pillar on the veranda. The dark-haired girl strolled by with her escort. Her eyes had smiled at Hubert. There was recognition in them. It was as if she had said: "How silly of me not to speak to you! But I can't—just now—can I?"

Hubert went at once in search of Miss Gibbs, as he should have done in the first place.

"Who is the dark-haired girl dancing with the young elephant?" he asked.

"That's Adelaide Marvin," promptly replied the spinster. "Nice girl. I used to know her father. He died of heart-trouble—I always said it was boredom—twenty years ago. The girl's got money and looks. But she writes. I don't know why. The young elephant, as you call him, is Jasper Whitlock. I knew his grandfather. Whitlock's Buckwheat. The old man drank. Died of alcoholism in his ninety-third year."

Adelaide Marvin! Of course her name was Adelaide; he might have guessed it. It couldn't have been anything else. As for Jasper!

He hoped that Jasper had inherited his grandfather's bad habits—but not his longevity. He saw himself attending Jasper's funeral and liking it.

THE next afternoon Hubert went for a walk in the pine woods back of the village. He climbed a hill, crossed a level pasture where a cow looked at him from a fence-corner—looked at him evilly, Hubert thought—and passed on, into the pleasant twilight of tall pines.

He wanted to be alone with his thoughts of Adelaide.

He came to a brook and followed its winding ascent up a long wooded slope. It murmured and chuckled to him. He felt that he was communing with Nature. Hubert loved Nature, though as it happened, he had seen very little of her.

The brook led him to a charming spot where, at the foot of a tiny waterfall, grew tiger lilies and ground-hemlock and rich feathery ferns, and in a pool formed among the rocks, green clumps of cowslip out of bloom.

IN the midst of this loveliness he discovered Adelaide. Adelaide in person! She was sitting on a red pillow on the piney ground, with her back against a log. She had a large blank-book open on her lap and a pencil in her hand. She was writing.

"Miss Marvin!"

She lifted her head like a startled doe.

"Oh! Oh—why—how do you do?"

"Miss Marvin, I—"

"Goodness! I didn't hear you. The brook—"

"Yes, the—the brook—" stammered Hubert, standing before her. "Miss Marvin, I—"

"How do you happen to know my name?"

"I asked. There's a lady staying at my hotel. A Miss Gibbs—"

For some reason Adelaide laughed. It was the sort of laugh that in another girl might have been called a giggle.

"Oh! Oh, yes. Miss Gibbs. I've known her—for ages."

"She is a trifle aged," ventured Hubert. "In fact, all of them—"

"Yes, aren't they? You know, we call the Sea View 'the Heavenly Rest' because you stop there on your way up!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Hubert.

"But I don't think it's altogether kind, because we all have to grow old."

"Yes. . . . Yes, we do. Don't we?"

"Yes, we do," agreed Adelaide; and added, with charming seriousness: "I think the tragedy of age is the most awful thing—I mean, tragedy—of all."

"I've often thought that myself," replied Hubert, sighing.

A slight pause.

"I'm afraid I'm interrupting your work," he said, after a moment. "I was just out walking—"

"No. It doesn't matter. I don't seem to be in the mood to work today. I come here to write, you know. I mean, the solitude and everything—"

"The solitude!" repeated Hubert. "I understand."

"Wont you—sit down?"

"Thank you. I am a bit tired—from my walk."

He sat down on the pine needles beside Miss Marvin, stretching out his long legs. He had on his white flannel trousers and his tan sport-shoes. His socks were tan, and gave off a satisfying sheen of silk.

"I must thank you for pulling me out of the ocean the other day," said Adelaide with an oblique glance.

"Why, you have thanked me! You thanked me at the time. Twice!"

"Did I? But I mean—I was so confused. It's no joke being rolled."

"No, it isn't."

"Were you rolled too?"

"Well—a little," confessed Hubert. "But I'm used to it," he added, in an offhand tone. "I mean, the ocean—"

"Don't you love it? I love the ocean, and these woods. . . . I think Nature's terribly stimulating. That is, I mean, if you're doing creative work. But you have to be in the mood for it. At least, I do," she said, with another sidelong glance at Hubert, or perhaps at Hubert's nose.

"May I ask what you're writing?"

Miss Marvin blushed a little, and Hubert thought of tiger lilies growing in the shadow of the pines.

"I'm writing—a play."

"A play?"

"Yes, but—but please don't think it's just the ordinary kind of thing. I mean, romance and love and all that—not that I don't think love is important—as a dramatic theme; but I'm not interested in mere theatrical entertainment. I'm trying," said Adelaide, with her pretty seriousness, "to do something truly worth while."

"Of course you are," encouraged Hubert, enjoying the sheen of his ankles. "Do you mind telling me about it?"

"No. Because I feel that *you'll* understand. It's funny, isn't it—how you feel that with some people? I mean, at once, even before you really *know* them."

"It is funny," said Hubert.

"But then," added the girl, with an adorable smile, "I'd naturally expect you to understand—Mr. Dean."

HUBERT sat up with a jerk. "How do you happen to know *my* name?" he asked, astonished and delighted.

"Well, you see," confessed Adelaide, "I went to Miss Gibbs too."

"And she told you?"

"All about you, Mr. Dean."

"Hmmm," murmured Hubert. "I—I feel flattered. I—what did she tell you?"

"That you were a well-known actor, that you had played *Hamlet* in the courts of Europe, and that you were—well, that you were simply marvelous!"

"Oh!"

Miss Marvin turned to him with an eagerness that was expressed in every line of her young body, stretched seductively toward him.

"I know I've seen you on the stage, haven't I?"

"I doubt it," said Hubert, with admirable calm. "I haven't appeared in New York for some time—not since the war, in fact."

"Were you—wounded?"

"Not—not physically."

"But—spiritually?"

"Yes—er—spiritually. You see," continued Hubert, gazing into the deep woods, "when I came home, I—I didn't want to take just anything. And the American stage is not—well, to tell you the truth, the American stage has no ideals!"

"Oh," protested Adelaide, "but don't you think we've done wonderful things

lately? I mean, there's been a sort of American renaissance, don't you think?"

"Perhaps," said Hubert, "perhaps. But all the new plays are so gloomy, if you know what I mean. Er—gloomy!"

"Psychological," murmured Adelaide.

"Why, would you believe it," he went on, "the last time I appeared—for a limited engagement—the management actually engaged seven actors to play *corpses!*"

"Well, I do think—I mean—that's going too far," sympathized Adelaide.

"The fact is, Miss Marvin, I've become discouraged." A beautiful melancholy overcast Hubert's profile. "I don't see any place on the stage for a person of my—of my type. What I want—"

"Well?" inquired the girl, almost breathlessly.

"What I'm looking for is beauty," said Hubert.

"And truth!"

"Oh, yes. And truth."

"Mr. Dean—"

"Yes?"

"I—I wonder if you'd do me a terrific favor?"

Hubert smiled.

"You have only to ask."

"I wonder if you'd read my play?"

"Read your—I'd be delighted, Miss Marvin. Really, I would. But I—I'd much rather hear it read. Wont you read it to me?"

"Yes, I will! I'd love to. When?"

"Tonight?" suggested Hubert boldly.

"All right. It's practically finished. I was just doing a little revising. Will you come to the house?"

"Your house?"

"Yes. It's that big white cottage—Dutch colonial—on the rocks facing the pool. The second one above the bridge."

"Oh, yes! I've seen it," he assured her.

"Then I'll expect you. I think it's terribly sweet of you."

"I think it's terribly sweet of you!"

"What?"

"Everything," said Hubert, and sighed.

THE two young people got up and walked slowly homeward, Hubert carrying Adelaide's red pillow. When they came to the field with the cow in it, he put the pillow under his coat.

"I don't like the looks of that animal," he explained.

Adelaide laughed.

"People don't get chased by cows or—things—any more. That only happens in fiction."

"Look at the ocean!" said Hubert.

They stopped on the hill to look at the ocean. Her shoulder touched his. She seemed unconscious of the contact. Hubert was almost painfully conscious of it. He wanted to put his arm around her and draw her to him, to kiss the pure whiteness of her throat where it curved downward into the line of her shoulder.

Good Lord! He must be careful.

"I suppose the Indians used to stand here and look at the ocean, just as we're doing," he said hurriedly. "That was a wonderful life. So free!"

"Oh, terribly free! They hadn't any inhibitions—the Indians, I mean. When they wanted to do a thing, they just went ahead and did it," subtly said Adelaide.



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"Er—yes," agreed Hubert. "But they—I think we'd better move along, don't you?"

That night he dressed most carefully. He put on his other pair of white flannel trousers (he was going to have a considerable cleaners' bill!) and his dinner coat. The combination, he thought, was excellent; it argued a slight eccentricity without definitely flying in the face of fashion—always an effective compromise.

AT eight o'clock Hubert presented himself at the door of the white cottage on the rocks. A maid showed him into a long living-room, at one end of which were glass doors leading out to a balcony overlooking the pool and the sea. At the other end three broad steps led up to a higher level, so that the room was really in two parts, the upper forming a large foyer hall. The division was marked by dull blue velvet portières drawn back against white-paneled posts.

On the wall over the old-fashioned brick fireplace Hubert noticed an aristocratic-looking coat-of-arms, framed and impressive. He was among the angels, and no mistake about it.

Adelaide appeared from a stairway at the back of the formal hall. She had on a pale green dress and wore about her shoulders a Czecho-Slovakian shawl, brilliantly embroidered. In her hair was a high jade comb. In her hand was a typed manuscript.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Hubert, rising to greet her.

"What?"

"Pardon me, Miss Marvin. I couldn't help it. When you came down those three steps—the effect, you know. Er—your shawl!"

She smiled.

"Do you like it?" she said, and added, with a gesture toward the upper part of the living-room: "That's where I'm going to give my play. It makes a very nice stage don't you think? The curtains pull across, you see, and we can make our entrances from the back."

"Fine!" said Hubert.

"Shall we go out on the porch? It's screened, so we won't be bothered by mosquitoes. . . . Why did the Life-force create mosquitoes, do you suppose?"

"To remind us that we've left the Garden of Eden," said Hubert, sighing, and thinking himself almost French in his wit. Miss Marvin evidently thought so too, for she laughed softly. They went out to the balcony and sat down in comfortable wicker chairs, under a reading-lamp with a yellow shade. A faint salty coolness, the sea's bouquet, enveloped them; stars showed through the screen.

"This," reflected Hubert, "is the life!" And somehow he thought pityingly of young Jenks, the rebellious shoe-clerk, wandering about in smelly ships looking for adventure.

"Before I begin to read," said the girl, leaning back in her chair, "perhaps I'd better tell you a little about the play."

"Yes, do!"

"To begin with, of course, it's modern."

"It would be."

"I mean—it's modern in *treatment*. The theme's old—terribly old." Here Adelaide smiled. "I've taken the story of *Cinderella*—"

"*Cinderella*?"

"Yes! But, I've written it—I mean, interpreted it—in terms of its true psychological value."

"That's interesting!" commented Hubert.

"Isn't it? I doubt whether it will be understood—by most people, I mean. But I don't think a creative artist should care what people think—that is, most people—do you?"

"I certainly do not!"

"I knew you'd understand. . . . Well, you see, in my play *Cinderella* symbolizes the libido."

"Wha— Oh, yes. The libido," said Hubert.

"She is the true psychological essence, or the—the primal personality, if you know what I mean."

"Yes," said Hubert, playing safe.

"And of course she's terribly repressed."

"Of course!"

"Her whole life is just *nothing* but inhibitions," announced Adelaide enthusiastically. "The inhibitions are symbolized by the two older sisters," she added.

"And the *Fairy Godmother*?" inquired Hubert, remembering his Grimm.

"The *Fairy Godmother* is Self-Understanding. I think that's especially good, because when you understand your libido, and what it craves, why, then you aren't repressed any more. You go out and live!"

"*Cinderella* went to a ball, didn't she?"

"Yes. The ball represents the Carnival of Life! And the *Prince*—"

"That's right, the *Prince*?"

"Well, he symbolizes a lot of things," said the girl, thoughtfully. "He symbolizes the Ideal, and Love, and Passion, and Marriage—I mean, the true Marriage—"

"The *Prince* must be quite a part," said Hubert. His tone was casual, but his heart beat at an increased rate, *accelerando*. "Have you—er—thought of anyone?"

Adelaide shook her head, a trifle mournfully.

"Men are awfully scarce here—I mean, young men—with brains. The only one I know is Jasper Whitlock, and he's entirely too fat."

She looked at Hubert, and Hubert looked at her. They began to smile, in unison.

"Oh, Mr. Dean! Will you?"

"I should be perfectly delighted, Miss Marvin."

Impulsively she held out her hand to him. He leaned forward in his chair, and with a graceful manner—a manner that he had observed in France and frequently had practiced before his mirror—kissed her hand. She blushed, and he was thrilled. He had gotten away with it beautifully.

"I'm simply terribly grateful, Mr. Dean. I never dreamed that you—"

"It's nothing, Miss Marvin."

"I do hope you'll like the part."

"Are you going to play *Cinderella*?"

"Yes. At least, I thought—"

"Oh, do," said Hubert. "You must. I'm sure you can act. You—you have so much personality."

Miss Marvin smoothed her bright shawl.

"I don't think I'm exactly a stick," she confessed, with a charming pout. "And I'd adore to go on the stage—I mean, professionally. I'm just crazy to! But the family simply freezes up when I mention it. Mother's hipped on the subject of class. I don't believe in social distinctions myself, but she's a frightful blue-blood," concluded the girl, and for the first time looked at Hubert rather appraisingly.

The latter tapped the ashes from the cigarette he was smoking.

"Well, I don't know," he said musingly. "There's something in it. Breeding! If you are—I mean, if it's in your blood to belong—well, take me, for instance. I'm a Dean of Brooklyn. One of my ancestors practically settled Brooklyn Heights. . . . And there you are! Blood is thicker than water."

"Oh!" said Adelaide. "Then you—I mean, that's probably why you find the stage so—so uncongenial."

"Yes," sighed Hubert. "Yes, that's it."

"Of course Mother doesn't mind my doing things *socially*. She likes to act herself. It makes her feel young," said the girl, with caustic unfilial frankness.

"The lure of youth!" observed Hubert.

"I think Mother's terribly repressed, myself. So many mothers are. They don't understand their libidos. . . . Well, I guess I'll begin to read. Are you comfortable, Mr. Dean?"

"Very."

Miss Marvin's dark head was bent over her manuscript.

"Act I," she read. "The kitchen of *Cinderella*'s home. The walls lean inward, indicating repression. . . ."

HUBERT lolled in his chair. Through the screen showed a glitter of stars; the air he breathed was salty-sweet; the lamplight, falling on Adelaide's bare arm, picking out the figures in her vivid shawl, produced a magic intimacy, as if in this one porch life was concentrated, hanging poised above a void.

The play-reading lasted an hour. To tell the truth, Hubert didn't get it all. Both *Cinderella* and the *Prince* had such long speeches that by the time you came out from under the influence of them, you had lost the point entirely. Hubert thought involuntarily of a certain time when he had had a tooth pulled. He had taken gas, and after the operation, he had not been able to remember what it was for. He had had an awful dream, in which he had tried to pull off a customer's shoes. He had pulled and pulled, and after a while the customer's whole leg had come off. The first thing he had said to the dentist when he came out from the gas was: "My God! Have you got any glue?"

"Curtain!" pronounced Adelaide, and closed her manuscript. She looked at him, anxiously smiling. "Well? What do you think of it?"

"I think it's glue—great! Great! I mean—great!"

"Do you really?"

"I certainly do."

"Honestly?"

"Absolutely!"

She breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad," she said.

"So am—er—great!" enthused Hubert.

"And you still want to play the Prince?"

"Yes, indeed, I do. It's a great part. Great!"

She gave him her hand to kiss, and he kissed it, lingeringly.

"I'm terribly happy," said the girl.

Hubert was happy, too. Fate was doing her best for him. No doubt about it. He smiled, thinking of that afternoon, a month ago, when he had stood in the window of Minton Brothers' Fifth Avenue shoe-shop looking out at the passers-by. He remembered Mrs. Carpenter descending from her car and entering the shop. . . . How vivid the picture was! He could almost see Mrs. Carpenter coming toward him now. Sitting there on Adelaide Marvin's porch, looking through the glass doors into the living-room, he could almost see Mrs. Carpenter—

By the Lord Harry, he was seeing her!

SHE came toward him, out of the depths of memory. . . . No, the living-room! It was the living-room, and she, Mrs. Carpenter, was real! She came on; she opened the glass doors and appeared on the porch, in the flesh! Her unforgettable perfume was wafted toward him.

He scrambled to his feet, utterly panic-stricken. As one in a daze he heard Adelaide introducing him.

"My mother, Mrs. Carpenter—Mr. Dean!"

"How do you do, Mr. Dean?"

"How do you do?" he managed to say, surprising himself by his own calmness.

Her mother! Adelaide's— Wait! There was some inexplicable mystery here, some enigma. . . . The lady was Mrs. Carpenter, and no mistake. But— she was also Miss Marvin's mother. How come, thought Hubert. Oh, unutterable heavens, how come?

Well, he couldn't ask for explanations now.

He made an effort and looked bravely into Mrs. Carpenter's eyes. To his horror he saw there the puzzled curiosity of a mind baffled by unconscious memory, of recognition tantalizingly withheld.

"Haven't I met you before, Mr. Dean?"

"I think not, Mrs. Carpenter."

"I'm sure of it. . . . Yet I can't place you."

"I've never been to Thankful Harbor before," said Hubert, regaining his assurance.

"Mr. Dean's staying at the Sea View. We met through Miss Gibbs," said Adelaide, with a sidelong glance at Hubert. "You know, Mother, I told you about the man who saved me from drowning? Well, Mr. Dean—"

"You're always being saved from drowning, Adelaide," sharply observed Mrs. Carpenter; then, to Hubert: "I seem to see you kneeling!" she said, with a ruminative frown.

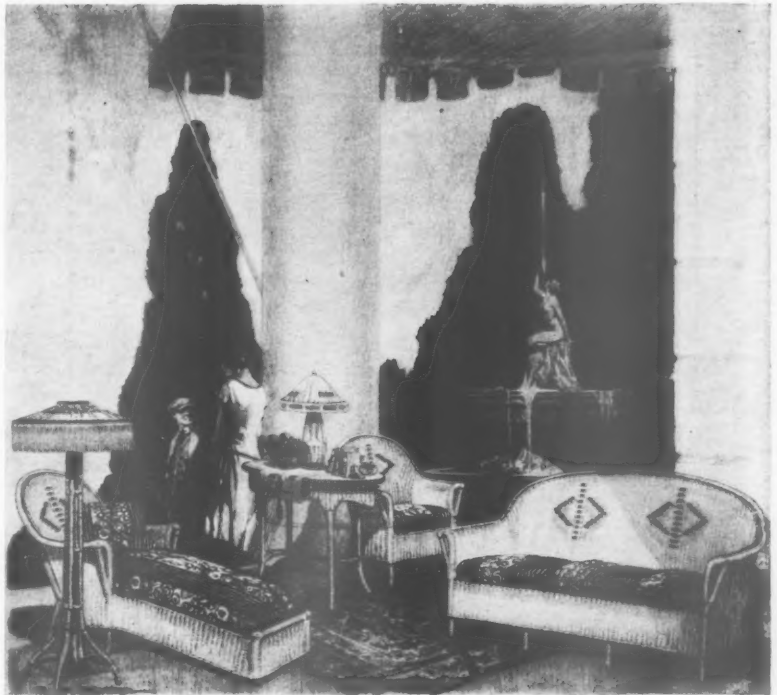
"Kneeling?" gasped Hubert.

"Yes, kneeling. Isn't that strange?"

"You may have seen him on the stage," suggested Adelaide. "Mr. Dean's an actor—"

"An actor!" exclaimed the fashionable Mrs. Carpenter.

"Yes," replied her daughter. "It may



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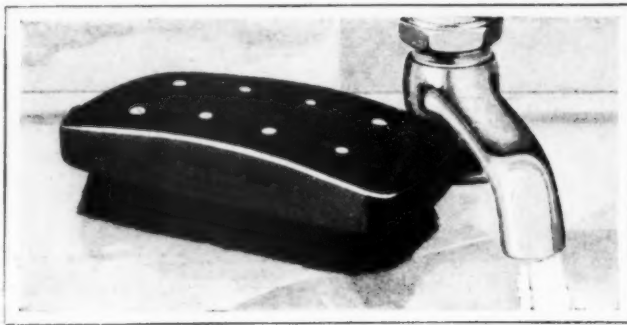
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have been in some love-scene!" she added brightly.

"Very likely," said Hubert. He turned to Mrs. Carpenter with his most aristocratic air; and when Hubert wanted to look aristocratic, he could do it to perfection. The boys in his company in France used to say that when Hubert got snooty, he could knock a Grand Duke for a row of invisible hairpins. "Very likely," he said, "though I haven't played for some time. I find the drama an uncongenial occupation for a gentleman."

"I agree with you!" said Mrs. Carpenter. Then she melted, quite visibly. "I hope you'll impress your views on Adelaide, Mr. Dean. Adelaide writes, you know."

"I've just read him my play," interrupted Adelaide. "And he's promised to play the *Prince*."

"Er—yes," said Hubert. "I—I have no objections to playing in the—in the proper environment."

"Neither have I," cooed Mrs. Carpenter. "In fact, I've agreed to take part in the little play myself."

"Yes," said Adelaide. "Mother's going to play one of the older—I mean, one of the *other* sisters. You know, Mr. Dean! You try the glass slipper on *her* foot, and then—why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Hubert hoarsely. "I—it's the sea-air. I'm not used to it; I—I think I have a slight chill."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," sympathized Adelaide.

"I'll ring for some whisky!" offered Mrs. Carpenter.

"No, thanks, don't bother," said Hubert, with a vague gesture. Then he smiled. "It doesn't amount to anything, but I—I'm afraid I must say good night, Miss Marvin. Good night, Mrs. Carpenter."

"Good night, Mr. Dean."

HE shook hands with the lady who was Fate. Adelaide walked to the door with him.

"I guess you're rather confused about my family," she said. "You see, my own father died when I was a baby. Mother married again. Mr. Carpenter is my stepfather."

"I—I see," said Hubert, with a noticeable shiver.

"I hope you haven't taken cold."

"Oh, n-no. No, I don't think so. Just a s-slight chill."

"And you're sure you want to play the *Prince*?"

"I'm crazy about it," answered Hubert, invoking the ghost of his former enthusiasm. "Good night, Miss Marvin!"

"Good night," she said softly, "and thank you!"

He walked back to his hotel, went up to his room, and sank down on the bed, where he lay for some time gazing at the ceiling.

There was a stain on the ceiling that looked remarkably like a slipper. He imagined himself taking down that stain and trying it on Mrs. Carpenter's foot.

"My sainted grandmother!" groaned Hubert, and broke into a cold perspiration.

The next installment of this delightful story is even more interesting. Watch for it in the next, the August issue.

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